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AWAKENING

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

THROUGH the massive skylight illuminating the hall at Robin Hill the July sunlight at five o'clock fell just where the broad stairway turned; and in that radiant streak little Jon Forsyte stood, blue-linen-suited. His hair was shining, and his eyes, from beneath a frown, for he was considering how to go down-stairs, this last of innumerable times, before the car brought his father and mother home. Four at a time, and five at the bottom? Stale! Down the banisters? But in which fashion? On his face, feet foremost? Very stale. On his stomach, sideways? Paltry! On his back, with his arms stretched down on both sides? Forbidden! Or on his face, head foremost, in a manner unknown as yet to any but himself? Such was the cause of the frown on the illuminated face of little Jon. . . .

In that Summer of 1909 the simple souls who even then desired to simplify the English tongue, had, of course, no cognizance of little Jon, or they would have claimed him for a disciple. But one can be too simple in this life, for his real name was Jolyon, and his living father and dead half-brother had usurped of old the other shortenings, Jo and Jolly. As a fact little Jon had done his best to spell the word by which he was called, first Jhon, then John, and not till his father had explained the sheer necessity, had he spelled it Jon.

Up till now that father had possessed what was left of his heart by the groom, Bob, who played the concertina, and his nurse "Da" who wore the violet dress on Sundays and enjoyed the name of Sprag-gins in that private life lived at odd moments even by domestic servants. His mother had only appeared to him, as it were, in dreams, smelling delicious, smoothing his forehead just before he fell asleep, and sometimes docking his hair, of a golden-brown color. When he cut his head open against the nursery fender she was there to be bled over; and when he had nightmare she would sit on his bed and cuddle his head against her neck. She was precious but remote, because "Da" was so near, and there is hardly room for more than one woman at a time in a man's heart. With his father, too, of course, he had special bonds of union; for little Jon also meant to be a painter when he grew up—with the one small difference, that his father painted pictures, and little Jon intended to paint ceilings and walls, standing on a board between two step-ladders in a dirty-white apron, and a lovely smell of white-wash. His father also took him riding in Richmond Park, on his pony, Mouse, so called because it was so colored.

Little Jon had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, which was rather curly and large. He had never heard his father or his mother speak in an angry voice, either to each other, himself, or anybody else; the groom, Bob, the cook, Jane, Bella and the other servants, even "Da" who alone restrained him in his courses, had special voices when they talked to him. He was therefore of opinion that the world was a place of perfect and perpetual gentility and freedom.

A child of 1901, he had come to consciousness when his country, just over that bad attack of scarlet fever, the Boer

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War, was preparing for the Liberal revival of 1906. Coercion was unpopular, parents had exalted notions of giving their offspring a good time. They spoiled their rods, spared their children, and anticipated the results with enthusiasm. In choosing moreover for his father an amiable man of fifty-two, who had already lost an only son, and for his mother a woman of thirty-eight, whose first and only child he was, little Jon had done well and wisely. What had saved him from becoming a cross between a lap-dog and a little prig, had been his father's adoration of his mother, for even little Jon could see that she was not merely just his mother, and that he played second fiddle to her in his father's heart. What he played in his mother's heart he knew not yet. As for "Auntie" June, his half-sister (but so old that she had grown out of the relationship), she loved him, of course, but was too sudden. His devoted "Da," too, had a Spartan touch. His bath was cold and his knees were bare; he was not encouraged to be sorry for himself. As to the vexed question of his education, little Jon shared the theory of those who considered that children should not be forced. He rather liked the Mademoiselle who came for two hours every morning to teach him her language, together with history, geography and sums; nor were the piano lessons which his mother gave him disagreeable, for she had a way of luring him from tune to tune, never making him practise one which did not give him pleasure, so that he remained eager to convert ten thumbs into eight fingers. Under his father he learned to draw pleasure-pigs and other animals. He was not a highly educated little boy. Yet, on the whole, the silver spoon stayed in his mouth without spoiling it, though "Da" sometimes said that other children would do him a "world of good."

It was a disillusionment, then, when at the age of nearly seven she held him down on his back, because he wanted to do something of which she did not approve. This first interference with the free individualism of a Forsyte drove him almost frantic. There was something appalling in the utter helplessness of that position, and the uncertainty as to whether it would ever come to an end. Suppose she never let him get up any more! He suffered torture at the top of his voice for fifty seconds. Worse than anything was his perception that "Da" had taken all that time to realize the agony of fear he was enduring. Thus, dreadfully, was revealed to him the lack of imagination in the human being! When he was let up he remained convinced that "Da" had done a dreadful thing. Though he did not wish to bear witness against her, he had been compelled, by fear of repetition, to seek his mother and say: "Mum, don't let 'Da' hold me down on my back again!"

His mother, her hands held up over her head, and in them two plaits of hair—"*couleur de feuille morte*," as little Jon had not yet learned to call it—had looked at him with eyes like little bits of his brown velvet tunic, and answered:

"No, my darling; I won't."

She, being in the nature of a goddess, little Jon was satisfied; especially when, from under the dining-table at breakfast, where he happened to be waiting for a mushroom, he had overheard her say to his father:

"Then, will *you* tell 'Da,' dear, or shall I? She's *so* devoted to him"; and his father's answer:

"Well, she mustn't show it that way. I know exactly what it feels like to be held down on one's back. No Forsyte can stand it for a minute."

Conscious that they did not know him to be under the table, little Jon was visited by the quite new feeling of embarrassment, and stayed where he was, ravaged by desire for the mushroom.

Such had been his first dip into the dark abysses of existence. Nothing much had been revealed to him after that, till one day having gone down to the cow-house for his drink of milk fresh from the cow, after Garratt had finished milking, he had seen Clover's calf, dead. Inconsolable, and followed by an upset Garratt, he had sought "Da"; but suddenly aware that she was not the person he wanted, had rushed away to find his father, and run into the arms of his mother.

"Clover's calf's dead! Oh! Oh! It looked so soft!"

His mother's clasp, and her:

"Yes, darling; there, there!" had stayed his sobbing. But if Clover's calf

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could die, anything could—not only bees, flies, beetles and chickens—and look soft like that! This was appalling—and soon forgotten!

The next thing had been to sit on a bumblebee, a poignant experience, which his mother had understood much better than "Da"; and nothing of vital importance had happened after that till the year turned; and, following a day of utter wretchedness, he had enjoyed a disease composed of little spots, bed, honey in a spoon, and many Tangerine oranges. It was then that the world had flowered. To "Auntie" June he owed that flowering, for no sooner was he a little lame duck than she came rushing down from London, bringing with her the books which had nurtured her own Berserker spirit, born in the noted year of 1870. Aged, and of many colors, they were stored with the most formidable happenings. Of these she read to little Jon, till he was allowed to read to himself; whereupon she whisked back to London and left them with him in a heap. Those books cooked his fancy, till he thought and dreamed of nothing but midshipmen and dhows, pirates, rafts, sandalwood traders, iron horses, sharks, battles, Tartars, Red Indians, balloons, North Poles and other extravagant delights. The moment he was suffered to get up, he rigged his bed fore and aft, and set out from it in a narrow bath across green seas of carpet, to a rock, which he climbed by means of its mahogany drawer-knobs, to sweep the horizon with his drinking-tumbler screwed to his eye, in search of rescuing sails. He made a daily raft out of the towel-stand, the tea-tray, and his pillows. He saved the juice from his French plums, bottled it in an empty medicine-bottle, and provisioned the raft with the rum that it became; also with pemmican, made out of little saved-up bits of chicken sat on and dried at the fire; and with lime-juice against scurvy, extracted from the peel of his oranges and a little economized juice. He made a North Pole one morning from the whole of his bedclothes except the bolster, and reached it in a birch-bark canoe (in private life the fender), after a terrible encounter with a polar bear fashioned from the bolster and four skittles dressed up in "Da's" nightgown. After that, his father, seeking to steady his imagination, brought him "Ivanhoe," "Bevis," a book about King Arthur, and "Tom Brown's Schooldays." He read the first, and for three days built, defended and stormed Front de Bœuf's castle, taking every part in the piece except those of Rebecca and Rowena; with piercing cries of: "*En avant, de Bracy!*" and similar utterances. After reading the book about King Arthur he became almost exclusively Sir Lamorac de Galis, because, though there was very little about him, he preferred his name to that of any other knight; and he rode his old rocking-horse to death, armed with a long bamboo. "Bevis" he found tame; besides, it required woods and animals, of which he had none in his nursery, except his two cats, Fitz and Puck Forsyte, who permitted no liberties. For "Tom Brown" he was as yet too young. There was relief in the house when, after the fourth week, he was permitted to go down and out.

The month being March, the trees were exceptionally like the masts of ships, and for little Jon that was a wonderful Spring, extremely hard on his knees, suits, and the patience of "Da," who had the washing and reparation of his clothes. Every morning the moment his breakfast was over, he could be viewed by his mother and father, whose windows looked out that way, coming from the study, crossing the terrace, climbing the old oak-tree, his face resolute and his hair bright. He began the day thus because there was not time to go far afield before his lessons. The old tree's variety never staled; it had mainmast, foremast, topgallant-mast, and he could always come down by the halliards—or ropes of the swing. After his lessons, completed by eleven, he would go to the kitchen for a thin piece of cheese, a biscuit and two French plums—provision enough for a jolly-boat at least—and eat it in some imaginative way; then, armed to the teeth with gun, pistols, and sword, he would begin the serious climbing of the morning, encountering by the way innumerable slavers, Indians, pirates, leopards, and bears. He was seldom seen at that hour of the day without a cutlass in his teeth (like Dick Needham) amid the rapid explosion of copper caps. And many were the gardeners he brought down with yellow peas

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shot out of his little gun. He lived a life of the most violent action.

"Jon," said his father to his mother, under the oak-tree, "is terrible. I'm afraid he's going to turn out a sailor, or something hopeless. Do you see any sign of his appreciating beauty?"

"Not the faintest."

"Well, thank heaven he doesn't care for wheels or engines! I can bear anything but that. But I wish he'd take more interest in Nature."

"He's imaginative, Jolyon."

"Yes, in a sanguinary way. Does he love any one just now?"

"No; only every one. There never was any one born more loving or more lovable than Jon."

"Being your boy, Irene."

At this moment little Jon, lying along a branch high above them, brought them down with two peas; but that fragment of talk lodged, thick, in his small gizzard. Loving, lovable, imaginative, sanguinary!

The leaves also were thick by now, and it was time for his birthday, which, occurring every year on the 12th of May, was always memorable for his chosen dinner of sweetbread, mushrooms, macaroons, and ginger beer.

Between that eighth birthday, however, and the afternoon when he stood in the July radiance at the turning of the stairway, several important things had happened.

"Da," worn out by washing his knees, or moved by that mysterious instinct which forces even nurses to desert their nurslings, left the very day after his birthday in floods of tears "to be married"—of all things—"to a man." Little Jon, from whom it had been kept, was inconsolable for an afternoon. It ought not to have been kept from him! Two large boxes of soldiers, and some artillery, together with "The Young Buglers," which had been among his birthday presents, co-operated with his grief in a sort of conversion, and instead of seeking adventures in person and risking his own life, he began to play imaginative games, in which he risked the lives of countless tin soldiers, marbles, stones, and beans. Of these forms of "*chair à canon*" he made collections, and, using them alternately, fought the Peninsular, the Seven Years', the Thirty Years', and other wars, about which he had been reading of late in a big "History of Europe" which had been his grandfather's. He altered them to suit his genius, and fought them all over the floor in his day-nursery, so that nobody could come in, for fearing of disturbing Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, or treading on an army of Austrians. Because of the sound of the word he was passionately addicted to the Austrians, and finding there were so few battles in which they were successful he had to invent them in his games. His favorite generals were Prince Eugène, the Archduke Charles and Wallenstein. Tilly and Mack ("music-hall turns" he heard his father call them one day, whatever that might mean) one really could not love very much, Austrian though they were. For euphonic reasons too, he doted on Turenne.

This phase, which caused his parents anxiety, because it kept him indoors when he ought to have been out, lasted through May and half of June, till his father killed it by bringing home to him "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." When he read those books something happened in him, and he went out-of-doors again in passionate quest of a river. There being none on the premises at Robin Hill, he had to make one out of the pond, which fortunately had water-lilies, dragon-flies, gnats, bullrushes, and three small willow-trees. On this pond, after his father and Garratt had ascertained by sounding that it had a reliable bottom and was nowhere more than two feet deep, he was allowed a little collapsible canoe, in which he spent hours and hours paddling, and lying down out of sight of Indian Joe and other enemies. On the shore of the pond, too, he built himself a wigwam about four feet square, of old biscuit tins, roofed in by boughs. In this he would make little fires, and cook the birds he had not shot with his gun, hunting in the coppice and fields, or the fish he did not catch in the pond because there were none. This occupied the rest of June and that July when his father and mother were away in Ireland. He led a lonely life of "make believe" during those five weeks of summer weather, with gun, wigwam, water and canoe; and however hard his active little brain tried to keep the sense of beauty away, she did creep in on him for

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a second now and then, perching on the wing of a dragon-fly, glistening on the water-lilies, or brushing his eyes with her blue as he lay on his back in ambush.

"Auntie" June, who had been left in charge, had a "grown-up" in the house, with a cough and a large piece of putty which he was making into a face; so she hardly ever came down to see him in the pond. Once, however, she brought with her two other "grown-ups." Little Jon, who happened to have painted his naked self bright blue and yellow in stripes out of his father's water-color box, and put some duck's feathers in his hair, saw them coming, and ambushed himself among the willows. As he had foreseen, they came at once to his wigwam and knelt down to look inside, so that with a blood-curdling yell he was able to take the scalps of "Auntie" June and the woman "grown-up" in an almost complete manner before they kissed him. The names of the two grown-ups were "Auntie" Holly and "Uncle" Val, who had a brown face and a little limp, and laughed at him terribly. He took a fancy to "Auntie" Holly, who seemed to be a sister too; but they both went away the same afternoon and he did not see them again. Three days before his father and mother were to come home "Auntie" June also went off in a great hurry, taking the "grown-up" who coughed and his piece of putty; and Mademoiselle said: "Poor man, he was veree ill. I forbid you to go into his room, Jon." Little Jon, who rarely did things merely because he was told not to, refrained from going, though he was bored and lonely. In truth the day of the pond was past, and he was filled to the brim of his soul with restlessness and the want of something—not a tree, not a gun; something soft. Those last two days had seemed like months in spite of "Cast Up by the Sea," wherein he was reading about Mother Lee and her terrible wrecking bonfire. He had gone up and down the stairs perhaps a hundred times in those two days, and often from the day-nursery where he slept now, had stolen into his mother's room, looked at everything, without touching, and on into the dressing-room; and standing on one leg beside the bath, like Slingsby, had whispered:

"Ho, ho, ho! Dog my cats!" mysteriously, to bring luck. Then, stealing back, he had opened his mother's wardrobe, and taken a long sniff which seemed to bring him nearer to—he didn't know what.

He had done this just before he stood in the streak of sunlight, debating in which of the several ways he should slide down the banisters. They all seemed silly, and in a sudden languor he began descending the steps one by one. During that descent he could remember his father quite distinctly—the short gray beard, the deep eyes twinkling, the furrow between them, the funny smile, the thin figure which always seemed so tall to little Jon; but his mother he couldn't see. All that represented her was something swaying with two dark eyes looking back at him, and the scent of her wardrobe.

Bella was in the hall, drawing aside the big curtains, and opening the front door. Little Jon said, wheedling:

"Bella!"

"Yes, Master Jon."

"Do let's have tea under the oak-tree when they come; I *know* they'd like it best."

"You mean *you'd* like it best."

Little Jon considered.

"No, *they* would, to please me."

Bella smiled. "Very well; I'll take it out if you'll stay quiet here and not get into mischief before they come."

Little Jon sat down on the bottom step, and nodded. Bella came close, and looked him over.

"Get up!" she said.

Little Jon got up. She scrutinized him behind; he was not green, and his knees seemed clean.

"All right!" she said. "My! Aren't you brown! Give me a kiss!"

And little Jon received a peck on his hair.

"What jam?" he asked. "I'm *so* tired of waiting."

"Gooseberry and strawberry."

Num! They were his favorites!

When she was gone he sat still for quite a minute. It was quiet in the big hall open to its East end so that he could see one of his trees, a brig sailing very slowly across the upper lawn. In the outer hall shadows were slanting from the pillars. Little Jon got up, jumped one of them, and walked round the clump of iris-plants which filled the pool of gray-white marble

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in the centre. The flowers were pretty, but only smelled a very little. He stood in the open doorway and looked out. Suppose!—suppose they didn't come! He had waited so long that he felt he could not bear that, and his attention slid at once from such finality to the dust motes in the bluish sunlight coming in. Thrusting his hand up, he tried to catch some. Bella ought to have dusted that piece of air! But perhaps they weren't dust—only what sunlight was made of, and he looked to see whether the sunlight out of doors was the same. It was not. He had said he would stay quiet in the hall, but he simply couldn't any more; and, crossing the gravel of the drive, he lay down on the grass beyond. Pulling six daisies he named them carefully, Sir Lamorac, Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot, Sir Palimedes, Sir Bors, Sir Gawain, and fought them in couples till only Sir Lamorac, whom he had selected for a specially stout stalk, had his head on, and even he, after three encounters, looked worn and waggly. A beetle was moving slowly in the grass, which almost wanted cutting. Every blade was a small tree, round whose trunk the beetle had to glide. Little Jon stretched out Sir Lamorac, feet foremost, and stirred the creature up. It scuttled painfully. Little Jon laughed, lost interest, and sighed. His heart felt empty. He turned over and lay on his back. There was a scent of honey from the lime-trees in flower, and in the sky the blue was beautiful, with a few white clouds which looked and perhaps tasted like lemon ice. He could hear Bob playing "Way down upon de Suwaunee ribber" on his concertina, and it made him nice and sad. He turned over again and put his ear to the ground—Indians could hear things coming ever so far—but he could hear nothing—only the concertina! And almost instantly he did hear a grinding sound, a faint toot. Yes! it was a car—coming—coming! Up he jumped. Should he wait in the porch, or rush up-stairs, and as they came in, shout: "Look!" and slide slowly down the banisters, head foremost? Should he? The car turned in at the drive. It was too late! And he only waited, jumping up and down in his excitement. The car came quickly, whirred, and stopped. His father got out, exactly like life. He bent down and little Jon bobbed up—they bumped. His father said:

"Bless us! Well, old man, you *are* brown!" just as he would; and the sense of expectation—of something wanted—bubbled unextinguished in little Jon. Then, with a long shy look he saw his mother, in a blue dress, with a blue motor-scarf over her cap and hair, smiling. He jumped as high as ever he could, twined his legs behind her back, and hugged. He heard her gasp, and felt her hugging back. His eyes, very dark blue just then, looked into hers, very dark brown, till her lips closed on his eyebrow, and, squeezing with all his might he heard her creak and laugh, and say:

"You *are* strong, my darling!"

He slid down at that, and rushed into the hall, dragging her by the hand.

While he was eating his jam beneath the oak-tree, he noticed things about his mother that he had never seemed to see before; her cheeks for instance were creamy, there were silver threads in her dark-goldy hair, her throat had no knob in it like Bella's, and she went in and out softly. He noticed too, some little lines running away from the corners of her eyes, and a nice darkness under them. She was ever so beautiful, more beautiful than "Da" or Mademoiselle, or "Auntie" June, or even "Auntie" Holly to whom he had taken a fancy; even more beautiful than Bella, who had pink cheeks and came out too suddenly in places. This new beautifulness of his mother had a kind of particular importance, and he ate less than he had expected to.

When tea was over his father wanted him to walk round the gardens. He had a long conversation with his father about things in general, avoiding his private life—Sir Lamorac, the Austrians, and the emptiness he had felt these last three days, now so suddenly filled up. His father told him of a place called Glensofantrim, where he and his mother had been, and of the little people who came out of the ground there when it was very quiet. Little Jon came to a halt, with his heels apart.

"Do you really believe they do, Daddy?"

"No, Jon, but I thought you might."

"Why?"

"You're younger than I, and they're fairies."

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Little Jon squared the dimple in his chin.

"I don't believe in fairies. I never see any."

"Ha!" said his father.

"Does Mum?"

His father smiled his funny smile.

"No; she only sees Pan."

"What's Pan?"

"The Goaty-God who skips about in wild and beautiful places."

"Was he in Glensofantrim?"

"Mum said so."

Little Jon took his heels up, and led on.

"Did *you* see him?"

"No; I only saw Venus Anadyomene."

Little Jon reflected; Venus was in his book about the Greeks and Trojans. Then Anna was her Christian name and Dyomene her surname? But it appeared on inquiry that it was one word, which meant rising from the foam.

"Did she rise from the foam in Glensofantrim?"

"Yes; every day."

"What is she like, Daddy?"

"Like Mum."

"Oh! Then she must be—" But he stopped at that, rushed at a wall, scrambled up, and promptly scrambled down again. The discovery that his mother was beautiful was one which he felt must absolutely be kept to himself. His father's cigar however took so long to smoke, that at last he was compelled to say:

"I want to see what Mum's brought home. Do you mind, Daddy?"

He pitched the motive low, to absolve himself from unmanliness, and was a little disconcerted when his father looked at him right through, heaved an important sigh, and answered:

"All right, old man, you go and love her."

He went, with a pretense of slowness, and then rushed, to make up. He entered her bedroom from his own, the door being open. She was still kneeling before a trunk, and he stood close to her, quite still.

She knelt up straight, and said:

"Well, darling?"

"I thought I'd just come and see."

Having given and received another hug, he mounted the window-seat, and, tucking his legs up under him, watched her unpack. He derived a pleasure from the operation such as he had not yet known, partly because she was taking out things which looked suspicious, and partly because he liked to look at her. She moved differently from anybody else, especially from Bella; she was certainly the refinedest-looking person he had ever seen. She finished the trunk at last, and knelt down in front of him.

"Have you missed us, Jon?"

Little Jon nodded, and having thus admitted his feelings, continued to nod.

"But you had 'Auntie' June?"

"Oh! she had a man with a cough."

His mother's face changed, and looked almost angry. He added hastily:

"He was a poor man, Mum; he coughed awfully; I—I liked him."

His mother put her hands behind his waist.

"You like everybody, Jon?"

Little Jon considered.

"Up to a point," he said: "'Auntie' June took me to church one Sunday."

"To church? Oh!"

"She wanted to see how it would affect me."

"And did it?"

"Yes. I came over all funny, so she took me home again very quick. I wasn't sick after all. I went to bed and had hot brandy and water, and read 'The Boys of Beechwood.' It was scrumptious."

His mother bit her lip.

"When was that?"

"Oh! about—a long time ago—I wanted her to take me again, but she wouldn't. You and Daddy never go to church, do you?"

"No, we don't."

"Why don't you?"

His mother smiled.

"Well, darling, we both of us went when we were little. Perhaps we went when we were too little."

"I see," said little Jon, "it's dangerous."

"You shall judge for yourself about all those things as you grow up."

Little Jon replied in a calculating manner:

"I don't want to grow up much. I don't want to go to school." A sudden overwhelming desire to say something more, to say what he really felt, turned him red. "I—I want to stay with you, and be your lover, Mum."

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Then with an instinct to improve the situation, he added quickly:

"I don't want to go to bed to-night, either. I'm simply tired of going to bed, every night."

"Have you had any more night-mares?"

"Only about one. May I leave the door open into your room to-night, Mum?"

"Yes, just a little."

Little Jon heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"What did you see in Glensofantrim?"

"Nothing but beauty, darling."

"What exactly is beauty?"

"What exactly is— Oh! Jon, that's a poser."

"Can I see it, for instance?"

His mother got up, and sat beside him.

"You do, every day. The sky is beautiful, the stars, and moonlit nights, and then the birds, the flowers, the trees—they're all beautiful. Look out of the window—there's beauty for you, Jon."

"Oh! yes, that's the view. Is that all?"

"All? No. The sea is wonderfully beautiful, and the waves, with their foam flying back."

"Did you rise from it every day, Mum?"

His mother smiled.

"Well, we bathed."

Little Jon suddenly reached out, and caught her neck in his hands.

"*I know*," he said mysteriously, "you're it, really, and all the rest is make-believe."

She sighed, laughed, said:

"Oh! Jon!"

Little Jon said critically:

"Do you think Bella beautiful, for instance? I hardly do."

"Bella is young; that's something."

"But you look younger, Mum. If you bump against Bella she hurts. I don't believe 'Da' was beautiful, when I come to think of it, and Mademoiselle's almost ugly."

"Mademoiselle has a very nice face."

"Oh! yes; nice. I love your little rays, Mum."

"Rays?"

Little Jon put his finger to the outer corner of her eye.

"Oh! Those? But they're a sign of age."

"They come when you smile."

"But they usen't to."

"Oh! well, I like them. Do you love me, Mum?"

"I do—I do love you, darling."

"Ever so?"

"Ever so!"

"More than I thought you did?"

"Much—much more."

"Well, so do I; so that makes it even."

Conscious that he had never in his life so given himself away, he felt a sudden reaction to the manliness of Sir Lamorac, Dick Needham, Huck Finn, and other heroes.

"Shall I show you a thing or two?" he said; and slipping out of her arms, he stood on his head. Then fired by her obvious admiration, he mounted the bed, and threw himself head foremost from his feet on to his back, without touching anything with his hands. He did this several times.

That evening, having inspected what they had brought, he stayed up to dinner, sitting between them at the little round table they used when they were alone. He was extremely excited. His mother wore a French-gray dress, with creamy lace made out of little scriggly roses, round her neck, which was browner than the lace. He kept looking at her, till at last his father's funny smile made him suddenly attentive to his slice of pine-apple. It was later than he had ever stayed up, when he went to bed. His mother went up with him, and he undressed very slowly so as to keep her there. When at last he had nothing on but his pajamas, he said:

"Promise you won't go while I say my prayers!"

"I promise."

Kneeling down and plunging his face into the bed, little Jon hurried up, under his breath, opening one eye now and then, to see her standing perfectly still with a smile on her face. "Our father"—so went his last prayer, "which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Mum, thy Kingdom Mum—on earth as it is in heaven, give us this day our daily Mum and forgive us our trespasses on earth as it is in heaven and trespass against us, for thine is the evil the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amum! Look out!" He sprang, and for a long minute re-

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mained in her arms. Once in bed, he continued to hold her hand.

"You won't shut the door any more than that, will you? Are you going to be long, Mum?"

"I must go down and play to Daddy."

"Oh! Well, I shall hear you."

"I hope not; you must go to sleep."

"I can sleep any night."

"Well, this is just a night like any other."

"Oh! no; it's extra special."

"On extra-special nights one always sleeps soundest."

"But if I go to sleep, Mum, I shan't hear you come up."

"Well, when I do, I'll come in and give you a kiss, then if you're awake you'll know, and if you're not you'll still know you've had one."

Little Jon sighed. "All right!" he said: "I suppose I must put up with that, Mum?"

"Yes?"

"What was her name that Daddy believes in? Venus Anna Diomedes?"

"Oh! my angel! Anadyomene."

"Yes; but I like my name for you much better."

"What is yours, Jon?"

Little Jon answered shyly:

"Guinevere; it's out of the 'Round Table'—I've only just thought of it, only of course her hair was down."

His mother's eyes, looking past him, seemed to float.

"You won't forget to come, Mum?"

"Not if you'll go to sleep."

"That's a bargain, then." And little Jon screwed up his eyes.

He felt her lips on his forehead, heard her footsteps; opened his eyes to see her gliding through the doorway, and, sighing, screwed them up again.

Then Time began. For some ten minutes of it he tried loyally to sleep, counting a great number of thistles in a row, "Da's" old recipe for bringing slumber. He seemed to have been hours counting. It must, he thought, be nearly time for her to come up now. He threw the bedclothes back. "I'm hot!" he said, and his voice sounded funny in the darkness, like some one else's. Why didn't she come? He sat up. He must look! He got out of bed, went to the window and pulled the curtain a slice aside. It wasn't dark, but he couldn't tell whether because of daylight or the moon, which was very big. It had a funny, wicked face, as if laughing at him, and he did not want to look at it. Then, remembering that his mother had said moonlit nights were beautiful, he continued to stare out in a general way. The trees threw thick shadows, the lawn looked like spilt milk, and a long long way he could see; oh! very far; right over the world, and it all looked different and swimmy. There was a lovely smell, too, in his open window.

"I wish I had a dove like Noah!" he thought.

"The moony moon was round and bright,
It shone and shone and made it light"

After that rhyme, which came into his head all at once, he became conscious of music, very soft—lovely! Mum playing! He bethought himself of a macaroon he had, laid up in his chest of drawers, and, getting it, came back to the window. He leaned out, now munching, now holding his jaws to hear the music better. "Da" used to say that angels played on harps in heaven; but it wasn't half so lovely as Mum playing in the moony night, with him eating a macaroon. A cockchafer buzzed by, a moth flew in his face, the music stopped, and little Jon drew his head in. She must be coming! He didn't want to be found awake. He got back into bed and pulled the clothes nearly over his head; but he had left a streak of moonlight coming in. It fell across the floor, near the foot of the bed, and he watched it moving ever so slowly toward him, as if it were alive. The music began again, but he could only just hear it now; sleepy music, pretty—sleepy—music—sleepy—slee——

And time slipped by, the music rose, fell, ceased; the moonbeam crept toward his face. Little Jon turned in his sleep till he lay on his back, with one brown fist still grasping the bedclothes. The corners of his eyes twitched—he had begun to dream. He dreamed he was drinking milk out of a pan that was the moon, opposite a great black cat which watched him with a funny smile like his father's. He heard it whisper: "Don't drink too much!" It was the cat's milk, of course, and he put out his hand amicably to stroke the creature, but it was no longer there;

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the pan had become a bed, in which he was lying, and when he tried to get out he couldn't find the edge; he couldn't find it—he—he—couldn't get out! It was dreadful!

He whimpered in his sleep. The bed had begun to go round too; it was outside him and inside him; going round and round, and getting fiery, and Mother Lee out of "Cast Up by the Sea" was stirring it! Oh! so horrible she looked! Faster and faster!—till he and the bed and Mother Lee and the moon and the cat were all one wheel going round and round and up and up— Awful—awful—awful!

He shrieked.

A voice saying: "Darling, darling!" got through the wheel, and he awoke, standing on his bed, with his eyes wide open.

There was his mother, with her hair like Guinevere's, and, clutching her, he buried his face in it:

"Oh! oh!"

"It's all right, treasure. You're awake now. There! There! It's nothing!"

But little Jon continued to say: "Oh! oh!"

Her voice went on, velvety in his ear: "It was the moonlight, sweetheart, coming on your face."

Little Jon burbled into her nightgown. "You said it was beautiful. Oh!"

"Not to sleep in, darling. Who let it in? Did you draw the curtains?"

"I wanted to see the time; I—I looked out, I—I heard you playing, Mum; I—I ate my macaroon." But he was growing slowly comforted; and the instinct to excuse his fear revived within him.

"Mother Lee went round in me and got all fiery," he mumbled.

"Well, Jon, what can you expect if you eat macaroons after you've gone to bed?"

"Only one, Mum; it made the music ever so more beautiful. I was waiting for you—I nearly thought it was to-morrow."

"My ducky, it's only just eleven now."

Little Jon was silent, rubbing his nose on her neck.

"Mum, is Daddy in your room?"

"Not to-night."

"Can I come?"

"If you wish, my precious."

Half himself again, little Jon drew back. "You look different, Mum; ever so younger."

"It's my hair, darling."

Little Jon laid hold of it, thick, dark-gold, with a few silver threads.

"I like it," he said; "I like you best of all like this."

Taking her hand, he had begun dragging her toward the door. He shut it as they passed, with a sigh of relief.

"Which side of the bed do you like, Mum?"

"The left side."

"All right."

Wasting no time, giving her no chance to change her mind, little Jon got into the bed, which seemed much softer than his own. He heaved another sigh, screwed his head into the pillow and lay examining the battle of chariots and swords and spears which always went on outside blankets, where the little hairs stood up against the light.

"It wasn't anything, *really*, was it?" he said.

From before her glass his mother answered:

"Nothing but the moon and your imagination heated up. You mustn't get so excited, Jon."

But, still not quite in possession of his nerves, little Jon answered boastfully:

"I wasn't afraid, really, of course!" And again he lay watching the spears and chariots. It all seemed very long.

"Oh! Mum, do hurry up!"

"Darling, I have to plait my hair."

"Oh! not to-night. You'll only have to unplait it again to-morrow. I'm sleepy now; if you don't come, I shan't be sleepy soon."

His mother stood up white and flowey before the winged mirror; he could see *three* of her, with her neck turned and her hair bright under the light, and her dark eyes smiling. It was unnecessary, and he said:

"Do come, Mum; I'm waiting."

"Very well, my love, I'll come."

Little Jon closed his eyes. Everything was turning out most satisfactory, only he must hurry up! He felt the bed shake, she was getting in. And still with his eyes closed, he said sleepily:

"It's nice, isn't it?"

He heard her voice say something, felt her lips touching his nose, and snuggling up beside her who lay awake and loved him with her thoughts, he fell into the dreamless sleep, which rounded off his past.

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"SORE LET AND HINDERED"

By Franklin Chase Hoyt
Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

"WELL, they're my children, ain't they? I've got the right to treat them the way I want to, and I won't stand having any one else interfering and telling me how to handle them!"

The speaker belonged to that type with which unfortunately we are only too familiar in the Children's Court—the brutal, ignorant, and resentful parent who imagines that he has an absolute legal and moral right to maltreat his own offspring, and that there is no authority which can step in to protect them and stay his hand.

In this particular case a complaint had been made that four little children were being abused and neglected, and that both their father and mother were utterly unfit to act as their guardians. It was proved at the trial beyond the question of a doubt that their so-called home was nothing but a den of filth and misery, that the children were frequently beaten and generally starved, and that their parents were of the most depraved habits. Yet their father had the audacity to assert, in spite of all, that he could do as he liked with his own offspring and that no one had a right to interfere with him; that they belonged exclusively to him and that he could treat them like so many little animals if he desired; that he could expose them to every possible danger, and that what became of them was nobody else's concern.

It is unnecessary to repeat all that was said to this individual by the court on that occasion, but, as one may imagine, it was most emphatic and very much to the point. The children, it may be added, were finally rescued from their miserable surroundings and placed in a new home where for the first time in their lives they came to know what physical well-being, sympathetic protection, and loving-kindness really meant.

In the course of each year the Children's Court of New York City receives from five to seven thousand cases of neglected children. Some are brought in because of actual criminal maltreatment by one or both of their parents, some because of the lack of proper supervision and care, and some because of certain economic and social conditions which their parents are unable to combat or overcome. For such conditions the community itself has a grave responsibility, and when the parents acknowledge their faults and utter the penitential confession of the ages, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done," society too must cry *peccavi*.

The positive offenses committed by parents against their children are many in number, and generally vile in character. It is almost impossible to conceive of of a father or mother deliberately maiming a child or abandoning it to perish unless providentially rescued by strangers, yet such things frequently happen. It is utterly incredible that a mother should force her daughter to adopt an immoral life or that a father should ruin his own child, yet such crimes are often committed. It is revolting to hear of parents taking their children out to steal or pocketing the proceeds of thefts committed by their own offspring, yet such acts are of ordinary occurrence. These, alas, are only a few of the many kinds of offenses perpetrated by the parents who appear before the court in cases of improper guardianship. Every day we receive complaints of families who are living in filthy and horrible homes, of children who have been denied food and decent covering for their frail little bodies, of parents who prefer to

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indulge in drunkenness, immorality or other vices rather than to care for and watch over their own offspring. And so the list might be continued indefinitely.

Their sins of omission are also many and in some ways just as disheartening. Indeed, when their offenses are of a negative character and less directly criminal, it is often harder to find a satisfactory solution for the problems involved, or to enforce a remedy by appropriate action. Neglect and laches are always more difficult to handle than positive acts even of the most vicious type, for the latter offenses usually solve themselves by leaving no alternative save drastic action. Then again, evasion of one's parental obligation is a tendency which it is not easy to correct and which in the long run may have a more disastrous effect upon a child's future than a positive injury of a baser sort. Failure to supervise children properly or to protect them from vicious companions and evil temptations; neglect of their education, or their early removal from school in order to put them to work; omission to provide adequate medical treatment or hospital care in cases of serious illness and physical injuries; permitting them to peddle or to stay out till all hours of the night selling newspapers; utilizing them for other forms of commercial profit; absence of harmony in the home and utter lack of understanding and common sense in their training and development: these are a few of the more or less negative offenses with which the Children's Court has to deal, and which threaten the future welfare of the children of our community. Some of these acts are committed with open eyes and deliberate purpose, but the great majority occur through the ignorance of the parents and their sheer inability to appreciate the seriousness of their own duties and responsibilities.

If every child were as canny as little Gwendolyn J——, and as alive to its own condition of improper guardianship, the work of the authorities in collecting the necessary evidence to lay before the court in cases of this kind would be reduced to a minimum. It seems that Gwendolyn had heard that when little girls were ill-treated they were usually taken to a court for protection, so she decided to seize time by the forelock and prepare for the day when the law might call her guardians to account. To this end she kept a diary in which she recorded daily a brief statement of her sufferings and tribulations. In it she had very little to say against her own father, but a great deal by way of indictment against her stepmother.

Her diary lies before me as I write. It consists of about fifteen pages of closely written matter, many of the entries resembling one another, particularly those in respect to her food or rather the lack of it. In part it is quite graphic and suggests more than once, in its directness and vigor, the observations of a certain Mr. Pepys. A few excerpts will indicate its general character:

> Breakfast: Oatmeal with no milk and no sugar, tea with no milk and no sugar, bread with no butter. Lunch the same. Supper the same.
>
> To-day after breakfast I sewed, washed the dishes and cleaned the rooms. Then to school. After supper I sewed, scrubbed the kitchen and ironed the wash. To bed after ten.
>
> No time for my lessons to-day. To bed late and nothing to eat.
>
> To-night I only got some cold oatmeal but the old cat [meaning her stepmother] had soup, tenderloin, cake and milk.
>
> She says she can put me away if she wants to. I wonder if she can?
>
> She tells my father lies about me and makes him do anything she wants to.
>
> She took me by the hair today and wiped up the floor with me. She is always smacking me.
>
> Today she let up on me for once, but she made up for it by taking it out of my little sister.
>
> Oh the beautiful names she called me as she kicked me and threw me on the floor.
>
> She said the stuff she gave me was tea, but it was more like dirty soapy water.

As a matter of fact Gwendolyn's diary did not inspire us at first with absolute confidence because of its obvious precociousness and its possible bias, but our investigation showed that the home was indeed an unfit one, and in the end Gwendolyn was placed under different guardianship, much to her joy and satisfaction.

It would be impossible in a single chapter such as this to give concrete examples of all the various types of offenses committed by parents against their children. To do so would surely require the writing of many chapters, and in the end would probably prove a mere work of supererogation. Furthermore, a large number

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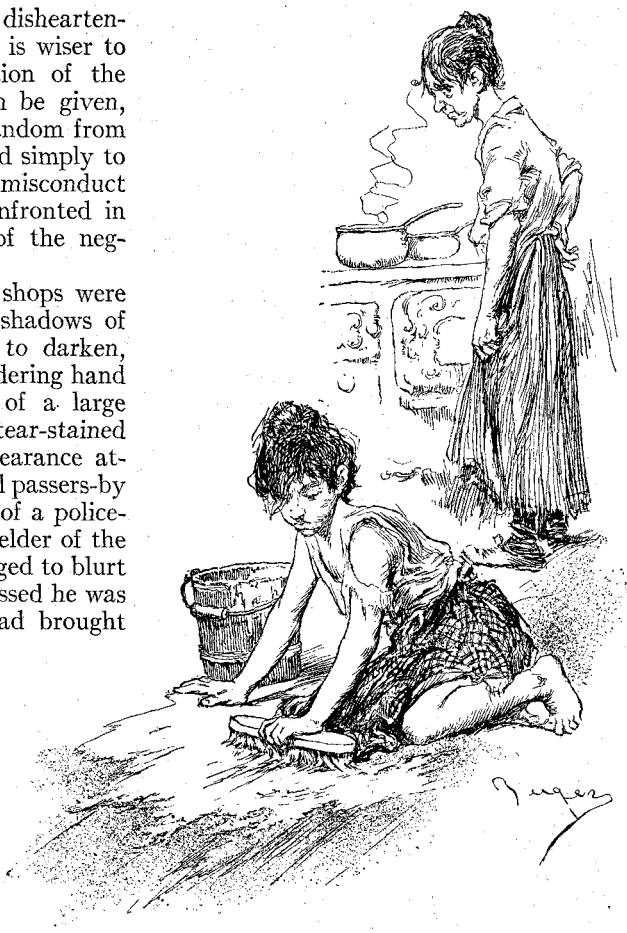
of these transgressions are so disheartening and so abhorrent that it is wiser to leave them to the imagination of the reader. A few, however, can be given, picked out more or less at random from our records and here presented simply to illustrate certain phases of misconduct with which we are often confronted in dealing with the problems of the neglected child.

One late afternoon as the shops were closing their doors, and the shadows of the evening were beginning to darken, two little boys were seen wandering hand in hand near the entrance of a large department store. Their tear-stained cheeks and their forlorn appearance attracted the attention of several passers-by who called for the assistance of a police-officer. To his inquiries, the elder of the two, who was only five, managed to blurt out amid his sobs that he guessed he was "losted," that his mother had brought him and his little brother to that spot earlier in the day, and told them to remain there until some one should come to take care of them, that his name was Dick and his brother's name was Jim, but that he didn't know where he lived or what his parents' names were. The officer then proceeded to examine their clothes to see if he could discover any clew to their identity, and on opening Dick's coat found a note pinned on the lining. It read in part as follows:



After supper I . . . scrubbed the kitchen.—Page 526.

"To the Finder.

"As at the present time I am down to my last cent, and as work in New York is at a stand still, I must go elsewhere. Therefore my babies must have a place while I am on the hunt. Although it is painful for me to do this, there is no other way out of it. God knows it is better to put them some place where they can get food and rest instead of doing a crime.

"Hoping the reader will be kind enough to print their whereabouts in the paper, I remain,

Father and Mother."

The publication of the story in the newspapers the next morning aroused the most wide-spread interest. The public comment, while condemning these parents for the sensational way in which they had thrust the burden of their domestic problems upon the community, evinced a certain sympathy for them in their struggles and difficulties.

When the two boys were brought in before me at court the day after they were found, there was still no trace of their parents, and little Dick could not tell me anything more concerning his identity than he had already imparted to the officer. Consequently I turned the matter over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and requested its

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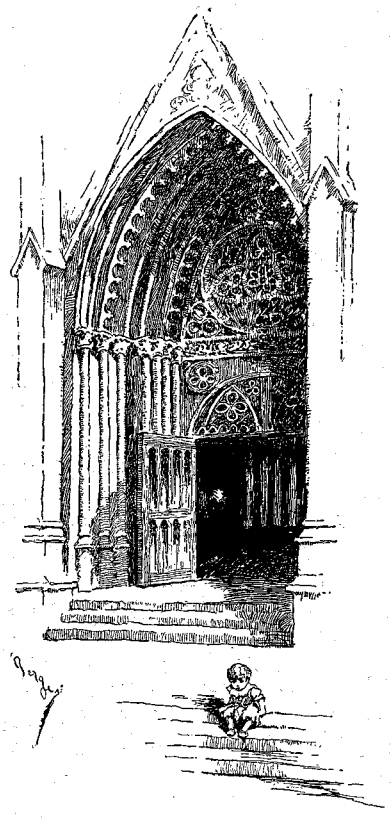
officials to make the most careful and searching investigation into all the circumstances of the case.

A few days later the society was ready



A small boy of the age of three who was found . . . on the steps of a large church.

to report, and this is what its officials had discovered. The parents of the children were living in a fairly comfortable home, and the father was working steadily at a good trade. There was no poverty or destitution whatever. The mother had simply grown tired of looking after her two boys. It interfered somewhat with her own recreations and pleasures! It was she who had written the letter and who had abandoned the boys on the street. There were several other children in the family and it transpired that their mother had attempted to get rid of one of these in a somewhat similar fashion only the year before. The father in each instance had acquiesced in and consented to the plan of his wife for ridding their household of these undesirable burdens. The note which she had pinned to Dickie's coat contained no word of truth. It was simply a lie, a foul and sickening lie, and the act which she and her husband had committed was proved to be an infamous crime without palliation or the shadow of an excuse.

Criminal prosecution was at once instituted against both these parents with the result that they were convicted and sentenced to long terms in State's prison. As to Dickie and Jim, they were found new homes, where they are being watched over kindly and wisely, and from which they will not be turned out to get "losted" on the streets.

Another case of abandonment which came before me and which stands out from thousands of others because of its peculiarly happy ending was that of a small boy of the age of three who was found one night on the steps of a large church. The only possible clew to his identity was a name written on a piece of tape which was sewed to his overcoat. He was a charming, attractive child and bubbling over with laughter and good-nature. It seemed incredible that any parent would have parted with him willingly, but the fact remained that some one to whom he belonged had left him in the street, though God alone knows why. For weeks and months an intensive search was made for his parents, or for some of his kindred but without avail. Finally, as no one came forward to claim him and as the hope of finding any relative was entirely abandoned, I sent him to a small home where young children were received and well cared for. After he had been there for a short time, his winning ways and happy smile attracted the attention of a good woman who lived in the vicinity, and who was deeply interested in the welfare of the institution to which he had been sent. As she grew to know him, she grew to love him, and in the end she took him for her own. By adopting him as her son she gave him something infinitely more precious than a local habitation and a name, and, if his health is spared, there lies before him a life of intense usefulness, of fruitful service, and of happiness in abundance.

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Their forlorn appearance attracted the attention of several passers-by.—Page 527.

Not all cases of abandonment are as positive and as crass as those just referred to. Frequently children are left in their own homes and deserted temporarily by one or both of their parents. This father may forsake his family because of utter discouragement and because he thinks he can do better in another part of the country. That mother may leave her little ones because she is weary of the monotony of her life and because she seeks distraction in illicit pleasure. Then again there are other offenses which might well fall under the head of abandonment, although the law does not give them that name. Getting rid of a child because of some prejudice or for the purpose of lightening the household burden is, in the last analysis, nothing more or less than a form of abandonment even though it is accomplished through legal means.

Some years ago a rumor was circulated in certain sections of the city to the effect that all one had to do to have a child placed in an institution free of every expense until it became old enough to go to work was to take such child to the Children's Court and swear that it was disorderly or unmanageable. The judge would do the rest! Especially was there excitement in those foreign colonies where the words "institution" and "college" had more or less the same meaning.

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Several parents who had taken their children to the court, and gained their commitment through the most barefaced of lies, returned to their neighbors with the happy information that the judge had graciously consented to send their offspring to college free of cost. Suddenly an avalanche descended on the court. One would have thought that the entire juvenile population in those quarters of town had all at once become devils incarnate. The craze of these parents for the commitment of their children was finally put to an end when the legislature passed an act permitting an order to be made requiring the parent to pay for the cost of maintaining a child during the period of its stay in an institution. As soon as it became known that it would be expensive to send one's child away, the desire to get rid of it diminished accordingly. It may be added that under our present system of investigation and probation such a situation would, of course, be inconceivable, and that it would be impossible to-day for a parent to obtain the commitment of a child on his unverified statement alone.

As an example of the effort to get rid of a child with the help of the law because of prejudice and the desire to cast off an inconvenient burden, the case of Jimmie L—— might be selected. It is also a good illustration of the obliquity of vision evinced by certain parents and of the difficulties which are encountered in seeking to enforce upon them the performance of their duties and the acceptance of their responsibilities.

Jimmie, aged eleven, was led into the court by his father, and arraigned on the old familiar charge that he was a disorderly and ungovernable child. According to his parent, he played truant from school, beat and abused his younger brothers and sisters, and stole everything he could lay his hands on. I would have taken a great deal more stock in all his father wanted to tell me had it not been for Jimmie himself. He was one of those youngsters you simply couldn't get angry at. Freckles all over his face and stubby nose, two clear blue eyes without the shadow of deceit, and a grin which simply wouldn't come off, marked him as a healthy, normal, and attractive boy.

After listening to his father for some time I turned to Jim and asked him whether he had done all the things with which he was charged. He looked me straight in the eye, smiled a little and admitted cheerfully that at times he had been mighty bad. "I played hookey once," he said, "and I smacked my little brother too. I took some things to eat in the kitchen, and pinched some money from my mother to treat the fellers to candy and soda-water."

At the end of the hearing I asked his father to take him home pending our investigation, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"My wife would turn me out of the house if I brought him back," he said.

A week later, when the case again came before me, our investigation had been completed, and it showed that while Jim had been fairly mischievous and had at times taken things at home which did not belong to him, though never outside, he was on the whole a pretty decent sort of a boy, and one who under the proper management could be easily controlled and developed. The entire trouble was with his stepmother, who seemed determined to get rid of him because, as she put it, she had enough to do to look after her own children. The father, it appeared, was very weak and sided with his wife simply to avoid domestic strife.

On this occasion I pleaded with the father to take Jim home and give the boy a chance under the court's supervision, but he again refused. The case was continued for several weeks more in the hope of making him change his mind, but with no result. The stepmother was called to the stand, but it only brought forth new recitals of Jim's alleged delinquencies. In reply to one of my repeated requests to take the boy home and make a fresh start his father said:

"If I took the boy back I'd break up my home. It's either my wife or my boy. I like Jim, but don't send him home. It's no use, no use."

I told the father that if the boy were sent elsewhere he would have to pay in full for his support. To that the father assented, and said he'd pay anything he could afford in order to have peace.

By this time I had reached the conclusion that it would be the rankest kind

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of injustice to Jim himself to send him back to such a home. Already some of the organizations connected with the court had taken a great interest in the case, and I had received some excellent propositions for his adoption. In the end one of these was accepted and I still receive reports from time to time of the splendid progress and excellent conduct of Jim in his new home. He is intensely happy and is no longer regarded as a detriment and a burden.

It is a pity that there is no real way to punish parents of this sort. Of course, they could always be forced to take back a child, but the final result would usually end in disaster. The only sensible thing to do under such circumstances is to find the child a happier home and make his parents pay for his support, leaving the measure of their punishment to their future remorse and the wise dispensations of a Higher Power.

Teaching children to steal is another offense which is met with more often than one would suppose. It is encountered in various guises and forms, one of the most familiar occurring in connection with shoplifting. Within a single week recently over a dozen such cases were brought to the court. In one instance a mother had made use of her two daughters—splendid girls and both at that time in high school, with the result that all three were caught red-handed in possession of the stolen goods. In another case a father took with him to the store which he had planned to rob his little daughter, of the age of thirteen, and his young son of the age of eleven. He made the girl carry a bag in which he kept placing the articles which he stole from one counter

He made the girl carry a bag in which he kept placing the articles which he stole, . . . and used the boy as a shield.

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after another, and at the same time used the boy as a shield to hide the work of his hands just as a skilled pickpocket often uses an accomplice for the same purpose.

In appropriating the proceeds of thefts committed by children, some parents have also much to answer for. Usually these offenses take the simple form of accepting, without asking any awkward questions, the pilferings which a child may bring home as the result of some petit larceny or of a raid on fruit-stands or market wagons in the neighborhood. Indeed, they occasionally seem to think that they have a prescriptive right to such emoluments. A colored woman whose son had been arrested for stealing forty-one cents, in answer to my inquiry as to what she had to say in behalf of her erring child replied:

"He certainly am a bad boy, judge! Just to think of him getting way with forty-one cents and never giving a penny of it to his poor old mammy!"

Sometimes, however, the offense is more premeditated. Sammie T—— was employed in a furrier's establishment, and, after he had been working there for several months, was arrested for stealing a skin. As the firm had lost thousands of dollars' worth of fur during that time, suspicion was instantly directed toward Sammie and a warrant was obtained for the search of his home. There a large amount of the stolen property was found. At first Sammie said that he had taken all this property without the knowledge of any one else, but when it was pointed out to him that his father must have known of the existence of the property in the house, he told another tale. This new story was quite involved, but its substance was that he had stolen certain pieces at various times from his employers and had brought them to his father, who was also in the furrier business, saying that his employers wished his father to sell these articles for them on commission; that his father had already sold a number of pieces in this way and had turned over the proceeds to him for return to his employers, but that in each instance he had either spent or lost the money. His father under examination told substantially the same story, and said that he thought all the property found in the house, as well as the pieces which he had already sold, had been actually sent to him by its owners to sell on commission. The whole story was so palpably false and unbelievable that I referred the matter to the district attorney with the result that the man was arrested and held by the magistrate. The grand jury in the end, however, refused to indict him on the ground that he might really have been deceived by his son, although the man for some months had been receiving and selling thousands of dollars' worth of property without once communicating with its owners or returning to them directly any of the moneys he had derived from such sales!

Never a day passes in the Children's Court that we do not receive a number of cases involving children who have been sent out by their parents to peddle, to sell papers after hours, or to beg. Very often such faults are committed through ignorance, and an explanation and a warning are all that is necessary to prevent a repetition of the offense. Begging, however, is generally apt to be a serious matter and sometimes its execution is carefully planned.

When little Joe was arraigned in court for begging on the stairs of a subway station, the railroad official who had made the arrest looked at him very doubtfully and shook his head. "I'm afraid, judge," he exclaimed, "there must be some mistake. The boy whom I arrested was in rags and had only one leg."

The man's suspicions as to the identity of the boy seemed to be well-founded. As he appeared in court, Joe was immaculately dressed and apparently had two good legs to stand on. The development of the case, however, showed why the official had been surprised. Joe in reality had but one leg, but he possessed two substitutes for the limb which he had lost; one an excellent artificial leg of the best make and the other an old wooden stump of the crudest sort. It was his mother's practice after Joe came home from school to take off his good clothes and detach his artificial limb. Then she would dress him in some old dirty rags, kept for this very purpose, tie on the old stump, and send him out to beg in the subways and the

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She would dress him in some old dirty rags, . . . tie on the old stump, and send him out to beg.—Page 532.

streets. The same thing was also done in the evening. There was no poverty or need of any kind in the home. The only reason for the mother's action was to gain some money for pleasures and luxuries at the expense of Joe's health and moral welfare. When we finished with the case in the Children's Court I am glad to say there was literally nothing left of the rags and the old wooden stump.

The impression must not be gained from these various incidents that all the parents with whom we have to deal are either cruel, unnatural, or ignorant. Far from it, for many of them, even a majority, it is safe to say, are surprisingly fine and decent. Their devotion to their children is inspiring and their understanding and intelligent co-operation are all that can be expected. Even in some cases of alleged improper guardianship, there is no fault to be found with the parents themselves, and the complaint is often forced by circumstances over which they have no possible control.

In writing of the neglected child, however, it is but natural to consider primarily the effect upon its welfare of the sins of omission or commission committed by certain types of parents. Faults of this nature can be catalogued and analyzed with some degree of precision, and they lend themselves more easily to illustration than do some of the other and more obscure phases of neglect. That is why so

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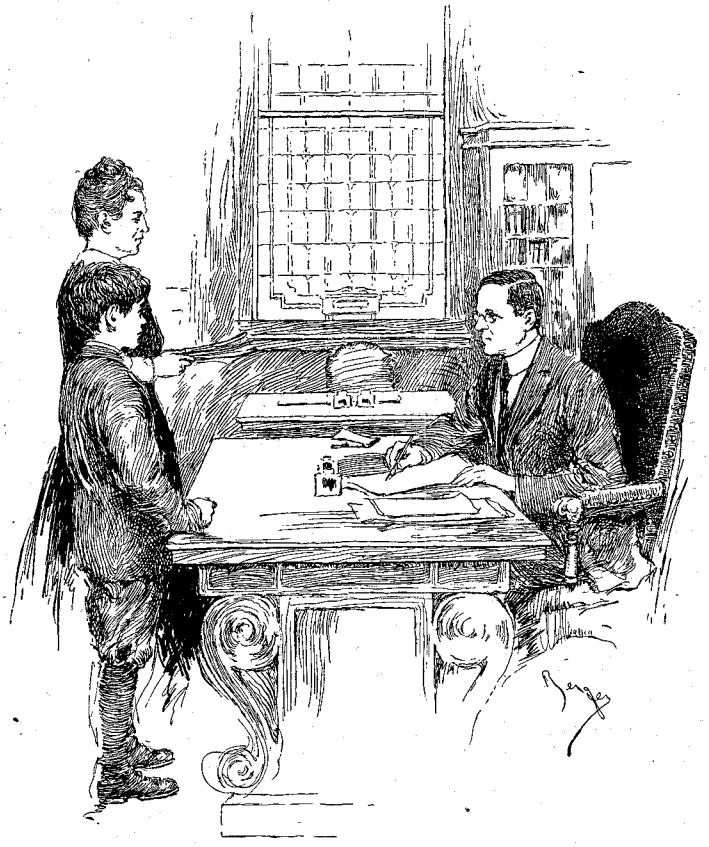
many of the stories concerning the exposure and maltreatment of children deal with the errors and misconduct of their parents.

As a matter of fact, the problem of neglect is infinitely more serious and complex than the mere question of home maladjustment or of parental infirmity. It is a state which has been engendered by public indifference and failure, and which has been fostered by social and economic conditions. What opportunities do some children find to-day for self-expression or for the study of nature and the beautiful things in life? How many are turned out almost in their infancy untrained and bewildered to face the realities of existence? How many are allowed to succumb to the influences of wretched environment, the suggestions of undesirable companions, the lure of the streets? Who can count the innumerable victims of child labor? How much has society accomplished, after all, in providing recreational facilities for these children and proper outlets for their activities, in giving them the right sort of vocational training or in safeguarding their health and their physical well-being? How adequate are the facilities furnished by the State for the care of the destitute, the delinquent, and, above all, the defective child? How many children, because of these things, "know the grief of man without its wisdom and sink in man's despair without its calm?"



"Sore let and hindered in running the race" set before them, they are appealing for kindlier treatment, a better chance, and a fairer heritage.—Page 535.

In very truth the community itself has much to answer for.

Dickens has never been credited with

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being one of the originators of the Children's Court movement, but he must have dreamed of its realization when he wrote "Oliver Twist." With his deep insight into human nature he understood as thoroughly as we do to-day the dangers and perils to which the unprotected child is exposed, and he recognized the utter lack of sense and humane feeling in the attitude assumed by the State and the community of his time toward neglected children.

As we read of the sufferings of Oliver and of all the perils which beset his path, we instinctively feel that the various characters which entered into and affected his young life are but prototypes of the forces with which we are so familiar to-day.

Oliver Twist himself is merely the unfortunate victim of his environment—the representative of so many children who can find no natural outlet for their activities, and who "never have had any one to teach them what was right and what was wrong." The stain of his birth in itself implanted no depraved instincts in his nature, but all the misery he was forced to suffer was chargeable to the social conditions in which he was born and bred.

As one grows familiar with the hideous figure of Fagin, he becomes simply the personification of the evil influences, the corrupting associations, and the debasing suggestions which constantly beset the children of our cities.

In the actions of Mr. Brownlow, as well as of Rose and Mrs. Maylie, we find a recognition of the fact, now so universally understood, that the neglected or erring child is entitled to receive from the State its care and protection, not its contumely and condemnation, and that such a child should be given his chance to lead a decent life and to qualify himself as a useful member of society.

There are other figures in the story which in one's fancy might well represent various conditions and influences which enter into the problems of delinquency and neglect. In Sikes can be perceived the physical force and compulsion which so often drives youth into open and violent crime, and in Monks the greed that will unhesitatingly sacrifice a child for its own gain. Nancy is an appealing figure because in the last analysis she represents true womanhood which, though degraded and beaten down, might have been raised to its salvation if help had only come before it was too late. What is Bumble but institutionalism in its worst form? and in reading of his actions one rejoices that the conditions of which he is the exponent are rapidly becoming a thing of the past. In the brutality (as well as the absurdity) of Magistrate Fang's administration of justice cannot we find a counterpart of the procedure which still prevails in certain of our courts, and which, unaffected by modern progress, common sense, or even by the truth, continues to injure thousands in the name of the law?

Finally, is there not a lesson which can be learned from the disposition of our friend, Mr. Grimwig? Does he not admirably represent the attitude of the indifferent and intolerant community, which is always willing to find a refuge behind the doctrine of heredity and which seemingly takes pleasure in expecting the worst of a child born and bred amid evil surroundings? But even Mr. Grimwig has to wake up at last to the fact that his preconceived views are sadly in need of reconstruction and that there is something to be said on behalf of the neglected child after all.

It was Oliver Twist's request, "Please sir, I want some more," which startled Mr. Bumble and the institutional managers out of their seven senses. More, indeed! Wasn't one porringer of thin gruel three times a day enough for any orphan or pauper? What right had such a child to ask for more? Why, the very idea was preposterous!

To-day there are thousands of children in our community stretching out their hands and asking for "more." Handicapped at the very start, "sore let and hindered in running the race" set before them, they are appealing for kindlier treatment, a better chance, and a fairer heritage. They are asking for the right to happiness, which is their due, and an equal opportunity in the struggle for existence. May their appeal be heeded before it is too late, and may they be given something more heartening than stones in answer to their cry for bread.

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SCANDINAVIA'S LESSON TO THE WORLD

By Lothrop Stoddard
Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," etc.

OUR post-war world is rent with multifarious discords. Empire growls at empire over the spoils of Armageddon. New-born nations, bitten with imperialistic lusts, plot the mutilation of equally lustful neighbors. Above all, Asia prepares to challenge the hegemony of anarchic Europe, thus threatening a contest that may develop into a racial cataclysm beside which the late unpleasantness would seem like child's play.

The future looks dark. Yet there is a brighter side. Everywhere thinking men are alive to the perils of the hour. Statesmen strive to forge the machinery of a new world-order assuring peaceful, evolutionary progress, while seers and prophets labor to effect that changed attitude of mind and heart which must form the indispensable moral basis to a new world-order and without which the most perfect mechanism would prove a vain thing.

To forward-looking persons Scandinavia should to-day offer perhaps the most hopeful portent on the international horizon. Here is a group of peoples, proud, virile, and with a martial past, who point out to humanity the way to a better morrow. Not merely by theoretic preachment, but by sustained practice, by consistent conduct extending over decades, the Scandinavian nations give the world a concrete example of a group of nations settling fundamental disputes without war, in a spirit of reasonable fairness, and with increasing friendship and co-operation.

This remarkable achievement becomes all the more striking when we recall the grave difficulties which had to be overcome. Scandinavia's internal history was not one of peace and amity; it was a record of war and discord yielding an evil legacy of bitter memories. Since time immemorial the Scandinavian peoples—Swedes, Danes, Norwegians—have fought one another, fired by a jealous separatism that nullified bonds of racial kinship and condemned them to an interminable cycle of internecine strife. This separatism bore bitter fruits. The abounding vigor of the race consumed itself and robbed Scandinavia of golden opportunities. When we look back on the mediæval might of Denmark and on the power of Sweden from Gustavus Adolphus to Charles XII, it is not too much to say that a united Scandinavia might have forged a Baltic empire which would have endured to this day. Instead, the rising empires of Russia and Germany broke Scandinavia's resistance piecemeal, shore away its borderlands, and immured it within its narrow ancestral bounds. By mid-nineteenth century the Scandinavian nations had reached their lowest ebb. Discouraged and disillusioned, they awaited the future with pessimistic fatalism, counting on the mutual jealousies of mighty neighbors rather than on their own efforts for the maintenance of even national existence.

As the nineteenth century drew toward its close, Scandinavia's prospects took on a brighter hue. Making the most of what yet remained, the Scandinavian peoples applied their inherent vigor and intelligence to an intensive development of their natural resources that brought them unprecedented prosperity. This, in turn, begot renewed optimism. The Scandinavian peoples once more felt the glow of self-confidence, remembering their glorious pasts and having faith in their national futures.

Yet herein lurked a subtle peril. To recall the past was to revive bitter memories. To light the fires of nationalism was to kindle the embers of jealous particularism. Soon Scandinavia's political structure showed alarming signs of disintegration. Norway commenced chafing at the bonds that linked her to Sweden, while remote Iceland began its long pro-

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test against Danish rule. It looked as though Scandinavia was on the eve of a fresh cycle of exhausting discord.

This time, however, history did not repeat itself. The stern lessons of the past had been taken to heart. The Scandinavian peoples had acquired a changed attitude of mind, capable of settling controversies in a spirit of mutual forbearance and inhibiting fratricidal wars destructive of the race.

Here is how Scandinavia solved her separatist problems:

First, the Swedish-Norwegian controversy. Though occupying the same peninsula, the Swedish and Norwegian peoples have had very different historic pasts. Sundered by a barrier of lofty mountains, they had slight physical contact and went their respective ways. Such contact as occurred was usually of a hostile nature. For centuries Norway was politically united to Denmark and loyally supported its suzerain in the long series of Dano-Swedish wars. In 1814 the Vienna Congress which remade the map of Europe after the Napoleonic cataclysm assigned Norway to Sweden as compensation for Finland, conquered by Russia a few years before. But this diplomatic transfer did not result in a union of hearts. The Norwegians were dissatisfied, and despite concessions amounting to full autonomy they chafed at political union with their Swedish neighbors. Chronic disputes culminated in the year 1905, when Norway seceded from the union.

This was revolution. Sweden was aflame with wrath, especially since most Swedes believed that, in forcing the issue at that moment, Norway was guilty of treason in face of the common enemy—Russia. For Czarist Russia was just then busy destroying the liberties of Finland, transforming the formerly autonomous grand duchy into a Russian intrenched camp, and threatening the whole Scandinavian peninsula with the shadow of her vast military power. For a time war seemed inevitable. Swedish voices called for the chastisement and subjection of the traitorous "rebels." Norwegian voices answered provocative defiance. Both sides mobilized and made ready for a struggle which would inevitably have been of a most stubborn and sanguinary nature.

But that struggle did not take place. Cool-headed Swedes realized that to hold down Norway against the settled determination of its people was in the long run impossible, while, after the first moment of passion had passed, both peoples realized with intuitive insight that a desolating war, whatever its outcome, would probably condemn the combatants to a common Russian servitude. Accordingly, the dispute was settled without the shedding of a drop of blood. Sweden recognized Norway's independence, and Norway gladly acceded to Sweden's demand for the total disarmament and neutralization of their common frontier.

The results of this peaceful settlement were of the happiest nature. Within a very few years all traces of mutual bitterness had vanished. With no more causes of friction, the two peoples began looking at their common interests. The Russian peril was a powerful promoter of kindred feeling. When the Great War broke out in 1914 both countries made haste to affirm their friendship, for simultaneously with their declarations of neutrality they formally agreed that under no circumstances should the one country take hostile action against the other.

Let us next consider the Danish-Icelandic controversy. Iceland, that strange island of snow-fields and volcanoes lying in the remote recesses of the Arctic Ocean, was settled more than a thousand years ago by rebel Vikings refusing obedience to the first Norwegian kings. Eventually brought under Norwegian control, Iceland passed with Norway under Danish rule, but when Norway was joined to Sweden in 1814, Iceland remained under the Danish crown. It may not seem possible that the sparse population of this forbidding land (less than 90,000 souls) should have cherished separatist aspirations, yet such was the fact. The old Norse love of freedom was in the blood, and as time passed the Icelanders, despite wide autonomy, chafed under Danish suzerainty just as their Norwegian brethren did under political union with the Swedes.

Here, indeed, was a test of Scandinavia's modern attitude toward partic-

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ularism. A handful of men scattered about the shores of a barren island were asserting their independence against a wealthy nation of 3,000,000. Obviously, Denmark could crush the Icelanders at a stroke. In fact, dependent as the island was on imported breadstuffs, a mere blockade would doom the Icelanders to starvation.

Yet the Danes never even considered such measures. The dispute was temperately argued out, and at length a solution was arrived at satisfactory to both sides. By the Act of Union of November 30, 1918, Iceland was declared a free, sovereign state, united with Denmark by a personal bond of union under the same King. Here again the change in status is disclosing the happiest results, both peoples experiencing an increase of reciprocal regard and common aspiration toward larger Scandinavian interests. This double evolution was well expressed by the leading Icelandic journal, *Himinn*, which remarked: "We understand thoroughly that our future is best made secure by a more intimate union and more active communication between the Scandinavian nations, and it is our definite purpose to work for this end; but we wish to do so as a sovereign state, as an independent people, just as independent as the other peoples in Scandinavia."

Such is the manner in which Scandinavia has solved her problems of political devolution. Clearly, we have here a lesson for the world at large. Of course such solutions are not applicable to all questions of separatist aspiration, especially as between peoples of widely differing types and standards. They would probably work only between communities possessed of the high intelligence, self-control, and long-headedness characteristic of the Scandinavian peoples. But, within these limits, the precedents have obvious bearing and should be taken seriously to heart.

Not less worthy of the world's attention is Scandinavia's attitude toward "unredeemed" territories. The immoderate land-hunger to-day displayed by most European nations, great and small; the staking out of extravagant territorial claims, often based on the most tenuous sophistries of ethnology and history or on the naked argument of "strategic frontiers," is one of the most disquieting signs of the times, forecasting as it does chronic instability and recurrent war. Poland is a notorious instance of this nationalist-imperialist psychosis—and Poland is merely one of many cases. From this welter of mad ambitions Scandinavia stands strikingly apart. Not that Scandinavia is without its imperialists. They exist, and they are as intemperate as their congeners of other lands. But in Scandinavia the imperialists are a minority, unable either to deflect the policy of their governments or to upset the common sense of their fellow citizens.

Scandinavia's refreshingly sane attitude on such matters is well shown by the two cases which have arisen: Schleswig-Holstein and the Åland Islands. Let us consider them in turn.

Schleswig-Holstein, the borderland between Denmark and Germany, was conquered by Prussia in the Dano-Prussian War of 1863–1864. The southern province—Holstein—is thoroughly German in blood and speech. The northern province—Schleswig—is predominantly German in its southern and central parts, but the northern portion adjoining Denmark is mostly Danish in blood and language, while there is a considerable Danish minority in the central portion as well. By the peace of 1864 it was agreed that a plebiscite should be held in north Schleswig in order that the inhabitants might themselves decide their political allegiance. Prussia, however, treated this proviso as a "scrap of paper." The plebiscite was never held, and the Danish districts were ruthlessly "Germanized."

Denmark thus had a legitimate grievance, and her claims to north Schleswig were recognized by the Versailles Conference. In fact, a considerable body of opinion in the Allied countries, particularly in France, urged the Danes to assert their "historic rights" to all Schleswig-Holstein. But the bulk of Danish public opinion rejected such suggestions without a moment's hesitation. To poison their national life by annexing 1,500,000 recalcitrant Germans and to hang about Denmark's neck the millstone of a German "revanche" was clean against Danish good sense. "All that is Danish. No

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more, and no less": that was the Danish slogan, and thus it was settled. The fate of Schleswig was determined by a plebiscite of its inhabitants. The province was divided into three zones, each zone to vote separately. In fact, before the plebiscite was held, the southern zone was ruled out of consideration as being patently German. The northern zone voted for union with Denmark by a vote of 3 to 1. The middle zone voted to remain German by more than 2 to 1. This result caused some disappointment in Denmark. There was much talk of disregarding the plebiscite, and the King raised a crisis by dismissing the ministry, which had declared its resolve to accept the decision of zone 2. But the Danish people as a whole would not stand for even this modest display of imperialism. Mass demonstrations, riots, and a general strike made the King and his supporters change their minds. "All that is Danish. No more, and no less," had won the day.

Now, as to the Åland Islands. This rocky archipelago lies in the Baltic Sea midway between Sweden and Finland. Its inhabitants are of pure Swedish blood, and until its cession to Russia in 1809 it was considered part of Sweden rather than of Finland. The Ålands' importance is mainly strategic, for they virtually dominate Sweden's capital, Stockholm. When Finland threw off the Russian yoke after the downfall of czardom in 1917, the inhabitants of the Åland Islands expressed a wish to go back to Sweden rather than form part of the new Finnish state. Naturally, Swedish public opinion warmly favored the recovery of the Ålands. But the Finns strenuously objected, declaring the islands an integral part of their country, which could not be alienated. The point was warmly debated on both sides and became a genuine "issue." Considerable bitterness developed, and there was even talk of war. Yet here, as elsewhere in Scandinavia, common sense prevailed, and it was finally decided to bring the matter before the League of Nations for decision. At this writing the case has not been tried. But whatever the verdict, another victory for peace and sanity has been won, and another threat of war has been averted.

With such sustained poise and self-control on burning issues like devolution and expansion, it is no surprise to find that Scandinavia's record during the late war was almost uniformly admirable. Not only did the Scandinavian peoples seek to maintain their mutual solidarity by frequent meetings of monarchs and ministers; not only did they help one another during the the dark days of blockade and U-boat warfare by far-reaching agreements for economic co-operation; they also showed a consistent solicitude for the suffering of their warring neighbors and a readiness to serve as mediators in the frightful holocaust or as reconcilers after the war's conclusion. The best minds of Scandinavia devoted themselves to discovering a just solution for present ills and to laying the foundations for a better morrow. At this moment Scandinavian jurists are playing a prominent part in the establishment of that international high court now in process of formation.

Aloof as they were from the prevailing war psychology, Scandinavians saw clearly from its first days the late war's terrible threat to Europe, to our race, and to the very structure of our civilization. Their anguish at the ominous prospect is well exemplified by the following lines from the pen of the eminent Danish savant, Professor L. V. Birck, of the University of Copenhagen. Writing at the beginning of 1915, he said: "Amid the tempest now raging in Europe, amid the terrible consequences of ill-considered decisions, before this flood of auto-suggestions, we see the deeper significance of events, the peril to our race and to all Europe. We hear the cracking of the foundations of that old order once thought so strong; we see the increasing misery; but, especially, we gaze over at the Asiatic wall, from behind which comes the sound of grinding swords. Then our anguish at the approaching terror—the assault on the supremacy of the White Man—makes us forget the horrors of the present hour."

So ends our survey of Scandinavia's recent history. Its results compel attention. Judged by three of the most trying criteria of human conduct, the Scandinavian peoples have brilliantly met the test. Toward each other, toward their neighbors, and toward the world, they

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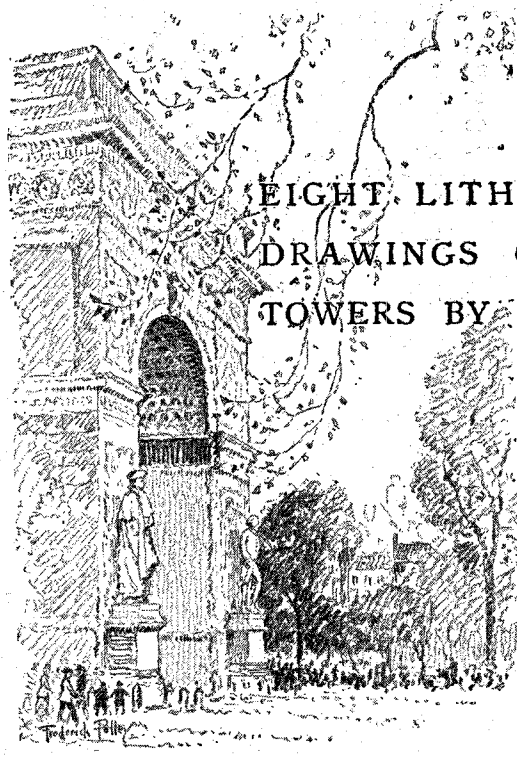
have displayed a striking degree of poise, insight, and self-control. They have settled some of the most crucial problems that can confront nations, and those settlements have been peaceful, just, and with every prospect of constructive permanence.

Here is food for thought, especially in times like ours. Of course we must not draw too sweeping generalizations. These Scandinavian triumphs have been accomplished by a contiguous group of high-grade, kindred peoples. What they have done might not be possible for peoples with widely divergent temperaments, view-points, and cultural levels.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that over there in the Scandinavian northland things have been amicably settled which are usually fought out on the battle-field, and we have been vouchsafed the inspiring example of nations endowed with such attitudes of mind that they instinctively put into every-day practice the pious aspirations of forward-looking men.

And at the very least, even though the world as a whole may be incapable of measuring up to the Scandinavian standard, we have the comforting assurance that one region of the earth exists whose peoples are habitually guided by long views and can be counted on consistently to support the best interests of the race.

CURBSTONE SKETCHES



EIGHT LITHOGRAPHIC PENCIL DRAWINGS OF MANHATTAN'S TOWERS BY FREDERICK POLLEY

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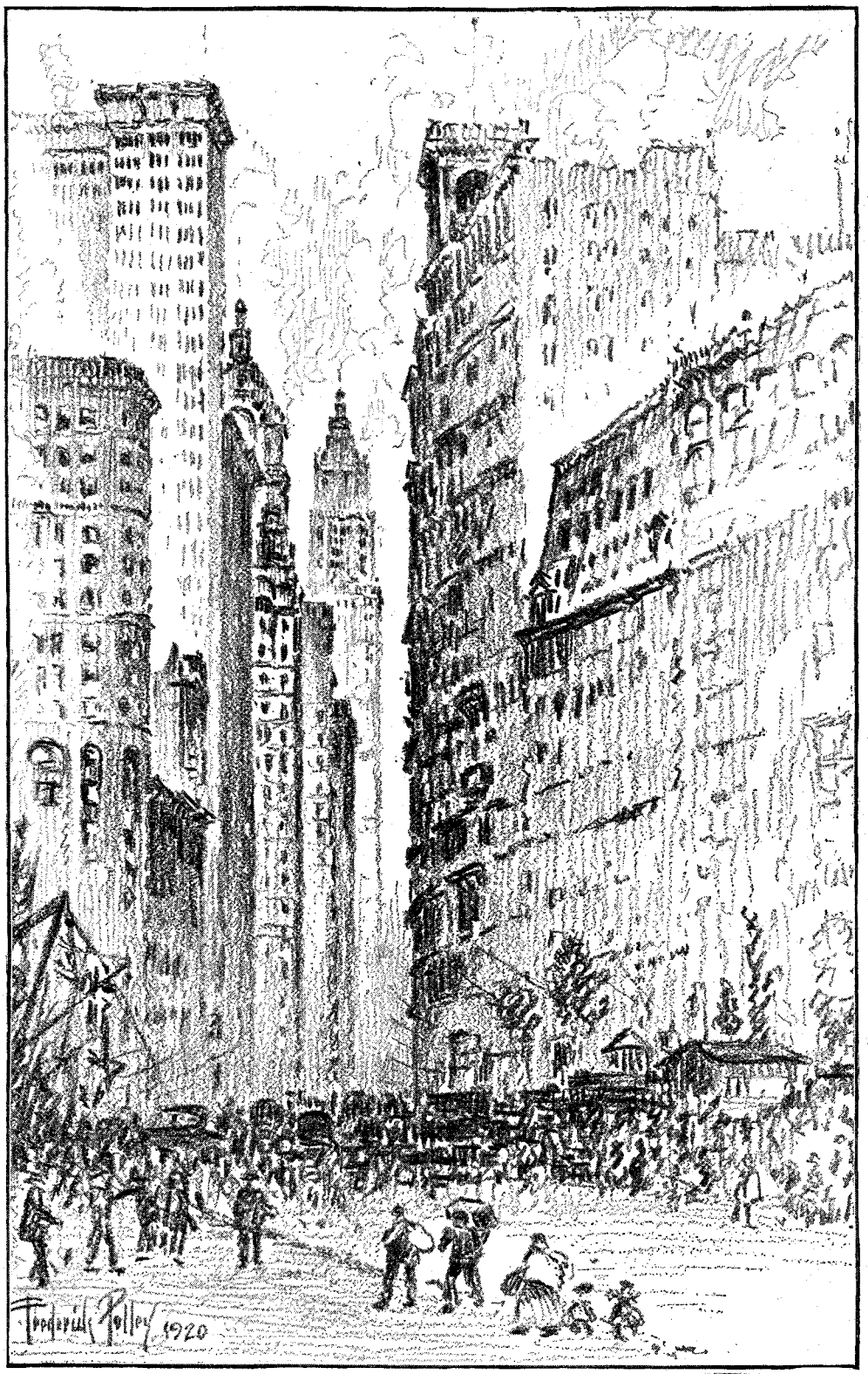

Looking up Broadway from Bowling Green.

Here, since 1626, immigrants have received their first impressions of New Amsterdam and America.

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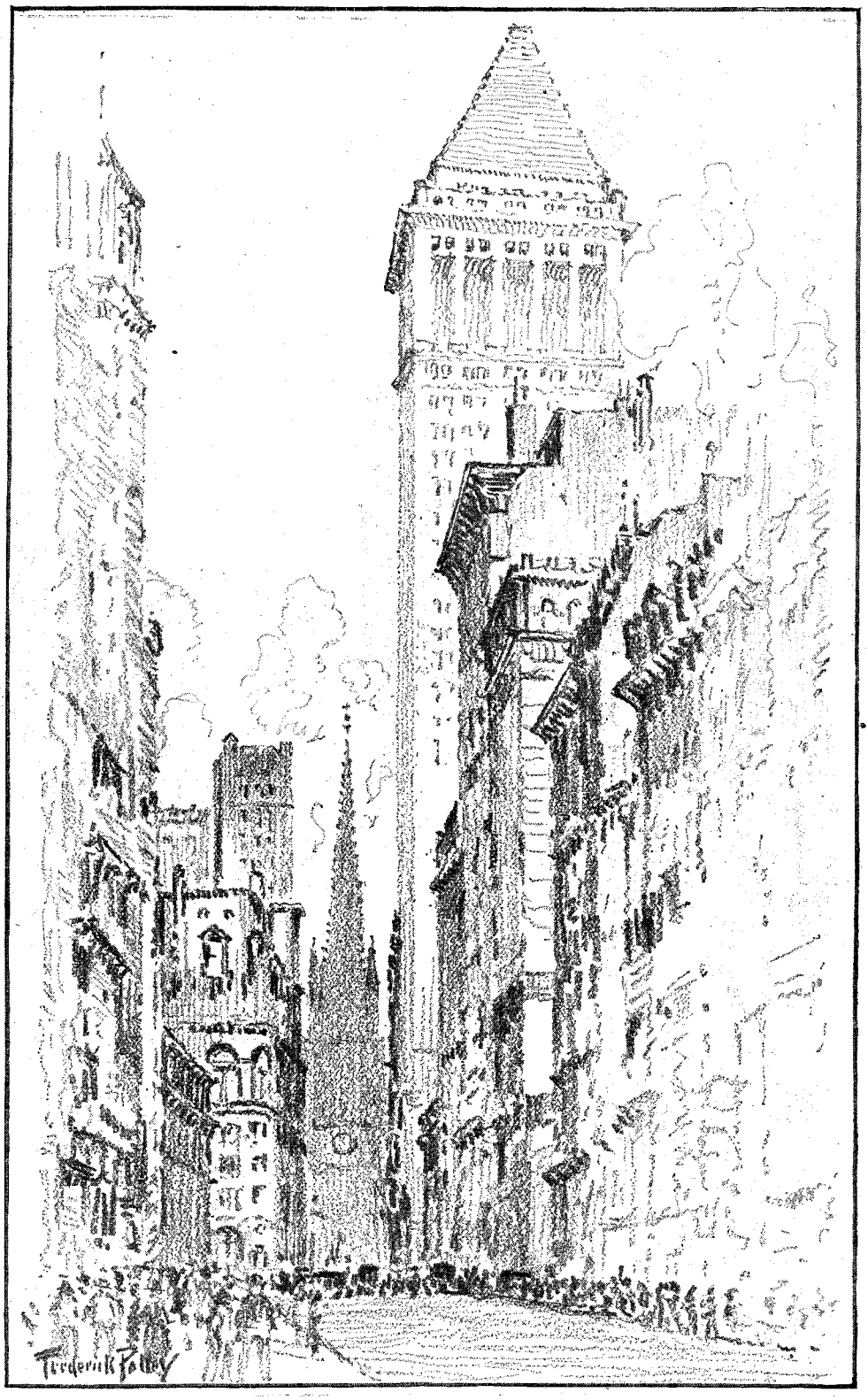

Wall Street.

Showing Trinity spire in the background and the Bankers' Trust Company on the right.

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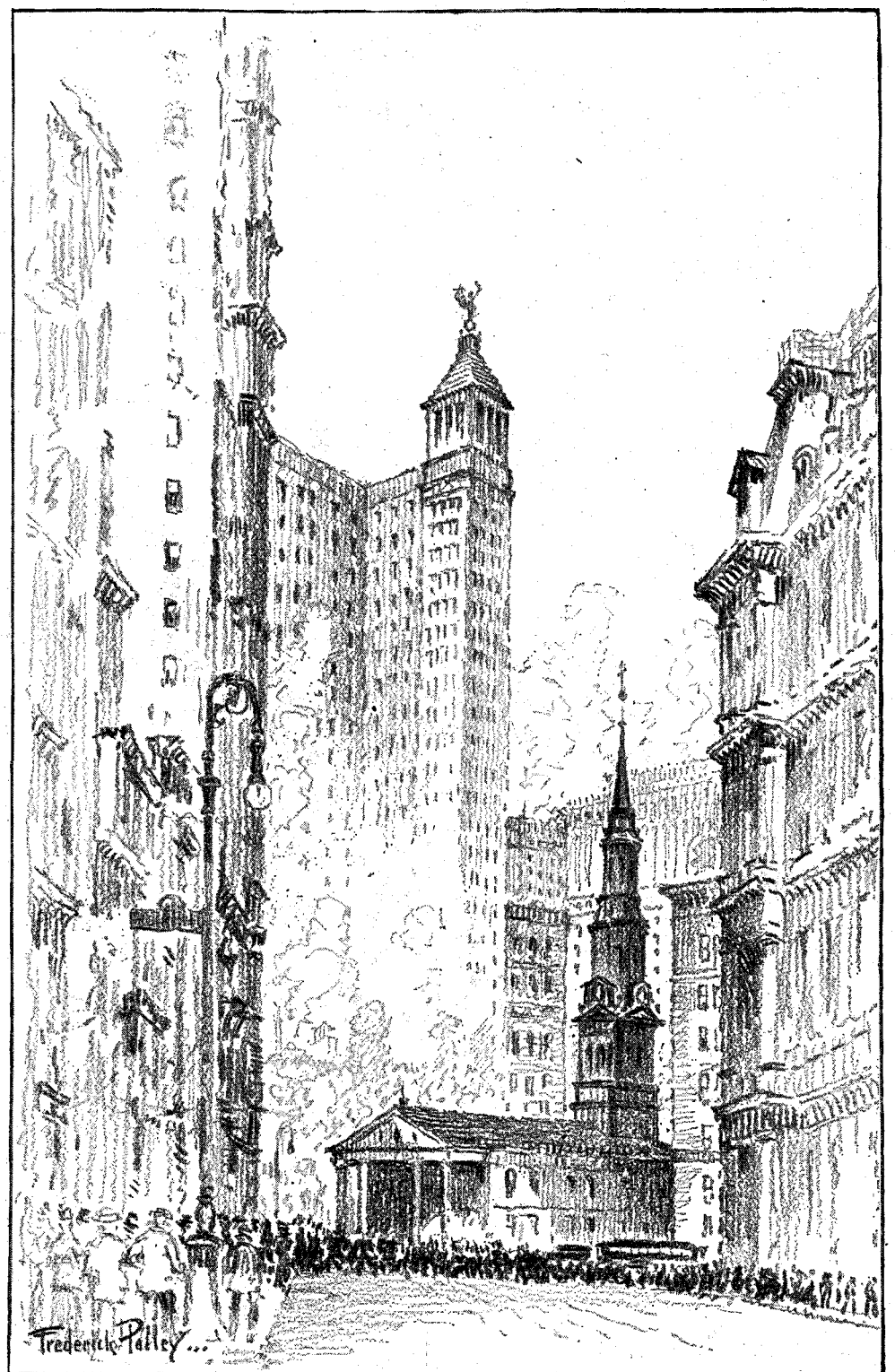

St. Paul's, 1776. Broadway and Vesey Street.

A relic of pre-Revolutionary times nestling amid great sky-scrapers. To the left is seen the wing and tower of the City Investing Building.

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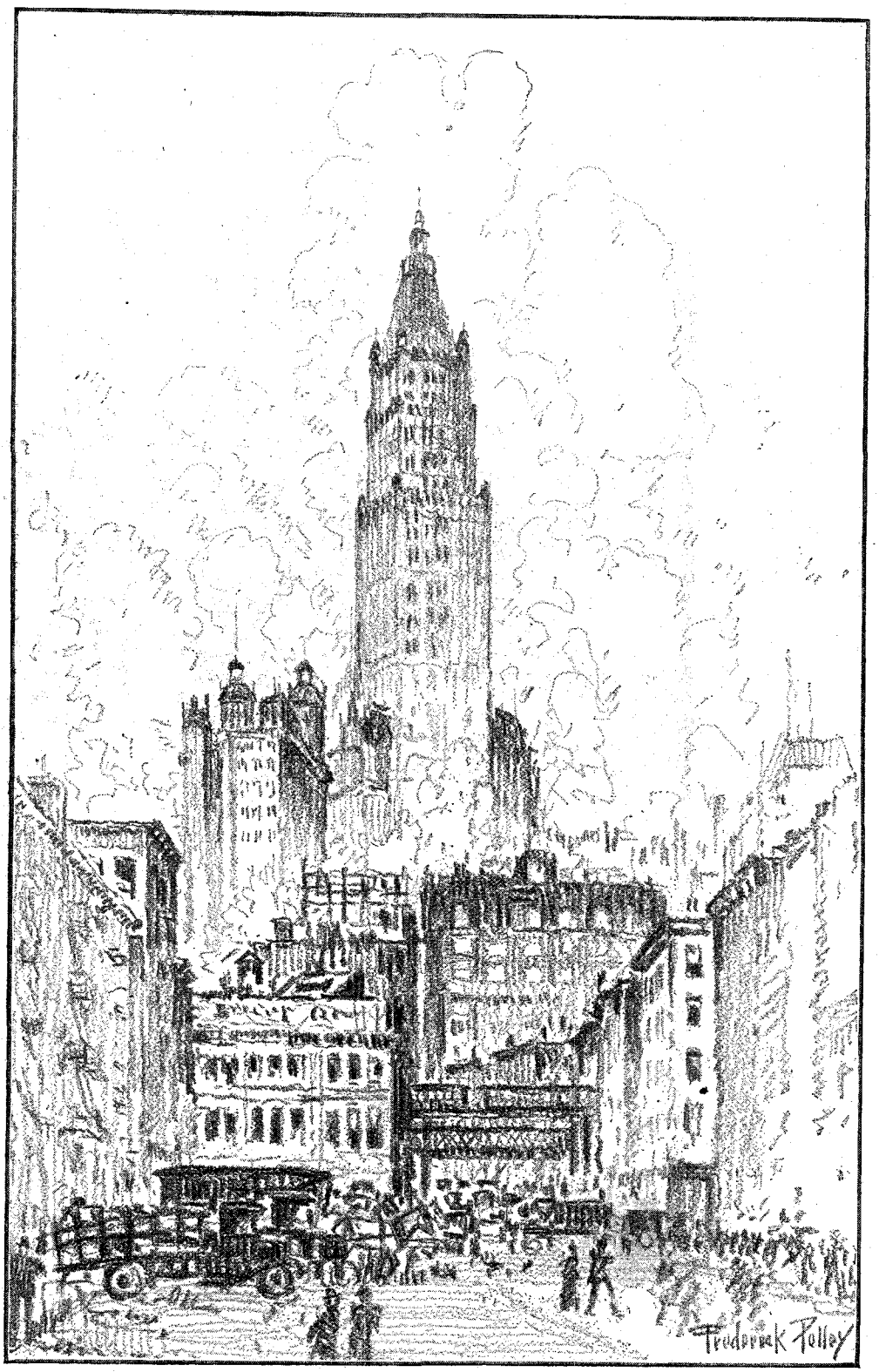

Fulton and South Streets.

In the background, at the left, is the Park Row Building. To the right of it the Woolworth Tower, exemplifying the "Excelsior" motto of the metropolis.

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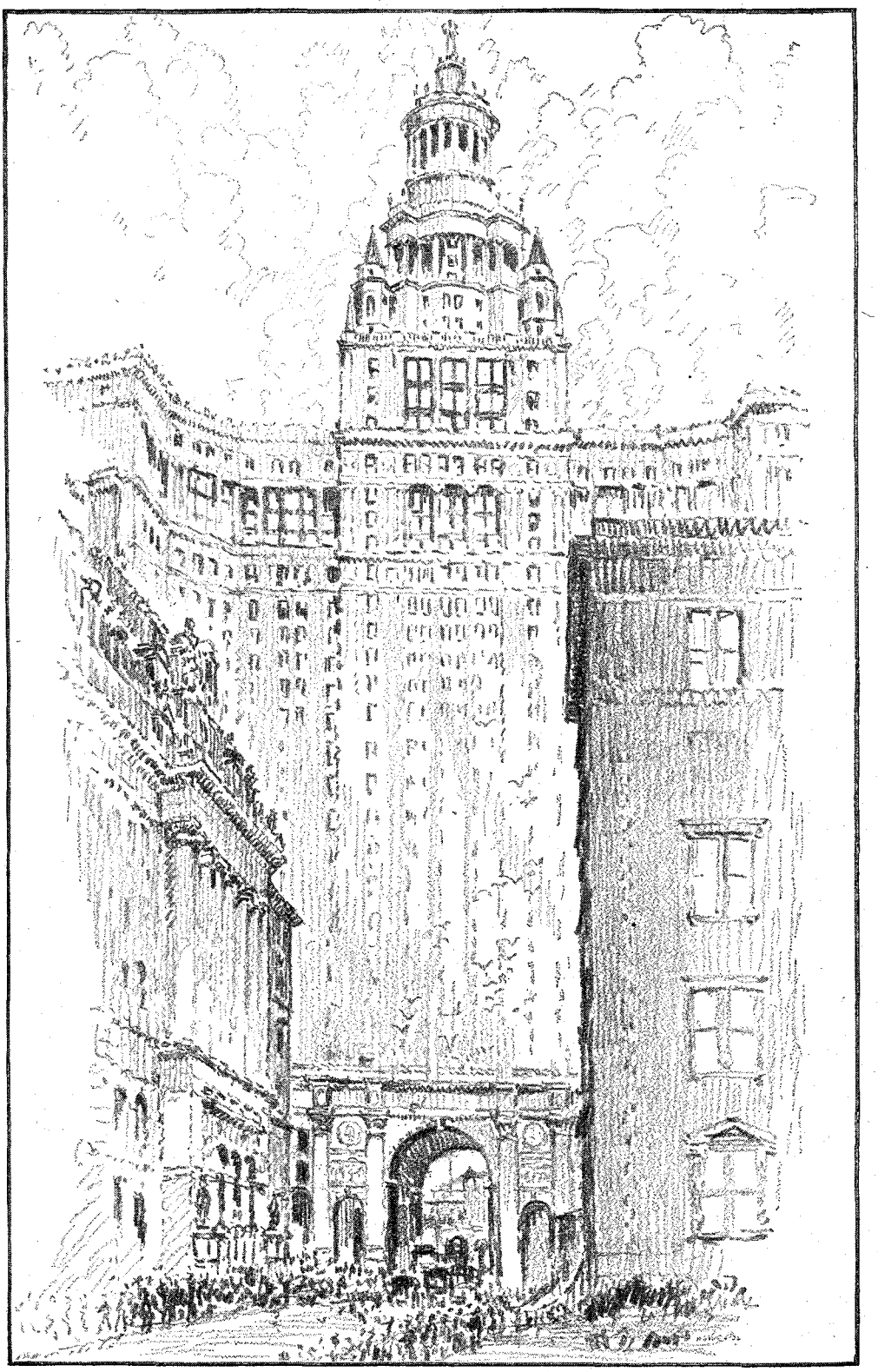

Façade of the Municipal Building.
In the centre foreground is the Chambers Street archway with the Hall of Records on the left.

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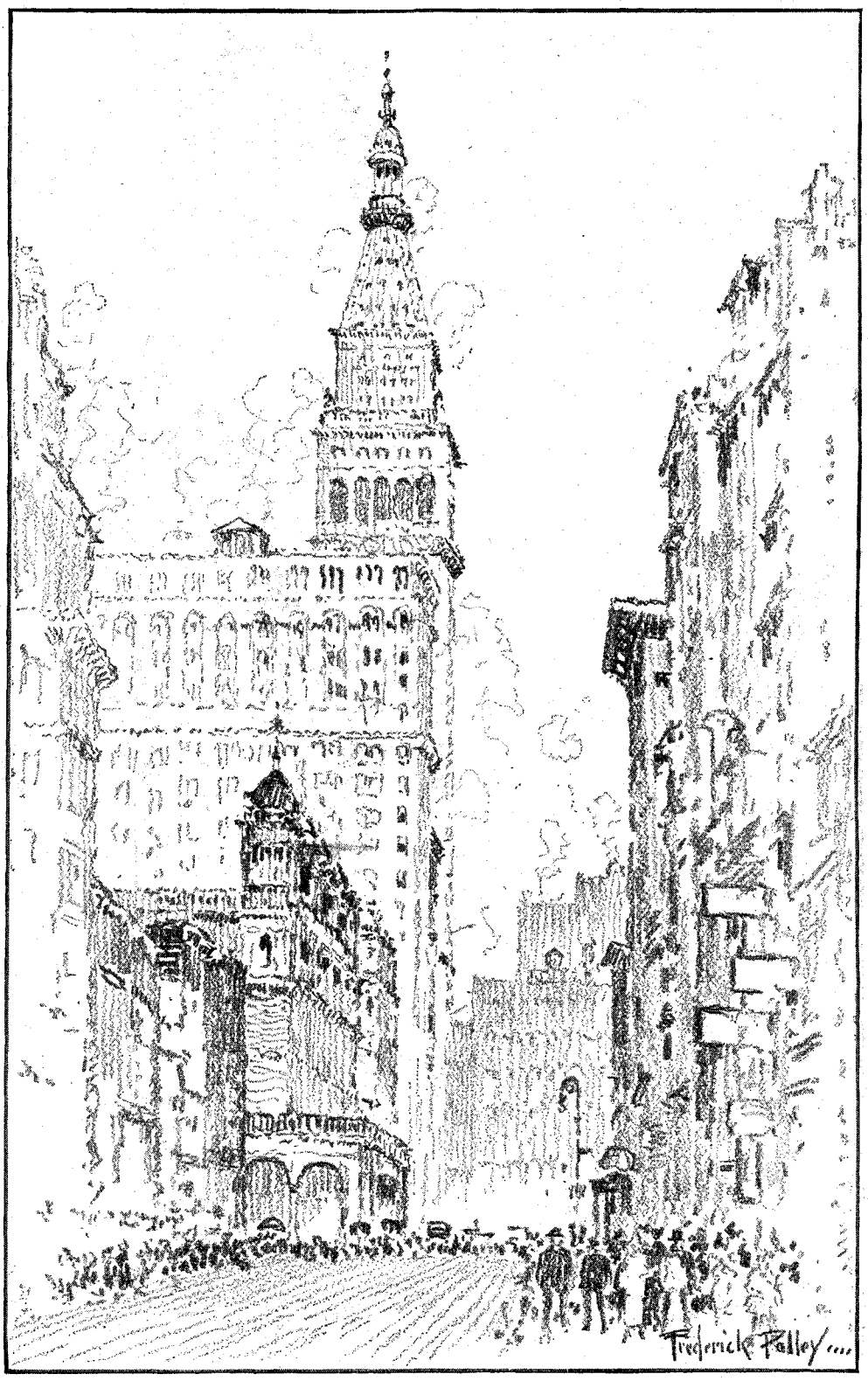

Madison Avenue near Madison Square.

Showing, on the left, the domes and portico of Madison Square Garden and the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building.

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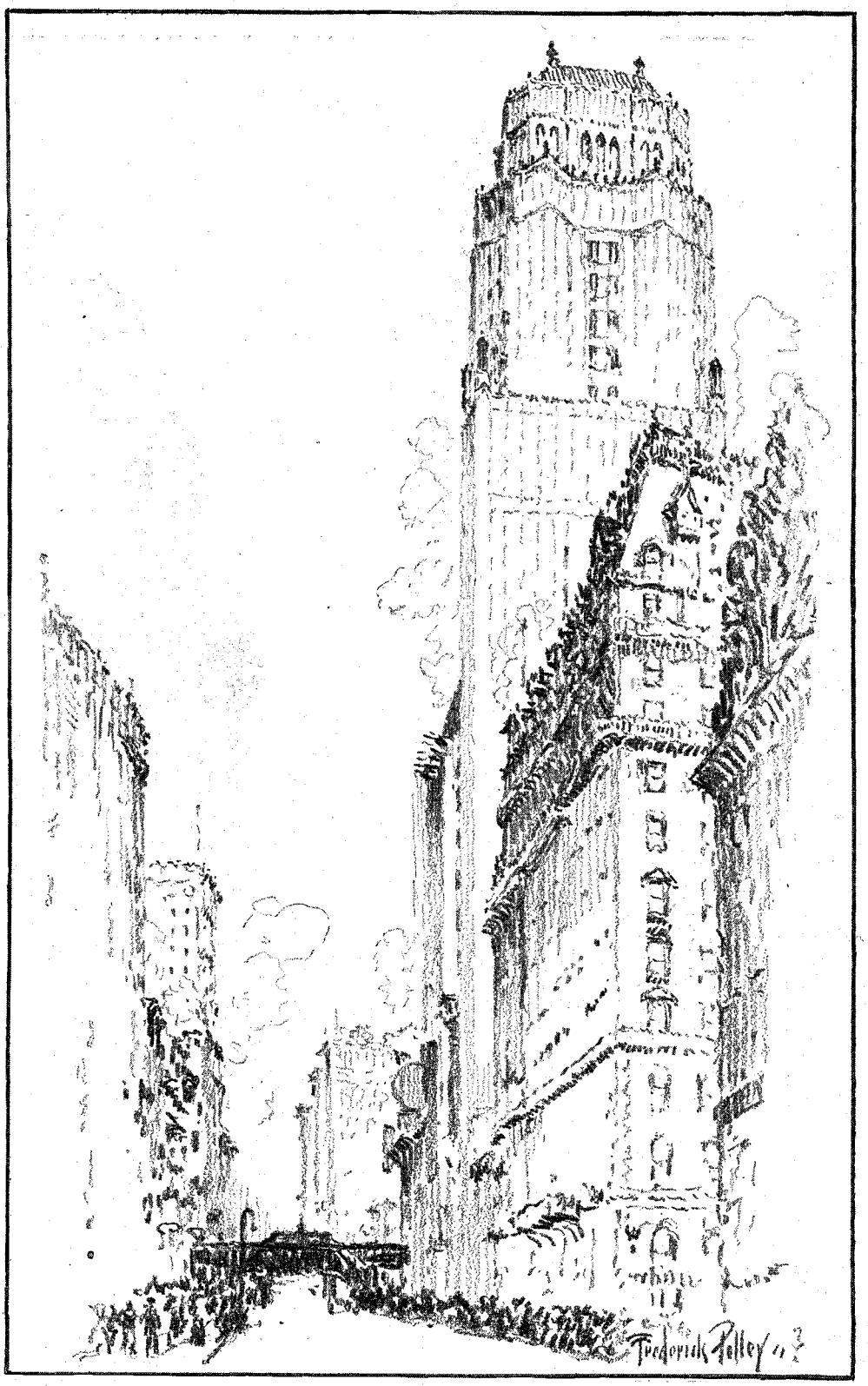

West Forty-second Street from Broadway.
The former Hotel Knickerbocker stands on the corner. In back of it is the tower of the Bush Terminal Sales Building.

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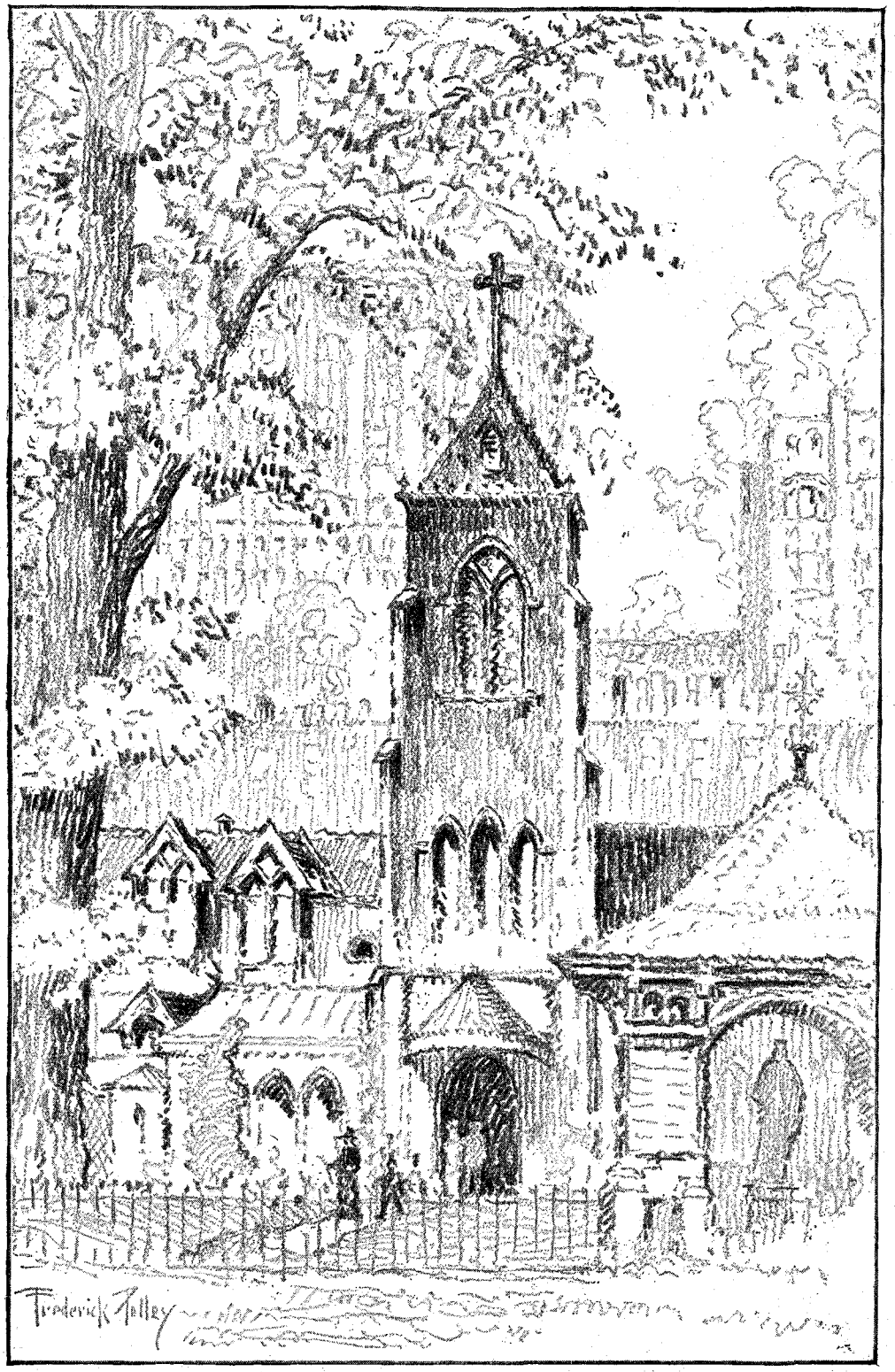

Church of the Transfiguration.

A Protestant Episcopal edifice on East Twenty-ninth Street, popularly known as "The Little Church around the Corner."

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FRENCH EVA

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE real *dramatis personæ* are three (for Schneider was only a sign-post pointing): Follet, the remittance-man, Stires, and French Eva. Perhaps I should include Ching Po—but I hate to. I was the man with his hands in his pockets who saw the thing steadily and saw it whole—to filch a windy phrase. I liked Stires, who had no social standing, even on Naapu, and disliked Follet, who had all the standing there was. Follet dined with magnates; and, believe me, the magnates of Naapu were a multicolored lot. A man might have been made by copra or by pearls—or by blackbirding. We were a plutocracy; which means that so long as a man had the house and the drinks, you asked no questions. The same rule holds—allowing for their dizzier sense of figures—in New York and Chicago. On the whole, I think we were more sensible. There is certainly more difference between good food and bad than between five millions and fifty (which, I take it, is a figure that buys immunity over here). I don't think any man's hospitality would have ranked him permanently on Naapu if his dinners had been uneatable. Though perhaps—to be frank—drinks counted more than food as a measuring-rod of aristocracy.

Well, Follet trained with the people who received consignments of champagne and good whiskey. And Stires did not. Anyhow, Stires was a temperance man: he took only one or two drinks a day, and seldom went beyond a modest gin-fizz. With the remarkable native punch, compounded secretly and by unknown ways, but purchasable, and much esteemed by the knowing, he never would have anything to do. Stires looked like a cowboy and was, in truth, a melancholy New Englander with a corner-grocery outlook on life, and a nasal utterance that made you think of a barrel of apples and a corn-cob pipe. He was a ship-chandler in a small—a very small—way. Follet lived at the ramshackle hotel, owned by the ancient Dubois and managed, from roof to kitchen-midden, by Ching Po. French Eva dwelt alone in a thatched cottage built upon poles, and sold eggs and chickens and fish. The poultry she raised herself; for the fish, she was a middleman between fishermen and householders. As she owned a gramophone and one silk dress, it was clear that her business prospered. Even Ching Po bought eggs of her, though there was a nameless, uninterpreted hostility between them.

Let me give you, at once, the few facts I could gather about French Eva. There were rumors a-plenty, but most of them sifted down to a little residual malice. I confined my questionings to the respectable inhabitants of Naapu: they were a very small circle. At last, I got some sort of "line" on French Eva.

None within our ken fathered or mothered her. Old Dubois knew most about her, but old Dubois, a semi-paralyzed colossus, "doped" most of the time, kept his thick lips closed. "An excellent girl" was all that any one could wring from him. As she had begun life on Naapu by being *dame de comptoir* for him, he had some right to his judgment. She had eventually preferred independence, and had forsaken him; and if he still had no quarrel with her, that speaks loudly for her many virtues. Whether Dubois had sent for her originally, no one knew. His memory was clouded by opium, and you could get little out of him. Besides, by the time I arrived on Naapu, French Eva belonged to the landscape and to history. She was generally supposed to be pure French, and her accent supported the theory, though she was in a small way a linguist. Her English was as good as any one's—on Naapu, where we were by no means academic. She could speak the native tongue after a fashion, and her bêche-de-mer was at least fluent.

I had heard of the lady before I ever

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saw her, and had wondered why Naapu chose to distinguish a female fish-vender —even if she had begun with old Dubois. As soon as I clapped eyes on her, I perceived her distinction, her "difference"—the reason for the frequent "Mam'selle." She was, at first glimpse, unusual. To begin with, never was so white a face matched with hair and brows and eyes so black. In the ordinary pursuit of her business she wore her hair half loose, half braided, down her back; and it fell to her knees like a heavy crape veil. A bad simile, you will say; but there are no words to express the unrelieved blackness of her hair. There were no lights in it; no "reflets," to use the French phrase. It might have been "treated" with ink. When, on rare occasions—not often, for the weight of it, as she freely explained, made her head ache—she put it up in coils, it was like a great mourning bonnet under which her white face seemed to shrink away. Her eyes were nearly as black as her hair. Her figure was very lovely, whether informing the loose native garment or laced into her silk dress.

You will say that I have painted for you a person who could not, by any possibility, be beautiful; and yet French Eva was beautiful. You got used to that dull curtain of her hair; it made Madame Maür's lustrous raven locks look oily. It came to seem, after a time, all that hair should be. Her features were nearly perfect, from our finicking European point of view, and she grew in grace even while I, a newcomer, watched; for the effect of the tropic sun upon her skin was curious and lovely: it neither blotched nor reddened nor tanned her, but rather gilded her pallor, touching it with the faintest brown in the world. I must, in the interests of truth, mention one more fact. Mam'selle Eva was the sort of woman who has a direct effect on the opposite sex. Charm hardly expresses it; magnetism, rather, though that is a poor word. A man simply wanted to be near her. She intrigued you, she drew you on, she assailed your consciousness in indefinable ways—all without the sweep of an eyelash or the pout of a lip. French Eva was a good girl, and went her devious ways with reticent feet. But she was not in "society," for she lived alone in a thatched hut, and attended native festivals, and swore—when necessary—at the crews of trading barques. I am not sure that she did not, of all tongues possible to her, prefer bêche-de-mer; which is not, at its most innocent, an elegant language. She had no enemies except Ching Po—for reasons unknown; and she paid her occasional respects to any and all religions that Naapu boasted. When there was a row, she was always, of course, on the European side; though she would stretch a point now and then in favor of the native constabulary.

So much for French Eva—who was by no means so important in the Naapu scheme of things as my long description may imply. She had her eminently respectable, her perfectly recognized niche, and we all bought eggs and fish of her when we could. She was a curious figure, to be sure; but you must remember that on Naapu every one, nearly, was unaverage, if not abnormal. Even the agents and officials were apt to be the least promising of their kind—or they would have been somewhere else. It was a beautiful refuge for utter bounders and men who, though not bounders, had a very low limit of achievement. The jetsam of officialdom was washed up on that lonely, lovely shore. The magnates of Naapu were not to be trusted. Naapu was a rich island, the richest of its group; and, being off the main lines of traffic, was an excellent field for the unscrupulous. Tourists did not bother us, for tourists do not like eighty-ton schooners; maps did not particularly insist upon us; we were well known in places where it was profitable to know us, and not much talked about anywhere. Our copra was of the best; there were pearls to be had in certain waters if you could bribe or fight your way to them; and large groups of natives occasionally disappeared over night from one of the surrounding islands. Naapu was, you might say, the clasp of a necklace. How could we be expected to know what went on in the rest of the string—with one leaky patrol-boat to ride those seas? Sometimes there were fights down by the docks; strangers got arrested and were mysteriously pardoned out; there were always a good many people in the landscape who had had too much square-

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face. We were very far away from everything, and in spite of all these drawbacks we were happy, because the climate was, most of the year, unexceptionable. When you recall what most civilized climates are like, "unexceptionable," that cold and formal word, may well take your breath away. Lest any one should suspect me of blackbirding or gin-selling, I will say at once that I had come to Naapu by accident and that I stayed because, for reasons that I will not go into here, I liked it. I lived in a tiny bungalow with an ex-ship's cook whom I called Joe, and several thousand cockroaches. I had hired Joe to cook for me, but his chief duty soon became to keep the cockroaches out of my bedroom. As a matter of fact, I usually dined at Dubois's hotel or at some private house.

Why so idle a person as I should have looked down—as I did, from the first—on Follet, I cannot explain. The money I lived on was certainly not of my own making. But, strictly speaking, I could have gone home if I had chosen, and I more than suspected that Follet could not have. Follet was not enamoured of Naapu, and talked grandiloquently of Melbourne and Batavia and Hong-Kong. He continued, however, to be a resident of the island, and none of his projects of removal to a better place ever went beyond mere frothy talk. He lived at Dubois's, but spent much of his time with the aforesaid magnates. He had an incorruptible manner; some grace that had been bred in him early never forsook him, and the ladies of Naapu liked him. Even good Madame Maür, who squinted, squinted more painfully at Follet than at any one else. But his idleness was beginning to tell on him; occasionally he had moody fits, and there were times when he broke out and ran amuck among beach-combers and tipsy natives along the water-front. More than once, Ching Po sought him out and fetched him home.

My first intimation of trouble came from Stires. I had nothing to do with this particular Yankee in the way of business, but I lingered occasionally by his door in the cool of the afternoon, just to feed my eyes on his brawn and my ears on his homely and pleasant nasality. Stires's eyes were that disconcerting gray-blue which seems to prevail among men who have lived much in the desert or on the open sea. You find it in Arizona; and in the navies of all the northern countries. It added to his cowboy look. I knew nothing about Stires—remember that on Naapu we never asked a man questions about himself—but I liked him. He sat about on heaps of indescribable junk—things that go into the bowels of ships—and talked freely. And because Follet and I were both in what Naapu would have called its best circles, I never talked about Follet, though I liked him no better than Stires did. I say it began with Stires; but it began really with Schneider, introduced by Stires into our leisurely conversation. This is Schneider's only importance: namely, that, mixing himself up in French Eva's context, he made other men speak of her.

The less said about Schneider, the better; which means always that there is a great deal to say. In this case, there was perhaps less to say than to surmise. He did not give himself away—to us. Schneider had turned up on a trading schooner from Melbourne, was stopping at the hotel in one of the best rooms, and had a general interest in the potentialities of Naapu. I say potentialities advisedly, for he was not directly concerned, so far as I know, with any existing business there. He frequented everybody, and asked questions in the meticulous German way. He wandered all over the island—islands, I should say, for once or twice I saw him banging off in a creaky motor-boat to the other jewels of the necklace. Guesses as to his real business were free and frequent. He was a pearl-smuggler; the agent of a Queensland planter; a fugitive from justice; a mad scientist; a servant of the Imperial German Government. No one presumed to certitude—which was in itself a tribute to German efficiency. Schneider was blond and brush-haired and thick-lipped; he was unpleasant from the crown of his ill-shaped head to the soles of his ill-shaped shoes; but, though lacking in every charm, he was not sinister. He had seen curious places and amusing things, and could cap most adventures with something relevant; but his type and temperament prevented him from being a "good mixer," and he was not popular.

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Stires, however, had his own grievance, and his judgment of Schneider went deep. He did not mind the shape of Schneider's skull, or the hint of goose-step in Schneider's gait; but he minded, very much, the kind of interest that Schneider took in French Eva. He told me that, straight, emphasizing his statements with a rusty spanner, which he wielded in a curious, classical way, like a trident. According to him, Schneider was bothering the life out of the girl. "Always asking her to dress up and come over to chow with him at the hō-tel." And the spanner went down as if Neptune were rebuking the seas.

"Does she go?"

"No."

"Well, then—can't you leave the lady to discourage him in her own way?"

"She won't go to the hō-tel, because she hates Ching Po. But she walks out with him Sunday afternoons. He gives her gimcracks."

"Then she likes him?"

"There's no telling. She's a real lady." And the discouraged Stires beat, with his spanner, a refrain to his involuntary epigram.

"She can take care of herself, can't she?" I had watched her deal with a drunken Solomon Islander, and did not see how Schneider could be a match for her.

"I don't know." Stires's lazy drawl challenged the sunset.

"Anything I can do?" I asked as I rose.

"Unless you go in and cut him out," he meditated with a grin.

"But I'm not in love with her," I protested.

"You might take her to church."

But I refused. Philandering was not my forte, and church, in any case, was the last thing I should venture to propose.

"Why don't you go in yourself?"

Stires scratched his head. The trident trailed upon the ground. "It's serious or nothing with me, I guess. And she's got something against me. I don't know what. Thinks I don't blarney the Kanakas enough, perhaps. Then there's Follet."

"Oh, is he in it?" I forgot to go.

"He's more in it than I am, and I'm darned if I know what she's up to with the three of us. I'm playing 'possum, till I find out."

"If you can stand Follet butting in, why can't you stand Schneider? Safety in numbers, you know."

"Well, Mr. Follet belongs here. I can have it out with him any time. He'll have to play the game. But if I know Schneider, there's no wedding bells in his. And Mam'selle Eva hasn't, as you might say, got a chaperon."

The spectacle of "Mam'selle Eva," as I had last seen her, perspiring, loosely girdled, buying a catch of fish at a fair price from three mercenary natives adorned with shark's-tooth necklaces, rose before me.

"Man alive, you don't have to chaperon *her*," I cried. "She's on to everything."

The sun-and-wind-whipt eyes flashed at me. The spanner trembled a little.

"Don't misunderstand me," I insisted. "But it stands to reason that, here on Naapu, she's learned a good many things they don't teach in little red schoolhouses. I have a great respect for her, and, between you and me, I shouldn't wonder if she had sized Schneider up already."

The eyes were appeased. "Maybe, maybe," he grunted. "But lies come easy to him, I guess. Miss Eva wouldn't be the first he'd fooled."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Not a thing, except what sticks out all over him. For a man's eyes, that is. You never can tell what a woman will see."

I left him poking in the dust with his spanner.

I dined that night at Lockerbie's. There was no Mrs. Lockerbie, and it was a man's party. Follet was there, of course, and Schneider, too, his teeth and his clothes whiter than the rest of ours. I was surprised to see Schneider, for Lockerbie had suspected the Teuton of designs on his very privately and not too authentically owned lagoon. Lockerbie did a fair business in pearls; no great beauties or values among them, but a good marketable cheap product. But no one held out very long against any one on Naapu.

Schneider was drunk before he ever got

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to Lockerbie's that night. It was part of the Naapu ritual not to drink just before you reached your host's house, and that ritual, it soon became evident, Schneider had not observed. I saw Lockerbie scowl, and Follet wince, and some of the others stare. I could not help being amused, for I knew that no one would object to his being in that condition an hour later. The only point was that he should not have arrived like that. If Schneider had had anything resembling a skin, he would have felt about as comfortable as Mother Eve at a woman's club. Lockerbie's scowl was no joke; and Follet had a way of wriggling his backbone gracefully. . . . It was up to me to save Schneider, and I did. The honor of Naapu was nothing to me; and by dint of almost embracing him, I made myself a kind of absorbent for his worst breaks. It was not a pleasant hour for me before the rest began to loosen up.

In my eagerness to prevent Lockerbie from insulting his guest, I drank nothing, myself, after the first cocktail. So it came to pass that by the time I could safely leave Schneider to the others, I found myself unwontedly incarnating the spirit of criticism.

They were a motley crowd, coalesced for the moment into a vinous solidarity. Follet spat his words out very sweetly; his poisonous grace grew on him in his cups. Lockerbie, warmed by wine, was as simple—and charming—as a wart-hog. Old Maskell, who had seen wind-jammer days and ways and come very close, I suspected, to piracy, always prayed at least once. Pasquier, the successful merchant who imported finery for the ladies of Naapu, rolled out socialistic platitudes . . . he was always flanked, at the end of the feast, by two empty chairs. Little Morlot began the endless tale of his conquests in more civilized lands: all patchouli and hair-oil. Anything served as a cue for all of them to dive into the welter of their own preoccupations. Just because they knew each other and Naapu so well, they seemed free to wander at will in the secret recesses of their predilections and their memories. I felt like Circe—or perhaps Ulysses; save that I had none of that wise man's wisdom.

The reward of my abstinence, I found, was to be the seeing home of Schneider. It would have come more naturally to Follet, who also lived at Dubois's, but Follet was fairly snarling at Schneider. French Eva's name had been mentioned. On my word, as I saw Follet curving his spinal column, and Schneider lighting up his face with his perfect teeth, I thought with an immense admiration of the unpolished and loose-hung Stires amid the eternal smell of tar and dust. It was a mere discussion of her hair, incoherent and pointless enough. No scandal, even from Schneider. There had been some sense, of a dirty sort, in his talk to me; but more wine had scattered his wits.

I took Schneider home, protesting to myself that I would never be so caught again. He lurched rather stiffly along, needing my help only when we crossed the unpaved roads in the darkness. Follet went ahead, and I gave him a good start. When we reached the hotel, Ching Po surged up out of the black veranda and crooked his arm for Schneider to lean upon. They passed into the building, silently, like old friends.

A stupid indisposition housed me for a little after Lockerbie's feast. I resented the discomfort of temporary illness, but rather liked being alone, and told Joe to refuse me to callers—even the Maürs, who were more like friends and neighbors than any one else in the place. My own affairs should not obtrude on this tale at all; and I will not go into them more than to say that I came to the end of my dosing and emerged upon the world after three days. The foolish thought came to me that I would have a look at French Eva's hair, of which little Morlot had spoken in such gallant hiccoughs.

The lady was not upon her veranda, nor yet in her poultry-yard, as I paced past her dwelling. I had got nearly by, when I heard myself addressed from the unglazed window.

"Monsieur!"

I strolled back, wondering if at last I should be invited to hear the gramophone—her chiefest treasure. The mass of hair spread out of the crude opening in the bamboo wall, for all the world like Rapunzel's. I faced a great curtain of black. Then hands appeared and made a rift in it, and a face showed in the loose black frame.

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"Monsieur, what is the German for 'cochon'?"

My German is scanty, and I reflected. "'Schweinhund' will do, I think," I answered after consideration.

"A thousand thanks." The face disappeared, and the hair was pulled after it.

I waited. I could hear nothing distinctly, but in a moment Schneider came running quickly and stiffly down the creaky ladder from the door. He saw me —of that I am sure—but I did not blame him for not greeting one who had doubtless been giving aid and comfort to the enemy. I squatted on the low railing of French Eva's compound, but she herself was not forthcoming. After ten minutes I heard a commotion in the poultry-yard, and found her at the back among her chickens. Her hair was piled up into an amazing structure: it looked as if some one had placed the great pyramid on top of the sphinx.

"Do you need my further services?"

She smiled. "Not in the least. But I like to speak to animals, when possible, in their own language. It saves time." By way of illustration, she clucked to a group of hens. She turned her back to me, and I was dismissed from her barefoot presence.

Stires was my logical goal after that, and I found him busy with the second mate of a tramp just in from Papua and bound for the Carolines. After the man had gone, I informed Stires of the episode. For a man who had damned Schneider up and down for making presents to a lady, Stires reacted disappointingly.

"He got his, eh?" was all he said.

"Evidently. You don't seem to be much affected."

"So long as she's shipped him, that's all right," he drawled.

"I can't make out what your interest in the matter is," I suggested.

"Sure you can't." Stires began to whistle creakily, and took up some nameless object to repair.

"How long is Schneider staying round these parts?"

"Not long, I guess. I heard he was leaving on the Sydney packet next week."

"So you're only up against Follet?" I pressed him.

"I ain't up against anybody. Miss Eva'll settle her own affairs."

"Excuse me." And I made the gesture of withdrawing.

"Don't get het up under the collar," he protested. "Only I never did like this discussing ladies. She don't cotton to me for some reason. I'm free to say I admire her very much. I guess that's all."

"Nothing I can do for you, then?"

Stires lighted a pipe. "If you're so set on helping me, you might watch over Ching Po a little."

"What is he up to?"

"Don't know. But it ain't like him to be sitting round idle when there's harm to be done. He's got something up his sleeve—and a Chink's sleeve's big enough to hold a good-sized crime," he finished, with a grim essay of humor.

"Are these mere suspicions on your part, or do you know that something's up?"

"Most things happen on Naapu before there's been any time for suspicion," he rejoined, squinting at his pipe, which had stopped drawing. "These folks lie low and sing little songs, and just as you're dropping off there's a knife somewhere. . . . Have you heard anything about the doings up yonder?" He indicated the mountain that rose, sharply cut and chasmed, back of the town.

"Trouble with the natives? No."

"This is the time o' year when the heathen begin to feel their oats. Miss Eva, she's interested in their superstitions. They don't usually come to anything—just a little more work for the police if they get drunk and run amuck. The constabulary is mostly off on the spree. They have gods of wood and stone up in the caves yonder, you know. But it's always a kind of uneasy feel to things till they settle down again."

I leaned against a coil of rope and pursued the subject. "But none of the people you and I are interested in are concerned with native orgies. We are all what you might call agnostics."

"Speak for yourself, sir. I'm a Methodist. 'Tain't that they mix themselves up in the doings. But—well, you haven't lived through the merry month of May on Naapu. I tell you, this blessed island ain't big enough to hold all that froth

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without everybody feeling it. Just because folks don't know what's going on up yonder, it kind of relaxes 'em. I don't say the Kanakas do anything they shouldn't, except get drunk, and joy-ride down waterfalls, and keep up an infernal tom-toming. But it sort of gets on your nerves. And I wouldn't call Naapu strait-laced, either. Everybody seems to feel called on to liquor up, this time o' year. If it isn't one pré-text it's another. Things folks have been kind of hesitating over, in the name of morals, they start out and perform, regardless. The authorities, they get worried because a Kanaka's spree lands him, like as not, in a black-birder. Mighty queer craft hang round at this season. There ain't supposed to be anything doing in these blessed islands that ain't aboveboard, but 'tisn't as though the place was run by Americans."

"And I am to watch Ching Po? Where does he come in?"

"I wish't I knew. He makes money out of it somehow. Dope, I suppose. Old man Dubois ain't his only customer, by a long shot."

"Ching Po isn't likely to go near French Eva, is he? They don't speak, I've noticed."

"No, they don't. But that Chink's little ways are apt to be indirect. She's afraid of him—afraid of the dust under her feet, as you might say."

Stires puffed meditatively at his pipe. Then a piratical-looking customer intervened, and I left.

Leisurely, all this, and not significant to the unpeeled eye. And then, within twenty-four hours of the time when I had left Stires, things began to happen. It was as if a tableau had suddenly decided to become a "movie." All those fixed types began to dash about and register the most inconvenient emotions. Let me set down a few facts diary fashion.

To begin with, when I got up the next morning, Joe had disappeared. No sign of breakfast, no smell of coffee. It was late for breakfast at Dubois's, and I started out to get my own. There were no eggs, and I sauntered over to French Eva's to purchase a few. The town looked queer to me as I walked its grassy streets. Only when I turned into the lane that led to French Eva's did I realize why. It was swept clean of natives. There weren't any. Not a stevedore, not a fisherman, not a brown fruit-vender did I see.

French Eva greeted me impatiently. She was not doing business, evidently, for she wore her silk dress and white canvas shoes. Also, a hat. Her face was whiter than ever, and, just offhand, I should have said that something had shaken her. She would not let me in, but made me wait while she fetched the eggs. I took them away in a little basket of plaited palm-fronds, and walked through the compound as nonchalantly as I could, pretending that I had not seen what I knew I had seen—Ching Po's face within, a foot or two behind the window-opening. It startled me so much that I resolved to keep away from Stires: I wished to digest the phenomenon quite alone.

At ten o'clock, my breakfast over, I opened my door to a knock, and Follet's bloodshot eyes raked me eagerly. He came in with a rush, as if my hit-or-miss bungalow were sanctuary. I fancied he wanted a drink, but I did not offer him one. He sat down heavily—for all his lightness—like a man out of breath. I saw a pistol-butt sticking out of his pocket and narrowed my eyes upon him. Follet seldom looked me up in my own house, though we met frequently enough in all sorts of other places. It was full five minutes before he came to the point. Meanwhile I remarked on Joe's defection.

"Yes," he said, "the exodus has begun."

"Is there really anything in that?"

"What?" he asked sharply.

"Well—the exodus."

"Oh, yes. They do have some sort of shindy—not interesting to any one but a folk-lorist. Chiefly an excuse, I fancy, for drinking too much. Schneider says he's going to investigate. I rather wish they'd do him in."

"What have you got against him—except that he's an unpleasant person?"

By this roundabout way Follet had reached his point. "He's been trying to flirt with my lady-love."

"French Eva?"

"The same." His jauntiness was oppressive, dominated as it was by those perturbed and hungry eyes.

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"Oh—" I meditated. But presently I decided. "Then why do you let Ching Po intrude upon her in her own house?"

"Ching Po?" He quivered all over as if about to spring up from his chair, but he did not actually rise. It was just a supple, snake-like play of his body—most unpleasant.

"I saw him there an hour ago—when I fetched my eggs. My cook's off, you see."

Still that play of muscles underneath the skin, for a moment or two. Then he relaxed, and his eyes grew dull. Follet was not, I fancy, what the insurance men call a good risk.

"She can take care of herself, I expect," he said. They all seemed surer of that than gentlemen in love are wont to be.

"She and Ching Po don't hit it off very well, I've noticed."

"No, they don't." He admitted it easily, as if he knew all about it.

"I wonder why." I had meant to keep my hands off the whole thing, but I could not escape the tension in the Naapu air. Those gods of wood and stone were not without power—of infection, at the least.

"Better not ask." He bit off the words and reached for a cigarette.

"Does any one know?"

"An old inhabitant can guess. But why she should be afraid of him—even the old inhabitant doesn't know. There's Dubois; but you might as well shriek at a corpse as ask Dubois anything."

"You don't think that I'd better go over and make sure that Ching Po isn't annoying her?"

Follet's lips drew back over his teeth in his peculiar smile. "If I had thought he could annoy her, I'd have been over there myself a short time ago. If he really annoyed French Eva any day, he'd be nothing but a neat pattern of perforations, and he knows it."

"Then what has the oldest inhabitant guessed as to the cause of the quarrel?" I persisted. Since I was in it—well, I hate talk that runs in circles.

"She hasn't honored me with her confidence. But, for a guess, I should say that in the happy time now past he had perhaps asked her to marry him. And—Naapu isn't Europe, but, you know, even here a lady might resent that."

"But why does she let him into her house?"

"That I can't tell you. But I can almost imagine being afraid of Ching Po myself."

"Why don't you settle it up, one way or the other?" I *was* a newcomer, you see.

Follet laughed and took another cigarette. "We do very well as we are, I think. And I expect to go to Auckland next year." His voice trailed off fatuously in a cloud of smoke, and I knew then just why I disliked him. The fibre was rotten. You couldn't even hang yourself with it.

I was destined to keep open house that day. Before Follet's last smoke-puff had quite slid through the open window, Madame Maür, who was perpetually in mourning, literally darkened my doorway. Seeing Follet, she became nervous—he did affect women, as I have said. What with her squint and her smile, she made a spectacle of herself before she panted out her staccato statement. Doctor Maür was away with a patient on the other side of the island; and French Eva had been wringing her hands unintelligibly on the Maürs' porch. She—Madame Maür—couldn't make out what the girl wanted.

Now, this was nothing to break in on me for; and Madame Maür, in spite of her squint and her smile, was both sensible and good—broke, moreover, to the ridiculous coincidences and unfathomable dramas of Naapu. Why hadn't she treated the girl for hysterics? But I gathered presently that there was one element in it that she couldn't bear. That element, it appeared, was Ching Po, perfectly motionless in the public road—no trespasser, therefore—watching. She had got Eva into the house to have her hysterics out in a darkened room. But Ching Po never stirred. Madame Maür thought he never would stir. She couldn't order him off the public thoroughfare, and there was no traffic for him to block. He was irreproachable and intolerable. After half an hour of it, she had run out across her back garden to ask my help. He must go away or she, too, would have hysterics. And Madame Maür covered the squint with a black-edged handkerchief. If he

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would walk about, or whistle, or mop his yellow face, she wouldn't mind. But she was sure he hadn't so much as blinked, all that time. If a man could die standing up, she should think he was dead. She wished he were. If he stayed there all day—as he had a perfect right to do—she, Madame Maür, would have to be sent home to a *maison de santé*. . . . And she began to make guttural noises. As Félicité Maür had seen, in her time, things that no self-respecting *maison de santé* would stand for, I began to believe that I should have to do something. I rose reluctantly. I was about fed up with Ching Po, myself.

I helped Madame Maür out of her chair, and fetched my hat. Then I looked for Follet, to apologize for leaving him. I had neither seen nor heard him move, but he was waiting for us on the porch. He could be as noiseless on occasion as Ching Po.

"You'd better not come into this," I suggested; for there was no staying power, I felt, in Follet.

He seemed to shiver all over with irritation. "Oh, damn his yellow soul, I'll marry her!" He spat it out—with no sweetness, this time.

Madame Maür swung round to him like a needle to the pole. "You may save yourself the *corvée*. She won't have you. Not if any of the things she has been sobbing out are true. She loves the other man—down by the docks. *Your* compatriot." She indicated me. Her French was clear and clicking, with a slight provincial accent.

"Oh—" He breathed it out at great length, exhaling. Yet it sounded like a hiss. "Stires, eh?" And he looked at me.

I had been thinking, as we stood on the steps. "How am I to move Ching Po off?" I asked irritably. It had suddenly struck me that, inspired by Madame Maür, we were embarking on sheer idiocy.

"I'll move him," replied Follet with a curious intonation.

At that instant my eye lighted again on the pistol. "Not with that." I jerked my chin ever so slightly in the direction of his pocket.

"Oh, take it if you want it. Come on." He thrust the weapon into my innocent hand and began to pull at my bougainvillea vine as if it were in his way. Some of the splendid petals fluttered about Madame Maür's head.

We reached the Maürs' front porch by a circuitous route—through the back garden and the house itself—and paused to admire the view. Yes, we looked for Ching Po as if we were tourists and he were Niagara.

"He hasn't moved yet." This was Madame Maür's triumphant whimper. Inarticulate noises somewhere near indicated that French Eva was still in sanctuary.

Follet grunted. Then he unleashed his supple body and was half-way to the gate in a single arrow flight. I followed, carrying the pistol still in my hand. My involuntary haste must have made me seem to brandish it. I heard a perfectly civilized scream from Madame Maür, receding into the background—which shows that I was, myself, acquiring full speed ahead. By the time Follet reached the gate, Ching Po moved. I saw Follet gaining on him, and then saw no more of them; for my feet, acting on some inspiration of their own which never had time to reach my brain, took a short cut to the water-front. I raced past French Eva's empty house, pounding my way through the gentle heat of May, to Stires's establishment. I hoped to cut them off. But Ching Po must have had a like inspiration, for when I was almost within sight of my goal—fifty rods ahead—the Chinaman emerged from a side lane between me and it. He was running like the wind. Follet was nowhere to be seen. Ching Po and I were the only mites on earth's surface. The whole population, apparently, had piously gone up the mountain in order to let us have our little drama out alone. I do not know how it struck Ching Po; but I felt very small on that swept and garnished scene.

I was winded; and with the hope of reaching Stires well dashed, my legs began to crumple. I sank down for a few seconds on the low wall of some one's compound. But I kept a keen eye out for Follet. I thought Stires could look out for himself, so long as it was just Ching Po. It was the triangular mix-up I was afraid of; even though I providentially had Follet's pistol. And, for that matter,

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where was Follet? Had he given up the chase? Gone home for that drink, probably.

But in that I had done him injustice; for in a few moments he debouched from yet a third approach. Ching Po had evidently doubled, somehow, and baffled him.

I rose to meet him, and he slowed down to take me on. By this time the peaceful water-front had absorbed the Chinaman; and if Stires was at home, the two were face to face. I made this known to Follet.

"Give me back my pistol," he panted.

"Not on your life," I said, and jammed it well into my pocket.

"What in hell have you got to do with it?" he snarled.

"Stires is a friend of mine." I spoke with some difficulty, for though we were not running, we were hitting up a quick pace. Follet was all colors of the rainbow, and I looked for him to give out presently, but he kept on.

"Ching Po, too?" he sneered.

"Not a bit of it. But they won't stand for murder in open daylight—even *your* friends."

We were very near Stires's place by this time. There was no sign of any one in the yard; it was inhabited solely by the familiar rusty monsters of Stires's trade. As we drew up alongside, I looked through the window. Stires and Ching Po were within, and from the sibilant noise that stirred the peaceful air, I judged that Ching Po was talking. Their backs were turned to the outer world. I pushed open the door, and Follet and I entered.

For the first time I found myself greeted with open hostility by my fellow countryman. "What the devil are you doing here?" I was annoyed. The way they all dragged me in and then cursed me for being there! The Chinaman stood with his hands folded in his wicked sleeves, his eyes on the ground. In the semi-gloom of Stires's warehouse, his face looked like a mouldy orange. He was yellower even than his race permitted—outside and in.

"If I can't be of any service to you or Miss Eva, I should be only too glad to go home," I retorted.

"What about her?" asked Stires truculently. He advanced two steps towards me.

"I'm not looking for trouble—" It seemed to me just then that I hated Naapu as I had never hated any place in the world. "She's having hysterics up at Madame Maür's. I fancy that's why we're here. Your yellow friend there seems to have been responsible for the hysterics. This other gentleman and I" —I waved a hand at Follet, who stood, spent and silent, beside me—"resented it. We thought we would follow him up."

How much Ching Po understood of plain English, I do not know. One always conversed with him in the pidgin variety. But he certainly looked at peace with the world: much as the devil must have looked, gazing at Pompeii in the year 79.

"You can do your resenting somewheres else," snapped Stires. "Both of you."

"I go," murmured Ching Po. He stepped delicately towards the door.

"No, you don't!" Follet's foot shot out to trip him. But the Chinaman melted past the crude interruption.

"I go," he repeated, with ineffable sadness, from the threshold.

The thing was utterly beyond me. I stood stock-still. The two men, Follet and Stires, faced each other for an instant. Then Follet swung round and dashed after Ching Po. I saw him clutch the loose black sleeve and murmur in the flat ear.

Stires seemed to relent towards me now that Follet was gone. "Let 'em alone," he grunted. "The Chink won't do anything but tell him a few things. And like as not, he knows 'em already, the—" The word indicated his passionate opinion of Follet.

"I was called in by Madame Maür," I explained weakly. "Ching Po wouldn't leave the road in front of her compound. And—Miss Eva was inside, having hysterics. Ching Po had been with her earlier. Now you know all I know, and as I'm not wanted anywhere, I'll go. I assure you I'm very glad to."

I was not speaking the strictest truth, but I saw no reason to pour out Madame Maür's revelations just then upon Stires's heated soul. Nor would I pursue the subject of Follet.

Stires sank down on something that had once been an office-chair. Thence he

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glowered at me. I had no mind to endure his misdirected anger, and I turned to go. But in the very instant of my turning from him I saw tragedy pierce through the mask of rage. The man was suffering; he could no longer hold his eyes and lips to the expression of anger. I spoke to him very gently.

"Has Miss Eva really anything to fear from that miserable Chinaman?"

Stires bowed his head on his hands. "Not a thing, now. He's done his damnedest. It only took a minute for him to spit it out."

"Will he spit it out to Follet?"

"You bet he will. But I've got a kind of a hunch Follet knew all along."

"I'm sure he didn't—whatever it is."

"Well, he does by now. They must be nearly back to the hō-tel. I'm kind of busy this morning"—he waved his hand round that idle scene—"and I guess——"

"Certainly. I'm going now." I spared him the effort of polishing off his lie. The man wanted to be alone with his trouble, and that was a state of mind I understood only too well.

The circumstantial evidence I had before me as I walked back to my own house led inevitably to one verdict. I could almost reconstruct the ignoble pidgin-splutter in which Ching Po had told Stires, and was even now telling Follet. The wonder to me was that any one believed the miserable creature. Truth wouldn't be truth if it came from Ching Po. Yet if two men who were obviously prepossessed in the lady's favor were so easily to be convinced by his report, some old suspicions, some forgotten facts must have rushed out of the dark to foregather with it. French Eva had been afraid of the Chinaman; yet even Follet had pooh-poohed her fears; and her reputation was—or had been—well-nigh stainless on Naapu, which is, to say the least, a smudgy place. Still—there was only one road for reason to take, and in spite of these obstacles it wearily and doggedly took it.

Joe, of course, was still absent; and though I was never more in need of food, my larder was empty. I would not go to Dubois's and encounter Follet and Ching Po. Perhaps Madame Maür would give me a sandwich. I wanted desperately to have done with the whole sordid business; and had there been food prepared for me at home, I think I should have barricaded myself there. But my hunger joined hands with a lurking curiosity. Between them they drove me to Madame Maür's.

The lady bustled about at once to supply my needs. Her husband was still away, and lunch there was not, in any proper sense. But she fed me with odd messes and endless cups of coffee. Hunger disappeared, leaving curiosity starkly apparent.

"How's Eva?" I asked.

Madame Maür pursed her lips. "She went away an hour ago."

"Home?"

The lady shrugged her shoulders. "It looked like it. I did not ask her. She would go—with many thanks, but with great resolution. . . . What has happened to you?" she went on smoothly.

I deliberated. Should I tell madame anything or should I not? I decided not to. "Ching Po went back to the hotel," I said. "I don't believe he meant to annoy you."

She let the subject drop loyally. And, indeed, with Ching Po and French Eva both out of the way, she had become quite normal again. Of course, if I would not let her question me, I could not in fairness question her. So we talked on idly, neither one, I dare say, quite sure of the other, and both ostensibly content to wait. Or she may have had reasons as strong as mine for wishing to forget the affair of the morning.

I grew soothed and oblivious. The thing receded. I was just thinking of going home when Follet appeared at the gate. Then I realized how futile had been our common reticence.

"Is Eva here?" he shouted before he reached us.

"She went home long ago." Madame Maür answered quietly, but I saw by her quick shiver that she had not been at peace, all this time.

"She's not there. The place is all shut up."

"Doesn't she usually attend these festivities up the hill?" I asked.

His look went through me like a dagger. "Not to-day, you fool!"

"Well, why worry about her?" It was I who put it calmly. Six hours be-

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fore, I had not been calm; but now I looked back at that fever with contempt.

"She's been to Stires's," he went on; and I could see the words hurt him.

"Well, then, ask him."

"He was asleep. She left her beloved gramophone there. He found it when he waked."

"Her gramophone?" I ejaculated. "Where is Stires?"

"Looking for her—and hoping he won't find her, curse him!"

Follet took hold of me and drew me down the steps. "Come along," he said. Then he turned to Madame Maür. "Sorry, madame. This is urgent. We'll tell you all about it later."

Félicité Maür did not approve of Follet, but he could do no wrong when she was actually confronted with him. She took refuge in a shrug and went within.

When we were outside the gate, I stood still and faced Follet. "What did Ching Po tell you and Stires?"

"Don't you know?" Sheer surprise looked out at me from his eyes.

"Of course, I think I know. Do you really want to tear the place up, looking for her?"

"It's not that!" he shouted. "If it had been, every one would have known it long since. Ching Po got it out of old Dubois. I shook Dubois out of his opium long enough to confirm it. I had to threaten him. . . . Ching Po's a dirty beast, but, according to the old man, he told the truth. Ching Po did want to marry her once. She wouldn't, of course, and he's just been waiting to spike her guns. When he found out she really wanted that impossible Yankee, he said he'd tell. She had hysterics. He waited for her outside the Maürs', hoping, I suppose, it would work out another way. When we appeared, he decided to get his work in. He probably thought she had sent for us. And he was determined no one should stop him from telling. Now do you see? Come on." He pulled at my arm.

"In heaven's name, man, *what* did he tell?" I almost shrieked.

"Just the one thing you Yankees can't stand," Follet sneered. "A touch of the tar-brush. She wasn't altogether French, you see. Old Dubois knows her pedigree. Her grandmother was a mulatto, over Penang way. She knew how Stires felt on the subject—a damn, dirty ship-chandler no self-respecting officer deals with——"

"None of that!" I said sharply. "He's a good man, Stires. A darned sight too good for the Naapu grafters. A darned sight too good to go native—" Then I stopped, for Follet was hardly himself, nor did I like the look of myself as a common scold.

We did not find Stires, and after an hour or two we gave up the search. By dusk, Follet had got to the breaking-point. He was jumpy. I took him back myself to the hotel, and pushed him viciously into Ching Po's arms. The expressionless Chinese face might have been a mask for all the virtues; and he received the shaking burden of Follet as meekly as a sister of charity.

I bought some tinned things for my dinner and took my way home. I should not, I felt sure, be interrupted, and I meant to turn in early. Madame Maür would be telling the tale to her husband; Follet would, of a certainty, be drunk; and Stires would be looking, I supposed, for French Eva. French Eva, I thought, would take some finding; but Stires was the best man for the job. It was certainly not my business to notify any one that night. So I chowed alone, out of the tins, and smoked a long time—alone—in the moonlight.

It was not Stires, after all, who found her, though he must have hunted the better part of that night. It was three days before she was washed ashore. She was discovered by a crew of fishermen whom she had often beaten down in the way of business. They brought her in from the remote cove, with loud lamentations and much pride. She must have rocked back and forth between the shore and the reef, for when they found her, her body was badly battered. From the cliff above, they said, she looked at first like a monstrous catch of seaweed on the sand. Her hair . . .

Follet had treated himself to a three days' drinking-bout, and only emerged, blanched and palsied, into a town filled with the clamor of her funeral. Stires had

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shut up his junk-shop for a time and stayed strictly at home. I went to see him the day after they found her. His face was drawn and gloomy, but it was the face of a man in his right mind. I think his worst time was that hour after Follet had followed Ching Po out of his warehouse. He never told me just how things had stood between French Eva and him, but I am sure that he believed Ching Po at once, and that, from the moment Ching Po spoke, it was all over. It was no longer even real to him, so surely had his inborn prejudice worked. Stires was no Pierre Loti.

In decency we had to mention her. There was a great to-do about it in the town, and the tom-toms had mysteriously returned from the hillsides.

"I've been pretty cut up about it all," he admitted. "But there's no doubt it's for the best. As I look back on it, I see she never was comfortable in her mind. On and off, hot and cold—and I took it for flightiness. The light broke in on me, all of a sudden, when that dirty yellow rascal began to talk. But if you'll believe me, sir, I used to be jealous of Follet. Think of it, now." He began to whittle.

Evidently her ravings to Madame Maür had not yet come to his ears. Madame Maür was capable of holding her tongue; and there was a chance Follet might hold his. At all events, I would not tell Stires how seriously she had loved him. He was a very provincial person, and I think—considering her pedigree—it would have shocked him.

French Eva's cerebrations are in some ways a mystery to me, but I am sure she knew what she wanted. I fancy she thought—but, as I say, I do not know—that the mode of her passing would at least make all clear to Stires. Perhaps she hoped for tardy regrets on his part; an ex-post-facto decision that it didn't matter. The hot-and-cold business had probably been the poor girl's sense of honor working—though, naturally, she couldn't have known (on Naapu) the peculiar impregnability of Stires's prejudices. When you stop to think of it, Stires and his prejudices had no business in such a place, and nothing in earth or sky or sea could have foretold them to the population of that landscape. Perhaps when she let herself go, in the strong seas, she thought that he would be at heart her widower. Don't ask me. Whatever poor little posthumous success of the sort she may have hoped for, she at least paid for it heavily—and in advance. And, as you see, her ghost never got what her body had paid for. It is just as well: why should Stires have paid, all his life? But if you doubt the strength of her sincerity, let me tell you what every one on Naapu was perfectly aware of: she could swim like a Kanaka; and she must have let herself go on those familiar waters, against every instinct, like a piece of driftwood. Stires may have managed to blink that fact; but no one else did.

Lockerbie gave a dinner-party at the end of the week, and Follet got drunk quite early in the evening. He embarrassed every one (except me) by announcing thickly, at dessert, that he would have married French Eva if she hadn't drowned herself. I believed it no more the second time than I had believed it the first. Anyhow, she wouldn't have had him. Schneider left us during those days. We hardly noticed his departure. Ching Po still prospers. Except Stires, we are not squeamish on Naapu.

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THE TRAIL TO KAIETEUR

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN FALLS, 822 FEET HIGH, AND 400 FEET WIDE

By Eleanor Beers Lestrade

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN the heart of the South American forest, in a region that is called by the natives "Behind God's Back," is a waterfall that for its width is the highest in the world, but as the trip from Georgetown, British Guiana—the nearest point of civilization—is long and difficult, it has not been seen by more than a hundred white men, and, at the most, ten white women.

Last spring my husband and I went to British Guiana, and during the voyage we heard of the Kaieteur Falls from two of the passengers who had seen them. What they told us filled us with such a longing to see these falls that we spent twelve of our sixteen days' stay in British Guiana in making the trip. We were very fortunate in persuading Mr. and Mrs. Philipps, friends of ours from Trinidad, to join us.

As far as we could learn, we are the only party to have made the trip in May, which is the rainy season, when the falls are at their best but when reaching them is the most difficult; and I believe I am the only American woman ever to have seen the Kaieteur Falls.

The following is a slight elaboration of the diary I kept during the trip:

Thursday, May 8th.

We left Georgetown early in the morning by a small river steamer and started up the wide, brown, Demerara River in a shower—this being the wet season, it was more apt than not to be raining—steaming past plantations of sugar and cocoa, rows of tall palms, and feathery, pale-green bamboos.

As the boys in the tropics are nearly amphibious, we were surprised to see no bathers in the river. We were told that river-bathing all through Guiana is very dangerous, on account of a fish called the "perae," which is very voracious, and can bite through flesh and bone, as the stumps of missing fingers and toes of natives testified. We saw at once that the bathing-suits we had brought were going to be entirely superfluous.

The farther we went up the river the more dense the undergrowth became. Huge trees weighted down with vines and creepers hung over the water. Nothing of the bank could be seen, only a tangled mass of vegetation tumbling over itself in dank waves of brilliant green. The oozing, dripping jungle that we had read and dreamed about, and had come two thousand miles to see, was closing in upon us.

But it had not closed in entirely. Every few miles the steamer would whistle and slow up, and a "curial" would put out from the shore, paddled by blacks, Chinese, or East Indian coolies. Into these curials would be tumbled a passenger or two, a barrel of flour, or a letter, to be paddled back to a little clearing where there were a few thatched huts, with some cassavas planted around them, and a little patch of cane or of maize, so that with fish caught in the river, these pioneers could exist very comfortably, and only superfluous luxuries like flour and tinned goods need be imported from Georgetown.

There was always the greatest excitement in unloading the cargo, human or otherwise, into these superlatively unsteady little boats. The boatmen would shout, and the passengers would chatter like monkeys in some incomprehensible patois, while we hung delightedly over the rail, convinced each time that the curial must upset. But, though providence

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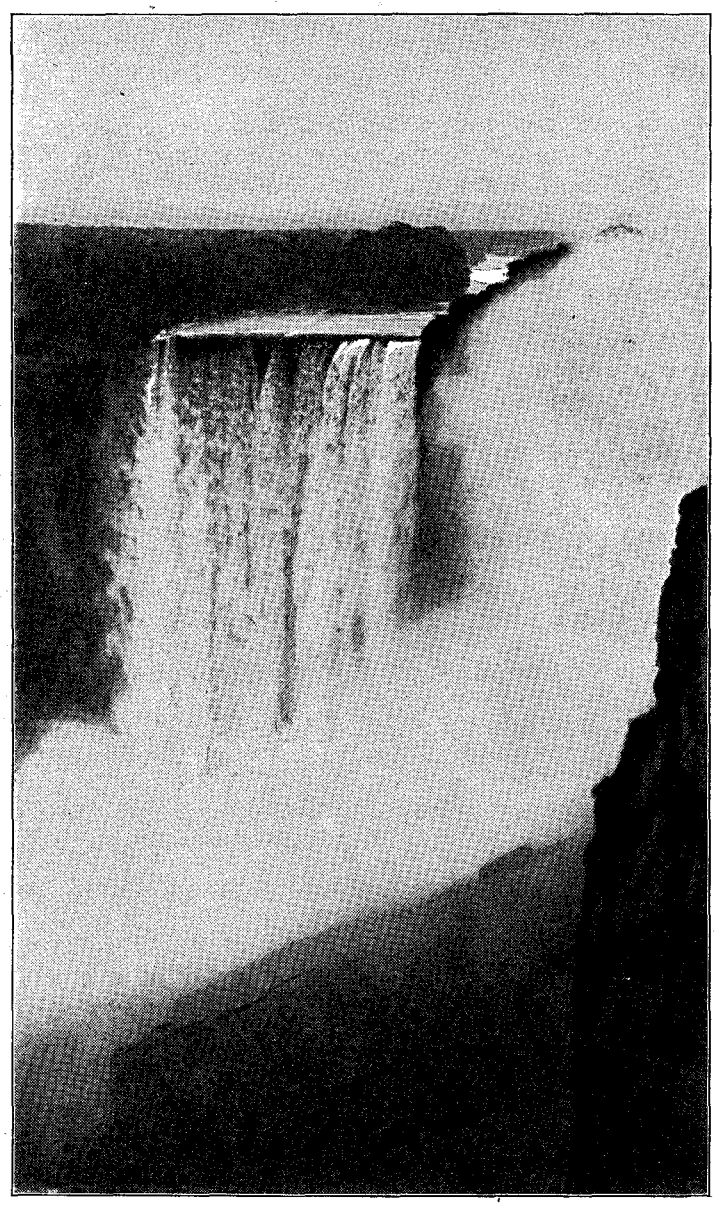

The Kaieteur Falls.

was tempted to the breaking-point repeatedly, this never happened.

We saw a great many curials during the day, and also passed rafts of green-heart logs, lashed to some lighter wood, as green-heart will not float. In the centre of these rafts were shelters, and in these improvised house-boats whole families would live, and drift with the tide to Georgetown. When this was adverse they would tie up to the bank and wait for a change of tide to take them farther on their journey. This method of bringing logs to market often consumed two or three days, but as time on the Demerara River is not of the slightest value, and all such expenses as rent and house-repairs are avoided, it is really an excel-

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lent profession. A green-heart log squaring twenty inches is approximately two hundred and fifty years old; so, although these logs are extremely valuable, it would hardly be a short cut to fortune to plant green-heart trees in one's back yard.

Just before breakfast a grizzled old negro came and bowed obsequiously, introducing himself as Jones, who would serve us in the capacity of cook and butler—and serve himself with any liquid refreshment he could get hold of—though we did not find this out until later.

He brought us a very fair breakfast of fish that was just caught, and therefore delicious; and meat that was just killed, and therefore tough and tasteless, helped out with potatoes, cassavas, and yams that all taste very much alike. At about three we had tea, and soon after arrived at Wismar, the great shipping centre for green-heart logs, sixty-six miles up the Demerara River and the end of our day's journey by steamer.

From Wismar we took a little, narrow-gauge train to Rockstone on the Essequibo River, eighteen miles away, where we were to spend our first night. The engine of the little toy train burns wood, so that showers of sparks pour from the smoke-stack and over the passengers, who have anything but a restful trip as they have constantly to dodge and brush off sparks to keep from being burnt.

When we arrived it was too dark to see anything but a large rest-house built on stilts, surrounded by tall grass with the forest quite close behind, and overlooking the Essequibo River. We were grateful for an excellent dinner, cooked and served by a little old negro in charge of the rest-house. Our retainer Jones made the most of being off duty by getting drunk, and grandiloquently ordering the other old negro about, assuring us all the while that our comfort was his first consideration.

The beds, to which we retired early, were carefully screened—not from mosquitoes, as there were few—but on account of the vampire bats which have always to be guarded against when in the bush. With the booming of frogs, and the occasional howls of baboons (called red howlers) in the forest behind us, we dropped off to sleep.

Friday, May 9th.

At daybreak we started up the Essequibo River, which is as wide and smooth as a lake in spite of the very strong current, and is brown as are all the rivers of Guiana—not from mud, but from decayed vegetation.

In the launch were our boatmen—twelve muscular, grinning blacks—the few clothes they wore so patched that often the original garment had been lost sight of entirely. These people are undoubtedly lazy, but the persistence with which they patch, and repatch, and then patch the worn-out patches of a garment shows thrift which is hard to reconcile with their general shiftlessness.

The scenery on the Essequibo is on a much grander scale than on the Demerara. The river is wider, and the trees on either side are higher, and are moulded into fantastic shapes by the creepers that cover them like draperies. Lianas seventy feet long trail from the tops of giant trees like halyards on a ship. No bank is visible—nothing but the riot of tropical vegetation struggling for existence, and crowding over the banks into the rain-swollen river.

We zigzagged up the river to avoid rocks and shoals. The Essequibo is wide, but very shallow even in the rainy season, and we kept close to the bank whenever possible because of the current. This gave us a close view of the vegetation, and we revelled in the colors of the flowering creepers and bushes, and of the brilliant butterflies that rose from the blossoms and flapped lazily over the water. Parrots flew over our heads, flying generally in pairs, though sometimes in flocks—easy to recognize even at a distance by their jerky flight. There was no sound but the chugging of the engine and the occasional metallic call of a bell-bird in the forest.

But when there is emptiness within it takes more than surrounding beauty to satisfy an earthbound soul, so the smell of bacon frying, and the sight of Jones bustling about, was very welcome. The old scoundrel gave us such an excellent breakfast of fresh fish, bacon and eggs, rice, potatoes, canned pears, and coffee that we forgot entirely his sins of the night before.

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Soon after breakfast pale-gray mountains were faintly seen in the distance, at first hard to distinguish from the clouds that hung low over the trees. There were many small islands here, and we wound in and out between them, the trees nearly meeting over our heads. We saw small white orchids, big purple passion-flowers, bushes with great bunches of burnt-orange flowers, trees with fruit like yellow grapes growing in great clusters, and trees with red and yellow dangling pods—all these so near to us that we could pick them as we passed. Soon after we passed a little settlement of Indian huts known as "ajupas," with pointed, thatched roofs and open on all four sides, affording the well-known privacy of a goldfish. But there was no living thing that we could discover but a few brilliant, long-tailed macaws, and a toucan high up on the branch of a tree, with such a tremendous bill we wondered he did not pitch forward on his head.

Late in the afternoon we reached the mouth of the Potaro River. The Potaro flows into the Essequibo, and, as it was to see the Potaro make its famous plunge that we had come into this beautiful tropic wilderness, we welcomed it as the beginning of our real pilgrimage.

Where the two rivers meet there are a few shacks and quite a collection of row-boats and curials. We stopped here for a few minutes, and the entire population, about ten in all, and all very black, came down to look at us. There was a very large sign which read: "No boats and canoes can be removed without the permission of the C. in C." A gentleman unobtrusively dressed in about a quarter of a yard of red bathing-suit may possibly have been the commander-in-chief, but we could not, of course, be sure. It must have been a very responsible position.

From the mouth of the Potaro it rained incessantly. We all huddled together in the dryest corner we could find until we heard the roar of rapids, and the launch stopped at the landing at Tumatumari.

The rest-house—like the one at Rockstone, but about half the size—is built on rising ground above the rapids. Here, after dinner, we met the Carib Indian captain who was to take us to the falls.

Saturday, May 10th.

It was a beautiful clear morning when we started, and the sun shining on the swirling white rapids made a dazzlingly lovely picture. We walked to the farther side of the rapids, where a launch was waiting to take us and our boatmen the ten miles to Potaro Landing. All our supplies, including ten bitterly complaining chickens, their feet tied together, were stowed away on board, and we started slowly up the river, keeping as close to the bank as possible on account of the current.

As we brushed past trees, some dripping orange-colored fruit into the water, some covered with big, pale-mauve flowers, and some with little hanging brown bells, we disturbed flocks of small bats which fluttered out over the water, and hurried back to the shelter of the forest when we had passed.

Little brown monkeys jabbered and parrots screamed over our heads. We saw several snakes stretched along branches, their coloring making them almost impossible to distinguish from the creepers. Numbers of big blue butterflies flapped lazily about, and many colored dragon-flies hovered in the hot, still air. A bill-bird, sitting on the end of a branch—mostly bill as his name implies—solemnly eyed our approach.

At about one o'clock we saw a few houses in a clearing and a dock where some boats were tied, and one of the boatmen blew on a big copper horn to announce our arrival to Potaro Landing.

The river above Potaro Landing is full of rapids, so that we had to walk the seven miles from there to Kangaruma, where we were to spend the night. The first two miles were over a hot, red, sandy road where pineapples grew and little basking lizards whisked their brilliant, flexible bodies out of our way. The rest of the walk was through the forest, which seemed deliciously cool by contrast, with its tall liana-hung trees and bright rust-colored streams that we crossed on greenheart logs.

Kangaruma is a little clearing on the bank of the Potaro River. The only buildings are a rest-house and a little shack where an old caretaker and his wife live. These old people interested us

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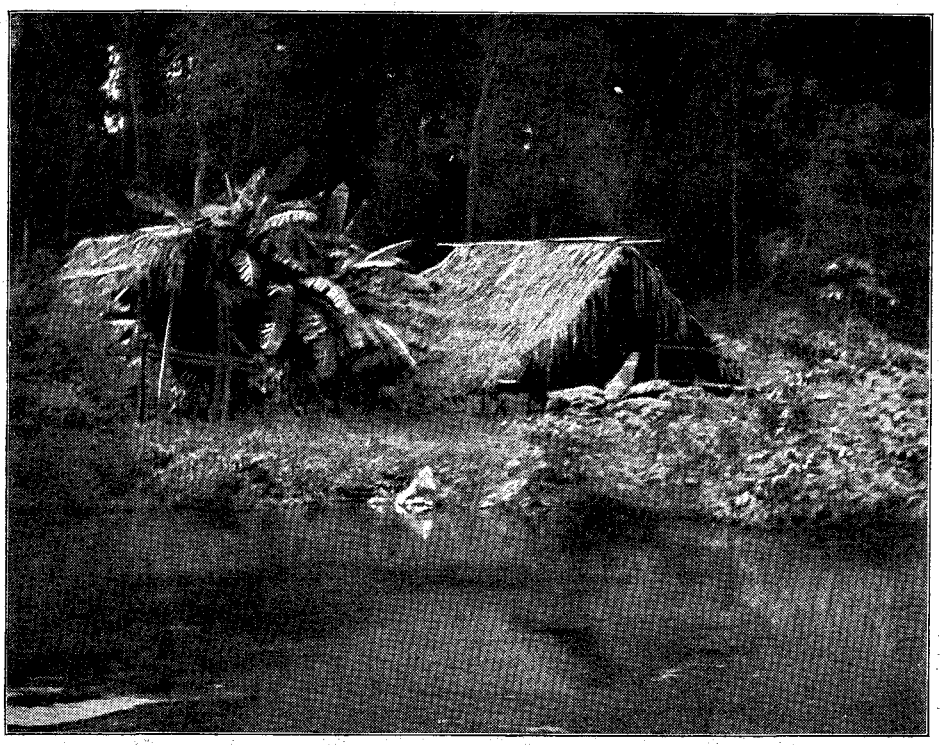

Soon after we passed a little settlement of Indian huts known as "ajupas."—Page 565.

very much, especially the old woman, who was a mixture of Spaniard and Indian, and had a fine face, although it was as wrinkled as a raisin and she was quite toothless. She told us that they had lived there for eight years, but that two or three times a year they walked to Potaro Landing to do some shopping and get the news. We thought of Potaro Landing with its two or three houses, and little store that didn't sell anything, and we told her she was quite right to keep up with the outside world.

The rest-house at Kangaruma, and the ones that followed, could not be classed with the palatial luxury of the rest-houses at Rockstone and Tumatumari. They were nothing but shacks, with two main rooms and two or three little enclosed alcoves, where a really fastidious traveller, equipped with a jug of rain-water, could bathe in privacy.

Here we were first introduced to the folding canvas beds that we were to carry with us for the rest of our trip. They were exactly six feet long by two and a half feet wide, and as we are all of us fairly good-sized, we had the greatest difficulty in lying in them without touching the net, which, on account of the vampire bats, it was advisable not to do.

Perhaps I should say a word here about vampire bats, lest any one should confuse them with the film variety of vampire. They are blood-sucking bats that will attack sleeping animals and even human beings, and suck enough blood to be seriously weakening, though probably not dangerous. It is a particularly unpleasant experience, and, as a member of the last party to make the trip had lost a part of a toe and a great deal of blood, we took special pains to tuck in our nets carefully, and sleep with lights.

Sunday, May 11th.

We and our men and supplies were loaded into a thirty-foot boat that was to take us to the next falls at Amatuk, and we left Kangaruma soon after sunrise. The bowman stood or squatted in the bow, then came four pairs of pad-

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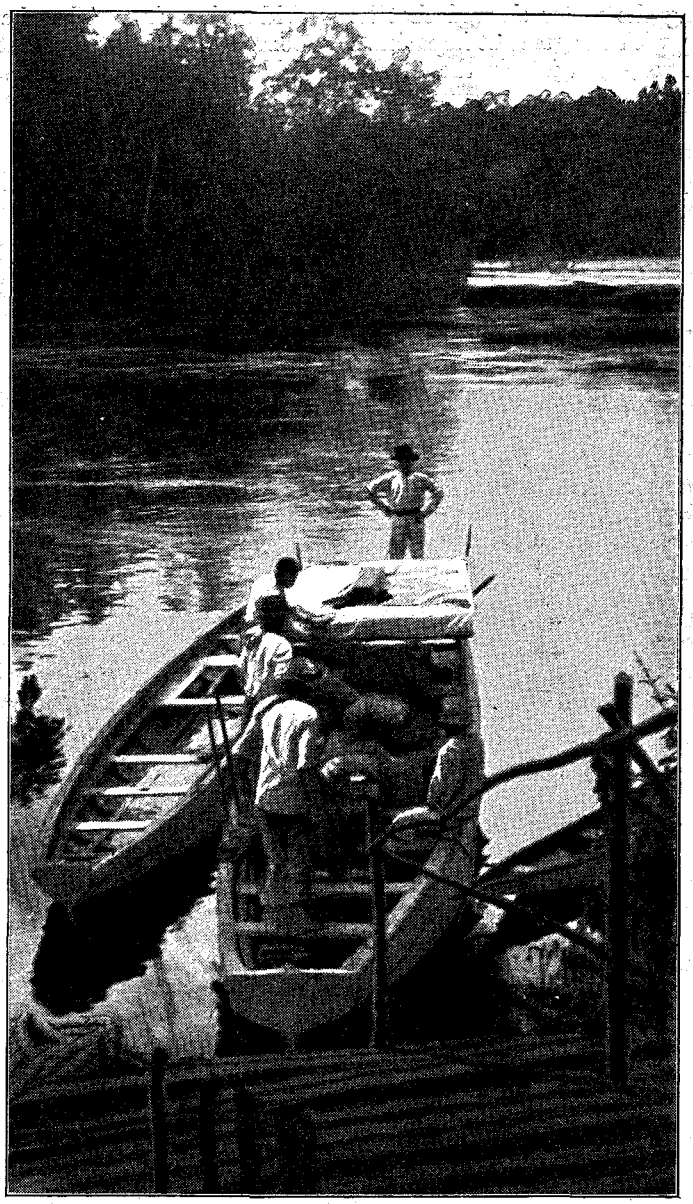

Loading our boat at Kangaruma.

dlers, then Jones half asleep, then the four of us, and in the stern three paddlers and the captain, who steered. The men had short paddles that threw the water high in the air with every stroke, and clicked in unison on the gunwales of the boat.

There was a tremendous current, and even keeping as close to the bank as we did, our progress was very slow. When we watched the water that raced past us, it seemed as if we were flying, but when we watched the bank we saw that we scarcely moved.

One of the paddlers called out, "Water me, water me." Another splashed some water with his paddle. This meant that the first paddler had a song that he could not rest until he had sung, and the other

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by splashing the water showed that he was waiting with the greatest impatience to hear the song and join in the chorus. These songs, or chanteys, were very simple and monotonous in words and music, but wonderfully melodious when sung by a dozen happy, lusty blacks paddling up a tropical river. The men clicked their paddles on the gunwales in time to the chantey, and paddled much better when they sang.

Sometimes we could understand and make sense out of the words, but more often not. The chantey-man would sing the first line of the song, and the others would join in the second line. If it was a pretentious song with more than two lines, the chantey-man would sing the third line, and the chorus would wind up the verse. This would be repeated over and over again, until the chantey-man was tired, or thought of a new song he would rather sing. Then he would call, "Compliment! Compliment!" and we would clap, and tell him we were enchanted with his performance.

As it was Sunday, they interspersed the programme with "Sunday chanteys." One of these ran something like this:

The Amatuk Falls.

The rushing brown water tumbles over big boulders, churning itself into foam that fills the river below.—Page 570.

"David mourning for his son, Absalom;
(Chorus) Son Absalom, son Absalom.
David mourning for his son, Absalom;
(Chorus) Absalom, Absalom, Absalom."

I remember the chorus only of the other Sunday chantey, which ran:

"Fire burning down below, hey ho!
Fire burning down below!"

Our favorite chantey, the words of which almost made sense, was: "Blow de man down." The man was to be blown down with a bottle of rum or a bottle of gin, or anything that wasn't prohibition, and he was to be blown down to Amatuk,

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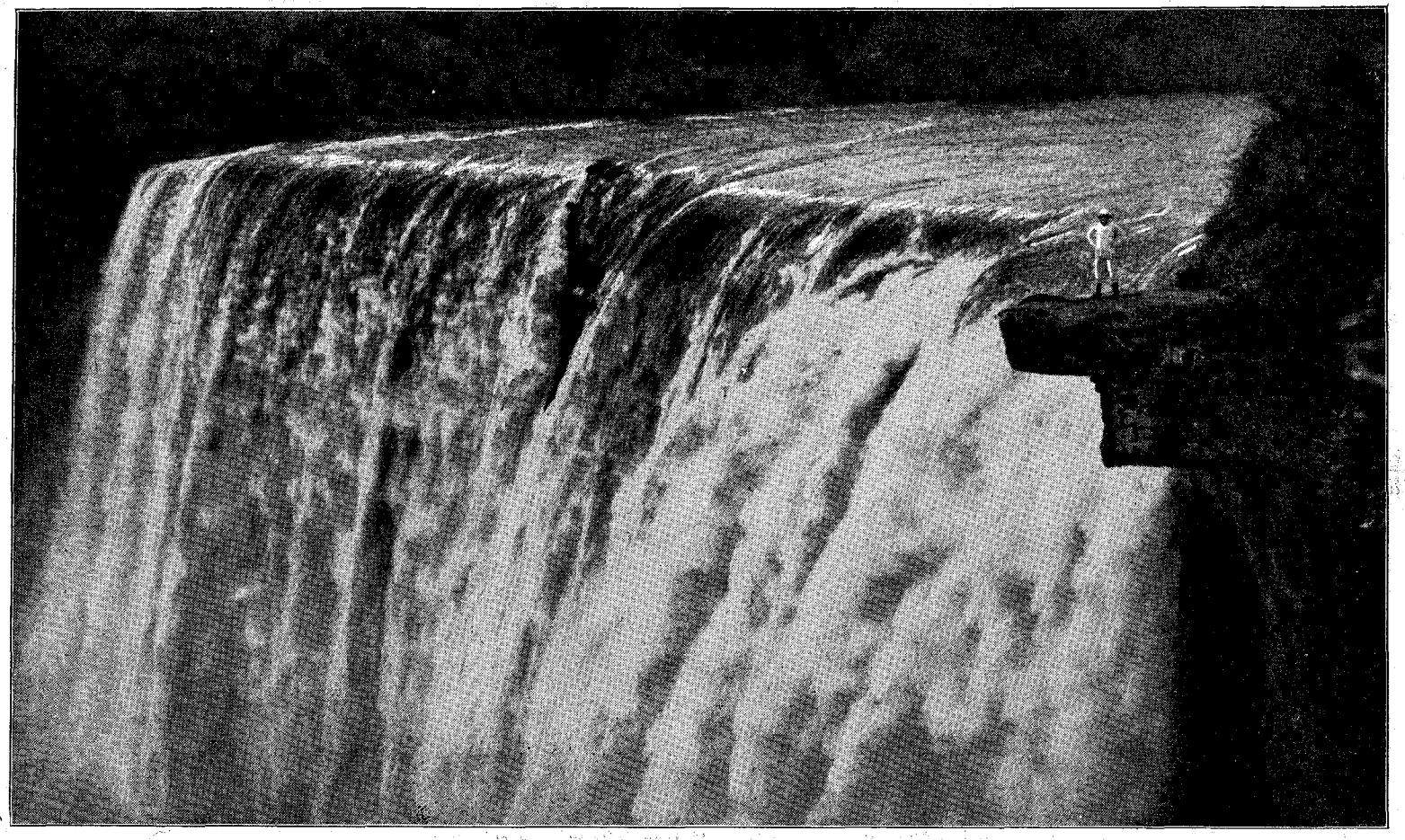

Table Rock.

It is an unforgetable experience to crawl out on Table Rock, that juts out into the chasm, and look down into the gorge below.—Page 572.

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Waratuk, or Kaieteur Falls, or anywhere the chantey-man wanted him blown. With this range of variations to choose from, this song could be kept up much longer than the others.

Often we had to tie up to the bank to rest the men, and sometimes the current was so tremendous that the boat had to be dragged along by ropes from the shore, and by the overhanging branches. This latter method is called "monkey-jumping," and we became very familiar with the term, as we used it often.

It had rained off and on all the morning, the clouds hanging low over the trees with only occasional bursts of sunshine, but toward noon the clouds lifted and we saw high mountains in the distance, mostly covered with trees, but a few with sheer precipices of bare pinkish rock.

We tied up to the bank for lunch, and the men went ashore and built a fire, and cooked a mixture of rice and tomatoes and meat. We stayed in the boat, as the bank was very wet, and had tinned sausage and bread and jelly, which didn't look nearly as good as the men's hot lunch. The tree to which our boat was tied was covered with fruit like huge green cherries, and over it trailed a creeper with scarlet, star-shaped flowers. The smell of the cooking and the damp, pungent smells of the forest, the chattering, soft-voiced negroes, and the brilliant vegetation combined to make the scene very fascinating to our unaccustomed northern eyes.

Late in the afternoon we reached the Amatuk Falls, which would be worth seeing in themselves if the great falls did not entirely eclipse them. They are about forty feet high, but the drop is not sheer. The rushing brown water tumbles over big boulders, churning itself into foam that fills the river below. On the other side of the falls, above the dense forest that borders the river, rises Mount Amatuk, a straight wall of pinkish rock fringed with dark green.

We spent the night at Amatuk and the next day pushed on, as we thought to Tukeit, which is the landing-place for the falls. But, driven back by the current as we were, it was the next afternoon before we reached the Waratuk rapids, where there is a stop and a portage. Here we were delayed further, as it took the men two hours to drag the boat a distance of perhaps fifty yards through the rushing white water. They were so exhausted that they could not go any further that night, which meant that we slept practically in the open—our four little cots clumped together under a shelter that was no better protection against the rain than the Indian "ajupas" we had turned up our noses at on the way to Tumatumari.

Tuesday, May 13th.

In the morning, four limp, bedraggled-looking creatures, who had slept in their clothes and looked it, straggled out about sunrise. Fortunately, the sun did rise in a blaze of gold, and our spirits rose with it.

The river was running like a mill-race, and when we started in the boat we had to monkeyjump for about a quarter of a mile to keep from being swept back into the rapids.

We shot these rapids on our return in less than a minute, in contrast to the two hours it had taken the boat to get through them going up; and the trip from Tukeit to Kangaruma took eight hours instead of the best part of three days.

The mists slowly lifted, and the mountains began to appear. Often we seemed entirely surrounded by mountains, and then a turn of the river would show us the valley ahead through which our route lay. The absolute stillness and isolation were very impressive to me. We heard nothing but the occasional call of a bird, and we saw no human being not in our party from the time we left Kangaruma until the old couple greeted us on our return.

After about two hours' paddling we saw, far in the distance, a whitish patch that was almost obscured by a round knoll of a mountain. This was our first sight of the Kaieteur Falls. The men, cheered by the sight, redoubled their efforts, and though it was the stiffest kind of paddling, and they often had to monkeyjump, we reached Tukeit, the landing-place for the Kaieteur trail, about noon.

Tukeit is at the foot of the round, knoll-like mountain we had seen from the river. The great falls cannot be seen, but the scenery is majestic and very beautiful. The Tukeit Falls stand sentinel to the

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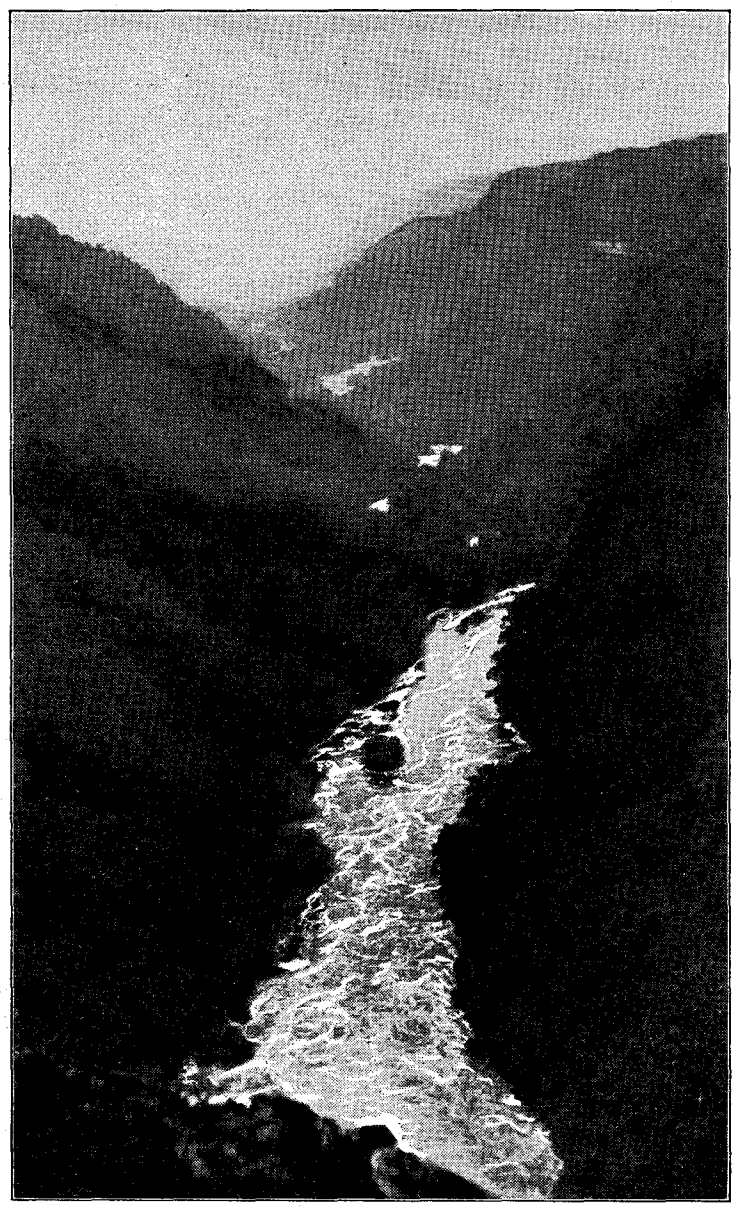

Standing at the brink of the falls and looking back over the way we had come—the trail to Kaieteur.

Kaieteur Gorge, a narrow defile between high green mountains, through which rush swirling white rapids, driven on by the tremendous leap of the river.

The name "Kaieteur" was originally "Kaietuk," and means "Old Man's Fall." This name resulted from a pleasant practice of the early Indians of sending their old people over the falls when they were too old to be of further use. These Indians and their language have now disappeared, and their present-day descendants, who are themselves rapidly dying off, know nothing of the meaning of the old names. In Georgetown I tried to find out the meaning of Tumatumari, Amatuk, Kangaruma, etc., but could learn nothing except that where "Tuk" forms part of the name it means falls, as Amatuk, Waratuk, Tukeit, and Kaietuk.

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We started the climb at about two o'clock, with the captain as a guide. It was very wet walking, as the rain of the night before had drenched everything. At first the incline was gradual, but soon it became steeper, and finally nothing but a scramble.

We crossed several streams on greenheart logs and scrambled over boulders—all very slippery, as they were covered with wet moss; and we had to stop often to rest and catch our breath. The slippery slope would have been impossible to climb if it had not been for the interlacing roots of the trees that acted as steps, and for every step that we took forward we had to take a step upward.

After two hours of hard climbing we came to a level space. This was the end of the climb, but we still had to plod on through a drenching rain for about an hour before coming in sight of the rest-house. Heavenly sight!

After a short rest and a long drink, we went to get our first look at the falls. The rest-house is situated on a small plateau covered with sand and pebbles. Due to the heavy rains, there were many little rivulets that the sun, which had just come out, was doing its best to dry. In this open space grew sissal, bamboo orchids, which are sweet-smelling, and other varieties of orchids, bluebells, and lilies.

We walked to the edge of the gorge and stood for the first time beside the Kaieteur Falls.

The sight of this great fall thundering alone in the heart of the wilderness, seldom seen and almost unknown, is impressive in a way that Niagara, or any other of nature's wonders that has been exploited by man, could never be. We involuntarily drew back, dizzy from looking into the awful depth of the chasm into which the river plunged.

I think that even the man who said, "Gosh, that's neat," of Niagara, would have been speechless before the far greater spectacle of Kaieteur.

It reminded us of the story of "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," the impression of two worlds was so distinct. One starting from the base of the falls and stretching in a broken silver thread, surrounded by green-covered mountains, as far as the eye could reach—the world that we had left to climb the bean-stalk into that other upper world that started at the edge of the falls; a world of green savannahs, enclosed by distant blue hills, through which flowed a placid river.

Connecting these two worlds was a drop of eight hundred feet over which poured a flood of foaming water, varying in color from white spray to a deep coffee color. The force with which the river rushes over the precipice starts turning it into spray soon after it commences its long plunge, and the base of the fall is entirely hidden by the mist that rises in clouds. The sun shining on the mist makes long rainbows, starting at the top of the falls and losing themselves in an opalescent swirl at the base.

The falls are four hundred feet wide, and eight hundred and twenty-two feet high. The sheer drop is seven hundred and forty-one feet, but below that the fall is broken by rocks. It is easier to visualize this height if one remembers that the Woolworth Building in New York is about eight hundred feet high.

It is an unforgetable experience to crawl out on Table Rock, that juts out into the chasm, and look down into the gorge below. The base of the fall is veiled in rising banks of pale-colored mist, beyond this the river can be seen—a ribbon of white foam that from this distance looks motionless. Enormous boulders covered with vivid green moss border the river on either side.

As far as the eye can see, the river winds between steeply sloping green banks—the trail that leads to Kaieteur.

Above the falls are the savannah lands—wonderful cattle country, and promising to be a source of great future wealth to the colony when they are opened up. Beyond the savannahs are high mountain ranges that, as we watched, changed from blue to purple in the rays of the setting sun.

That night we sat on the steps of the rest-house and watched the mists that rose from the Kaieteur Gorge turned to an ethereal silver by the rising moon. The men had slung their hammocks under the house and were singing softly:

"Blow de man down to Kaieteur Falls,
Yo, ho, blow de man down.
Blow him right down wid a bottle of rum
Yo, ho, blow de man down."

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It was a soft, dreamy, Mediterranean night, a night of romance.

CYNTHIA AND THE CROOKED STREETS

By Arthur Tuckerman
Author of "Black Magic"

ILLUSTRATIONS (WITH FRONTISPIECE) BY C. R. WEED

ON her last night aboard the ship Cynthia managed, with stealthy steps, to escape from the tiresome after-dinner circle of grayheads to which her aunt had attached herself. She skipped away to the promenade-deck and found friend Willoughby idling in a deck-chair, smoking his inevitable cigarette. The night was warm, the sea like rippled ebony satin-streaked with silver from a rising moon. It was a soft, dreamy, Mediterranean night, a night of romance.

She slipped into a chair beside Willoughby, very quietly, eying him with a furtive glance of admiration. Willoughby was twenty-three—years and years older than Cynthia. His uniform, from the pith helmet upon his head to his shining leather boots, was remarkably becoming. Cynthia realized with a little sigh that she could not possibly expect romance to come into her life for the first time in such a magnificent form as this.

Willoughby had distinguished himself in her eyes by introducing himself in a singularly unconventional manner. On the morning they had left Naples he had watched her futile efforts to play the game of quoits—with which, for some mysterious reason, every good steamer is equipped—in profound and silent amusement for fully ten minutes. And then he had suddenly said:

"You can jolly well do better. Let me show you!"

To Cynthia this was delightful. She scorned convention, because she was always having the importance of it drummed

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into her head by Aunt Kate and other elderly people.

For some time she sat beside her idol, gazing wistfully out to sea, her chin cupped in very small white hands. Willoughby, absorbed in an Egyptian guide-book he had borrowed from the ship's library, did not seem to be aware of her existence; now and then he blew large smoke-rings from his mouth and sent them drifting down the deck with an air of pleased accomplishment.

Cynthia began to think it was high time that he spoke to her.

"What a perfectly won-der-ful night," she sighed ecstatically. "It makes me long for adventure. If only something exciting would happen to me—to take me away from ordinary, every-day people and things——"

Willoughby closed his book with a bang and stared at her with surprised blue eyes.

"Say that all over again, would you?" he commanded.

She repeated her wish in as dreamy a tone as she could summon.

"To tell the truth," she concluded impressively, "I think I must be an adventuress. That's what's the matter with me."

Willoughby was slightly shocked.

"I say," he protested, "just because you're looking out for adventure, it doesn't make you an adventuress—really. An adventuress, y'know, is—well, a brutish sort of a woman with green eyes and red hair. She generally fills diplomats with drugged *crème de menthe*, robs them of their papers, and that sort of thing. A bad lot, altogether."

The sordidness of the definition horrified Cynthia.

"Of course I'm not *that*," she said, tossing her small head indignantly, so that the curls of her russet hair danced in the evening breeze.

"But I expect, just the same, to find adventure when we reach Egypt. A—a beautiful maiden cannot travel in these foreign lands without becoming involved in some kind of an intrigue—sooner or later. At least, that's what I've read."

The young Englishman stared at her solemnly for a moment.

"You're not half bad-lookin'," he conceded with a chuckle. "I suppose you'll find somethin', if you look out for it long enough. Strikes me you've been readin' too much nonsense."

Cynthia rose with grave dignity. That Willoughby should adopt the tactics of Aunt Kate was really the last straw.

"Good night," she said, nodding coldly. "I have some important correspondence which I neglected to finish—if you will excuse me. Besides, it is pretty late for two young people—like ourselves—to be sitting out on deck together."

She walked away with head erect. It was as well to be grown up when one could, without being laughed at.

In the library she curled up on a corner sofa like a young kitten and began to read. The title of her volume was "Harem Life in Islam." Had a learned professor with leaning toward psychology glimpsed the inner workings of Cynthia's mind at that moment he would doubtless have been horrified at the seething mass of romance, adventure, and intrigue that whirled within her mind—the dreadful effect of an overdose of light fiction, in which she constantly imagined herself as the heroine. But Cynthia was disgusted; nothing ever happened to her. In a word, she found the whole world much too well-behaved to suit her.

At eleven o'clock Aunt Kate pounced upon the red volume she was reading and sent her off to bed.

"I'm only getting the proper atmosphere," Cynthia protested, "before I reach Cairo. It is a city of mysteries, the book says. One should be prepared for anything."

As she undressed she looked at herself in the mirror. For a moment she gazed critically at her round childish face—pink cheeks like hard fresh young apples, large velvety-brown eyes, a pert little retroussé nose.

"After all," she said thoughtfully. "I don't think I'm pretty enough to be abducted—they have to be *really* pretty to be abducted, don't they?"

Aunt Kate gave a little shriek.

"Cynthia! What *have* you been reading?"

Cynthia's first week in Cairo was a staggering disappointment. At the end of it she had a confused impression of

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The title of her volume was "Harem Life in Islam."—Page 574.

numerous and tiresome excursions to mosques, caliphs' tombs, pyramids, and museums, accompanied by the usual paraphernalia of guides, books, and kodaks. There was no mystery in Cairo.

On the afternoon of the eighth day Uncle John, looking enormous in a new white-serge suit and pith helmet—which he had purchased at a so-called English shop run by a wily Greek—came onto the terrace of Shepheard's Hotel, and proposed a second trip to the Pyramids.

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"I suppose we should go twice," Aunt Kate admitted in a tired voice. "The first impression is never the best. One is so awed by their immensity that details pass unnoticed——"

She rambled on, unwittingly quoting her guide-book, of which she was a devoted student. Uncle John turned to Cynthia, who was balancing herself perilously on the terrace railing with a generous display of her shapely legs that had already brought forth a sharp reproval from Aunt Kate.

"Do you want to go to the Pyramids, Cynthia?"

Cynthia shook her head vigorously.

"Once is enough, uncle," she answered tartly. "Those Arabs almost pulled me to pieces last time we climbed up. I'm sore from it still."

Uncle John lighted a cigar and looked vaguely worried.

"If we go, you've got to stay right here on the terrace till we get back."

"Why, I'd love to," said Cynthia with unexpected sweetness.

After she had seen her aunt and uncle leave in an *aribeyeh*, driven by a youthful Arab who wore a red tarbush jauntily over one eye and belabored his horse unmercifully, Cynthia sat down in an armchair at the end of the terrace to watch the brilliant throng that filed unceasingly past the doors of the hotel. The Sharia el Kamel that afternoon was a seething mass of plodding camels, overburdened donkeys followed by shrieking donkey-boys, fruit and cake venders, fortune-tellers and snake-charmers—the whole glorious pageant of an Arabian Nights' tale unfolded itself before her eyes in a brilliant multicolored picture.

Behind her, on the terrace, an Englishman and an American were discussing the scene. Cynthia could not help overhearing their words.

"I had no idea," the American was saying, "that Cairo was so civilized. Except for the natives, it isn't very different from any European city. In a way it's disappointing—after all you hear about the dangers, the mysteries of Cairo——"

The Englishman interrupted:

"Cairo, like any other town, has its different aspects. You're in the European quarter here, under government protection. I dare say you're as safe as on your own Fifth Avenue.

"All these things you read about—the secret murders, the robberies, the intrigues—they happen in the native quarters, in old Cairo——"

He paused to wave a hand toward the east, where a minaret pointed to the blue heavens above a squalid mass of crooked gray houses.

"The real Cairo is over there beyond the Esbekieh Gardens, in those dark, crooked little streets at the end of the Mouski—that's where your Arabian Nights begin."

Cynthia's attention was suddenly attracted to a dragoman who, standing in the midst of a group of chattering guides at the foot of the terrace, was bowing obsequiously to her. He was a short, stout Arab, with skin the color of coffee. She recognized him as Achmet, a guide who had accompanied her uncle on several excursions. He came up to her, rubbing his fat, oily hands.

"My lady. You remember Achmet, your very clever guide?"

Cynthia nodded, half-alarmed.

"It is a be-utiful day, my lady. Would you not like to go somewhere?"

Cynthia's eyes suddenly danced with excitement. She clasped her small hands impulsively.

"Yes. Take me—somewhere. Take me to the bazaars, to those funny little crooked streets I've heard about."

Achmet paused before answering, lost in thought:

"Would my lady like to go to the Bazaar of the Perfumers—perhaps to buy some attar of roses? It is very sweet."

Cynthia glanced hurriedly around the terrace.

"I must be back before five," she said tremblingly.

Achmet assured her that they would be back before five.

"All right. Just wait here till I get my camera," she told him, and ran into the hotel.

She reappeared five minutes later, and they started down the Sharia el Kamel together. As they passed the Greek cafés more than one dapper young Egyptian, sipping his afternoon coffee at a marble-topped table, turned curious eyes

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Uncle John, looking enormous in a new white-serge suit and pith helmet.—Page 575.

toward this strange pair—the fat Achmet in his flowing white galabeah, and the very small and dainty little American who tripped along gayly at his side.

Adventure! The word rang in Cynthia's mind as they turned from the parched, dusty streets into the Esbekieh Gardens where Cairene gentlemen of leisure smoked their cigarettes and read their newspapers under the cool shade of the leafy lebbek-trees. They crossed the Mouski—the street that is a connecting-link between the new Cairo and the old—and plunged into a dark, crooked alley, so narrow that only a ten-foot strip of blue sky was visible between the roofs of the squalid sombre houses. Furtive eyes peered down at them, now and then, from behind latticed windows framed in quaint arabesques of stained glass; from shadowed corners crippled beggars called for alms and fortune-tellers screamed their trade. Cynthia found a swarm of half-naked little brown boys trailing after her with filthy outstretched palms clamoring for the inevitable *bakshish*. They passed by the white walls of a mosque, and through the half-open doors of chiselled bronze she caught a glimpse of a richly mosaiced courtyard where a foun-

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tain flashed red and blue in the sombre light that penetrated the colored windows.

They turned into another street lined with tiny shops, and Achmet paused to greet a cross-legged sheikh upon a straw mat.

"Peace be with you," said the holy man.

"God's mercy and blessing," replied Achmet devoutly.

The romance of Islam was about them, even in the smell of the air, which was fragrant with many subtly mingled odors—jasmine, myrrh, and Tonkin musk.

"This is the Street of the Perfumers," announced Achmet, and led Cynthia suddenly down a flight of steps into a very small and dingy shop, where a crooked little old man crouched amidst a thousand fantastic bottles of old perfume. Cynthia looked at the old man's face and averted her eyes quickly; she didn't like his twisted smile and his long yellow teeth.

"How much does he want for that?" she asked Achmet, indicating a long thin bottle of jasmine. The senile one became instantly voluble in a series of guttural sounds which Achmet translated to her.

"For you, my lady, he says the price will be only one pound, English gold."

Cynthia's eyes widened. It was her first experience of Arabic salesmanship.

"A pound for that!" she said, and looked at the bottle doubtfully. Achmet shrugged his shoulders apologetically and began to haggle with the merchant. Presently he turned again to her.

"He says my lady may have it for twelve piastres—as a gift from him."

Cynthia paid the money into the old man's trembling, wizened hand and started to leave the shop.

As they passed up the narrow steps Achmet's flowing robes brushed against a counter, and a bottle of musk went crashing to the earthen floor, where it shattered into a hundred gleaming fragments. Achmet turned back and reluctantly handed the merchant a silver piece.

"Here," he said in Arabic, "this for thy flask of musk which I have broken."

The old one snarled and showed his yellow teeth.

"Child of a Jew!" he screamed, "that is worth three gold pounds. Did I not bring it all the way from Shubra?"

Achmet laughed.

"The price is a handsome one; if thou canst get it for the remaining bottles, thou art lucky." He prepared to escort Cynthia from the shop. But Hassan the merchant laid a skinny hand upon his shoulder to detain him.

Cynthia screamed and Achmet flew into a rage.

"Take thy vile hands off me!" he roared. "Thou offspring of a humped buffalo!"

"Thou wouldst rob a dead sheikh of his turban," quoth Hassan in a shriek that could be heard in the Street of Carpetsellers a quarter of a mile away. The two of them began to hurl insults at each other at the top of their voices, while Cynthia stood by looking at them both with frightened brown eyes.

A white-uniformed native policeman suddenly plunged down the steps past her. For an instant he surveyed the quarrelling ones, coolly, with folded arms. Then he seized both of them and dragged them from the shop. Down the street he took them, still screaming, while a motley evil-smelling crowd of Arabs collected about Cynthia, who stood bewildered upon the steps of the shop.

She watched the policeman as he disappeared round a corner with his noisy prisoners.

At first she was frightened, overwhelmed by a sense of her own helplessness. Gradually her fear changed to indignation as she thought of the buffoon policeman, so overcome with the importance of his duty that he forgot to notice her.

She turned her attention to the dozen or more native youths who were gaping at her with exasperating intensity.

"Shoo!" she said, and waved her arms as if she were trying to get rid of so many flies. Apparently the Arabs found this a new cause for diversion, for they stared at her harder than ever. One of them grinned, showing large white teeth.

She glanced up the street.

"Oh, well," she said to herself with a bravely assumed calm, "I guess I can find my way home all right, after all."

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Drawn by C. R. Weed.

Cynthia clutched the other end of it firmly and pulled with all her strength.—Page 580.

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And she started off—in exactly the opposite direction from which she had come.

In the shadowed wall of El Ahmar, which is the Red Mosque, Cynthia saw an open door, and being of an inquiring disposition, she halted to glance within it. In the great courtyard of tiled marble and mosaic, surrounded by walls bearing gilded quotations from the Koran, some kind of a meeting was taking place. Several hundred young students were squatted in a great semicircle about the court, listening with rapt attention to the speech of a tall man who stood in their midst.

The speaker's impassioned gestures and strident tones interested Cynthia; she knew that the man was a Mecca pilgrim because he wore a green turban—so much she had learned from her guide-book—and because he was very handsome and very picturesque she drew her camera from its pigskin case and pointed the lens toward him.

Just as she snapped the shutter the man looked at her; in an instant he had cleared the width of the courtyard in three gigantic bounds and was clutching her wrists with his lean brown hands. He began dragging her round a corner of the wall, beyond the sight of the students. Cynthia opened her small red mouth to scream, but the man clapped a hand over her lips.

She began to struggle violently, twisting and squirming—trying to trip him up, but nothing would break the steely grip on her wrists.

Even in this terrible moment her craving for adventure, her love of excitement, gradually conquered her fear. She was thrilled to the core; something had happened to her at last—just like the things which happened in books. She looked up at her captor.

He was good-looking, his features clean-cut, his nose aquiline, his complexion the color of fine bronze. He was tall, too, and powerfully built.

"Let me go!" she cried, half sobbing, as soon as he removed his hand from her mouth. "How dare you! What right have you—to touch me!"

The man looked up and down the alley in which they were standing and, finding it deserted, released her. He smiled down at her with a scornful curl of his thin lips, then spoke for the first time—in excellent English:

"What right had you to take the photograph of a holy man from Mecca?"

"I—I'm sorry," stammered Cynthia, "I had no idea that it wasn't allowed."

The green-turbaned one shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course you did not know. Inglesi never know such things. All Inglesi are ignorant of sacred customs."

"I'm not Inglesi," pouted Cynthia, "I'm American."

"Inglesi—American, it is all the same. More ignorant even than the fellahin in the durrah fields——"

His voice suddenly took on an earnest tone:

"Now if the young lady will give me the film in her camera which bears my picture, I will let her go upon her way."

Cynthia stared at him in indignation:

"Give you the film—with all my pictures! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Of course I won't!" She began to count upon her fingers: "There's one of Uncle John climbing the Sphinx, and two of Aunt Kate at the Mena House, and a funny one of Achmet on a camel, and——"

The man from Mecca interrupted her angrily:

"Give me the film, or I will take the camera!"

He lunged forward and grabbed the handle of her camera. Cynthia clutched the other end of it firmly and pulled with all her strength, her teeth set determinedly; the man gave a sudden wrench and the handle came away within his hands. Like a flash Cynthia was down the alley, skirts flying, her precious camera tucked beneath her arm.

At ten minutes to five Cynthia dragged herself up the steps of Shepheard's, dusty and weary, and almost fell into a chair. She knew that she had eluded her pursuer somewhere in the maze of streets back of the mosque, but she could still feel her heart thumping hard. Because she knew that her aunt and uncle would

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receive the news of her adventure, with possibly dire consequences to herself, she resolved to keep silent on the subject. She felt very hot and tired. How the man had chased her! It was only after she had lost herself in the swarming crowds of a bazaar that she had really escaped from him— Some one tapped her sharply upon the shoulder and she almost leapt from her chair; then she gave a little shriek of delight—it was friend Willoughby.

"Oh, how you scared me!" Cynthia said as he sat down beside her. For a moment Willoughby studied her thoughtfully.

"You've been runnin' deuced hard," he said with the air of a Sherlock Holmes. "Moreover, you've been somewhere you shouldn't have been—and your nose is all shiny. Otherwise you're the same delightful Cynthia. Come now, where were you?"

"That's purely my own personal business," retorted Cynthia, grimacing at the extremely personal quality of Willoughby's remarks. From some mysterious place within her dress she produced a minute powder-puff and mirror.

Willoughby watched the procedure with fascinated eyes.

"Might as well tell me where you've been," he suggested. "Strictly entre nous, of course."

"I'll tell you," she whispered, "if you promise not to breathe a word—to any one."

"Fire away," said Willoughby. "Mum's the word. Of course."

Cynthia immediately plunged into a breathless account of her afternoon, from the time she had left the hotel terrace with Achmet. When she told him of the meeting she had seen through the gate of the Red Mosque, Willoughby betrayed sudden unaccountable excitement. His blue eyes flashed strangely.

"And there was a man talking to all the students," Cynthia went on, "a very tall man who wore a green turban. He looked sort of picturesque talking there, and—well—I just took his picture, that's all I did. And all of a sudden he got very angry and came tearing across the courtyard. He grabbed hold of me and tried to make me give him the film which had his picture; of course I wasn't going to do that—and then——"

"Stop a minute!" interrupted Willoughby. "I can't keep up at that pace. I want to know what this chap was like. Was he fairly good-lookin', with straight features and all that kind of thing?"

"Yes," she admitted. "He *was* very handsome. But he acted like a brute. Ugh!"

Willoughby seemed lost in thought.

"Very strange," he murmured, "very strange." And then in a louder tone:

"Proceed with the next chapter."

When Cynthia had finished her story he leaned toward her suddenly.

"Where," he asked in a peculiar tone, "is the picture of this fellow now?"

Cynthia pointed to the camera on her lap.

"Right here. But I've just got to get to the photographer's before Uncle John and Aunt Kate get back. If they ever heard about all— Oh, my gracious heavens! Here he comes now——"

"Give me the camera!" said Willoughby quickly. "I'll take your pictures to the photographer. I'll bring them to you in a couple of days."

It occurred to Cynthia in a flash that he was extraordinarily anxious to help her. She looked at him curiously.

"Oh, well," she said, as she handed the camera to him, "I'll trust you, if I trust any one. Be sure and keep it dark, though."

"Rather!" said Willoughby, and escaped just in time to avoid Uncle John, who was mopping a wet brow as he climbed the terrace steps.

Two days passed—then three, then four. At the end of a week there were no signs of Willoughby. Cynthia grew angrier every day; he left her camera at the hotel office one afternoon while she was out, but no pictures with it. Willoughby slumped fifty per cent in her estimation.

"Men never can be trusted, anyway," she told her aunt with a toss of her russet curls.

"Apropos of what?" queried Aunt Kate.

"Oh, nothing."

Cynthia realized that the old advice

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about thinking before you speak was important—at times.

On the night before they were due to leave Cairo for the Nile trip, a great ball was given at Shepheard's. The halls were crowded with a gay throng of marvellously dressed women and uniformed officers; the garden was transformed into a magic land of fantastic beauty with a thousand colored lights concealed amidst the flower-beds.

Cynthia spent much time arraying herself for the gala evening. At eight o'clock Aunt Kate, waiting impatiently in the lotus-columned hall outside the dining-room, spied her niece descending the great staircase slowly and with extreme self-possession.

"Good gracious!" she said to her husband, "Cynthia's wearing black! Cynthia! Where did you get that dress? Black at your age! It's fit for a woman of thirty!"

Uncle John chuckled.

"Funny how they all want to wear black when they're Cynthia's age."

Cynthia groaned inwardly. They were at it again. Thank heaven she would be grown-up some day, and then she'd be able to wear what she wanted without invoking perpetual criticism.

"This is the dress I bought the last day in New York—when you told me to go out and get something in a hurry. What's the matter with it, anyway? I think it's divine."

She pirouetted before a tall mirror, perking her head on one side, and eying the effect with obvious satisfaction.

Suddenly Uncle John's nostrils began to twitch strangely:

"Um-um— Somebody around here is just drenched in cheap perfume——"

Cynthia sidestepped quickly.

"Let's go in to dinner," she said nervously.

As she sat down at the table, with a bowing head waiter at her chair, some one called to her from a near-by table:

"Cheery-oh, Cynthia!"

She nodded coolly and proceeded to study the menu from end to end. Willoughby had been neglectful for too long to be forgiven so easily.

After dinner he joined her in the hall. He was superb in a new blue-and-gold mess uniform; he wore large silver spurs at his heels. He offered a gallant arm to her.

Cynthia looked up at him coldly.

"Didn't you forget to give me something that belongs to me?" she asked.

But the irrepressible Willoughby only laughed.

"Talk to you about that later. Meanwhile, how about a dance? The music's top-hole, A1."

She rose with as much reluctance as she could summon and went into the ballroom with him. There was no doubt that Willoughby was the perfect dancer. She seemed to float through roseate clouds with him; they danced through an open door onto a moon-bathed terrace, while the orchestra lilted a soft Parisian waltz—one of Cremieux's things, in perfect keeping with the subtle fragrance of the night.

When the music had died away Willoughby led her to a bench beside a fountain which flashed streams of mauve and silver water. Above them a myriad stars were scattered like gold-dust across the purple canopy of the sky, and a young moon like the white finger-nail of an Egyptian princess looked down and smiled upon them.

"Do you know," said Willoughby suddenly, "that you have done a very wonderful thing for Egypt?"

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"That photograph you took, at the mosque of El Ahmar—I had my suspicions when you told me about the man with the green turban, so I had the pictures developed by a government photographer. The man whose picture you took was Yusuf Ali, a very dangerous fellow. We thought we had him locked up in Rosetta, but apparently he fooled us all—somehow. As a matter of fact, he's in league with a dangerous crowd up in Petrograd, and he's been tryin' to raise all kinds of hades here for the past few months."

"Good gracious!" gasped Cynthia. "I thought he was a holy man!"

Willoughby chuckled.

"Very unholy, I should say. He had no business to be talkin' to those students. We've got him now—thanks to you."

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Cynthia leaned back and closed her eyes in ecstasy. It was like a story-book, and she was the heroine. Willoughby suddenly pressed something in her hand—a small leather case.

"A little present from the government," he said. "They thought perhaps you'd accept it—just as a remembrance."

Under the dazzling rays of the illuminated fountain she opened the case—and found a large turquoise pendant set in brilliants.

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands. "It's perfectly beautiful. Is it really for me?"

Willoughby smiled benignly at her pleasure and took one of her small hands in his.

"You know," he whispered, "you're rather a dear. How old are you, by the way? Seventeen, say?"

Cynthia rose with dignity from the bench and nodded toward the lighted windows of the ballroom.

"They're playing my favorite fox-trot. Let's go in, shall we?"

ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF WORLD-CITIZENSHIP

By Henry de Man

Author of "The Remaking of a Mind"

ARE we really becoming citizens of the world? The answer to this question does not depend on our attitude toward the merits or demerits of the League of Nations born at Versailles. It implies something much more fundamental than that. World-citizenship is a state of mind. As the ideal of a cultured minority, it is as old as Christianity. It is independent of political institutions, and roots in a desire to commune with the spirit of humanity that talks through the tongues of all nations.

It is not incompatible with patriotism. On the contrary, it presupposes it. The beginning of world-citizenship is—citizenship. But how much of what is commonly called patriotism is really citizenship? If it were, there would be no wars.

What really hinders most of us in acquiring a universal view-point is not that we love our own nation too much; it is that we love it too little. It is that our patriotism is too often a formula for the egotism of a group, or a class, or a locality, that stands as much in the way of real patriotism as in that of world-citizenship. Therefore, the difficulties of world-citizenship are very much the same as the difficulties of patriotism.

In the course of my own career as an apprentice cosmopolitan, there are two such obstacles which I have met more frequently than any others. One consists in the individual conservatism that makes us react adversely to anything that impresses us as new or foreign, especially in the field of the physical sensations such as a traveller experiences wherever he has to adopt himself to unusual ways of living. The other is that, in judging a foreign civilization, we can seldom rid ourselves of the limited outlook that is, as a rule unconsciously, implied by our belonging to a definite class of society, or a particular profession, or a certain intellectual group united by a community of training or of opinions. These, I think, are the two main obstacles that stand in the way of the search for a universal standard for comparing, say, the relative level of American and European civilization.

A European may spend a long time in America, and see lots of people and lots of things; yet he may, and in most cases will, if his mood is introspective enough, find at the end of his journey that most

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of what he saw was within a well-defined and relatively small circle, circumscribed by his class or group outlook. The America known to the foreign lecturer who has been received and lionized in academic and intellectual circles is very different from that which impresses the immigrant laborer—though both may have come from the same country, hold the same social and religious opinions, and have everything else but their class allegiance in common. The image of America that a European manufacturer gets on a business visit will, again, be very different from that which, say, Leon Trotzki has taken back with him to Russia, via Halifax. None of these images, of course, correspond to the reality of America. In fact, there is no such reality which we can perceive except a certain spiritual quantity which all these fragmentary images have in common, and thus forms a complex of national characteristics.

We cannot even relinquish these limitations of our outlook when we are thinking of our own country; less so, in many cases, than when we are making a conscious effort at understanding a foreign civilization, when it is, after all, easier to get a view-point more detached from particular views and interests than when we stay at home. Many Americans—or Belgians, for that matter—will think they know London well, because they have spent a long time in the region between Marble Arch and Cheapside. It will seldom occur to them that the area to which their investigations were confined represents less than one-twentieth of the whole London. As a matter of fact, the other nineteen-twentieths, although they are, in many a sense, a good deal more real than the cosmopolitan artificialities of the headquarters of pleasure and leisure, are not real—to them. They would only acknowledge them as such if they belonged to another class—the class of those who have to look for a job or go hunting after cheap lodgings. True as this is of the average foreign traveller, it is still more true of the average native. For he usually lacks the general curiosity which the traveller brings with him. Consequently, the percentage of those who know Haggerston, East Ham, or Battersea is perhaps still smaller amongst the wealthy classes of London than amongst visitors from abroad; of the bulk of these Londoners, it is still true that they know more about the ways of living and the psychology of the savage tribes in Central Africa than about the millions who live only half a mile away but whose haunts are as unfamiliar as if they were terra incognita on the map of the world.

These social cleavages are less marked, or less simplified, in America. Still I found, in my travels through this country, that there are many Americas even to Americans. And the same curious illusion prevails here, that makes Americans of different social groups consider that part on which their peculiar social outlook is focussed as the only real America. "Don't you make the mistake of looking at America in the same way as they do in the East Side of New York," one friend would say soon after my landing; "that is a colony, an overflow Ghetto of Europe, not real America." But then some of my proletarian friends would retort: "You must not allow yourself to be deceived into thinking that the fashionable clubs who receive you, the millionaires who dine you, and the pleasure palaces where they entertain you, represent anything but a small part of the country; if you want to know how the masses of America live, and what they think, you will learn more in the East Side than between Broadway and Fifth Avenue." In Boston, a lady, whose ancestors are said to have come over on the *Mayflower*, advised me thus: "Of course, you know, you should not think that New York or Chicago, or any of those places, represent America; to know what real Americans are, you should stay with some of our fine old Yankee families." Just across the River Charles, however, the wife of a university professor had another tale to tell: "What a pity that you have met so many of these horrid manufacturing people and business men; real, thinking America, you know, is quite another world; I think you ought to see more of that before you go back." In an industrial town in Ohio, an engineer who had ciceroned me through a plant, thus aired his feelings: "I'll bet you, young man, that they gave you no idea of what America really is as long as you stayed in New

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York, Boston, and Washington. The average-sized industrial town like this one here is America's microcosm. In these days, the heart of America beats in its manufacturing plants; the typical Americans are those that live in those rows of workmen's cottages and those small stores over there." But a farmer in Dakota whom I had been interviewing about the Non-Partisan League told another story: "It's the farmer, my friend, who has made these United States what they are. Most foreign travellers stay in the cities, and go home without having seen real America. The country's backbone is in the farming districts; that's where you've got to study American life as it is." A little later, I was on the Pacific coast, where they told me: "You ought to stay in the West longer. This is where you will see real America. The East, you know, is still half European." I do not know what they would have said in the South, since I left that out of my itinerary. But, to crown it all, a friend in New York who, I think, belongs to the staff of a radical weekly, made this comment on the tale of my peregrinations: "I guess you have seen a good deal, old chap; but I am afraid you have not always met the right people; you have stuck too much with those Chambers of Commerce and those A. F. of L. unions; sorry you did not meet more of the real Americans."

Of course, if I had taken all these remarks literally, I should either have been driven mad, or gone to an Indian reservation to find out what the aborigines had to say about it. But I knew by that time that all these people had been equally right; except that my friend the engineer and my friend the farmer were, perhaps, a little bit more right than the others. What every one of them called real America was real enough indeed—to themselves. They were only wrong in so far that they did not acknowledge the reality of what America meant to the others.

If the foreign visitor happens to be a celebrity, or if he is here, as I was myself twice, in an official capacity that opens many doors to him wherever he goes, it is all the more difficult for him to get a synthetic view. More so, indeed, than it is for the American who travels in Europe under similar conditions. For the European is, on the whole, much less hospitable than the American; much less readily disposed, at least, to give a foreign visitor access to his home. And when he does, he usually leaves his guest more alone than they do in America, where the notion of what should be done for a guest's "entertainment" is much more exhaustive (and sometimes exhausting) than in Europe. The result is that a guest who is in the slightest degree "distinguished"—and most Americans are more liberal in their interpretation of this term than the average European—is in danger of getting little contact with Americans except that minority of well-to-do and well-educated people whose hospitality he will enjoy. Now this élite of wealth and education not only forms an infinitesimal minority of the population of any country, but it is to a large extent, by the very width of its experience and intellectual training, a cosmopolitan group. In these days of extensive travelling and world-wide reading, well-bred people are so very much alike in all civilized countries that their intercourse is much more likely to confirm resemblances than to disclose national peculiarities.

A knowledge of foreign conditions that is limited to these "higher circles" is all the more likely to prove deceptive, as it makes the comparison of levels of civilization almost impossible. My experience is that there is hardly any perceptible difference between the level of culture of the most cultivated of all countries. I knew this before I visited America; and my only surprise there was, with regard to that cultured minority, to find it much more numerous than I had expected. What deceives home-staying Europeans in this respect is the fact that relatively more Americans travel in Europe, than Europeans in America. Consequently, there is comparatively a larger proportion of the uneducated element amongst the Americans who are seen in Europe; and as this class of moneyed pleasure-seekers is much more obtrusive than the well-bred, who usually are hardly noticed since they do not want to be, the average European is very likely to underrate both the quantity and the quality of the American élite. Be that as it may, there would be no trouble at all in matching

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say a thousand of the best-educated representatives of all European nations with an equal number of equally educated Americans, and vice versa; and then it would be very difficult to tell them from each other.

Similarly, I hardly think that the level of technical and spiritual perfection reached by the best artists, writers, and scientists of a cultured nation affords a useful basis for the comparison of national civilizations. First of all, the number of people concerned is so small on all sides that a comparison would have to deal with individual differences rather than with national characteristics; so that there might be an apparent chance superiority on one side at a given time, due to some perhaps isolated case, that would give an entirely false idea of the more permanent and more general national values. On the other hand, the aristocracy of those who devote their energy to the quest of truth and beauty is, again, a more or less cosmopolitan élite, that draws on a fund of knowledge and inspiration common to all nations. Anyway, as far as America is concerned, and with the single exception, perhaps, of music, it seems to me that to confront the foremost names in the field of art and science with those of Europe would only show that the maximum level reached on both continents is pretty much the same.

The example of music, by the way, shows how futile such comparisons are with regard to the general level of national culture. Germany produced her best musicians of the classical period at the time of her deepest national degradation. No country has in the last generation had composers who have more deeply influenced the musical world than Russia; yet who would claim that the Russian nation as a whole had therefore reached a higher level of culture, even in that particular field? There probably are, on the other hand, some circumstances, proper to the peculiar character of contemporary American civilization, that have hampered the development of musical talent on this side; yet one cannot see any reason except chance why some overtowering musical genius should not have been born on American soil, in which case he would probably have created abroad an entirely too favorable impression of the general level of musical culture of his countrymen. That American musicians on the whole appear to be inferior is apparently due to some general causes; but that such an individual genius has not turned up here is just as much a matter of chance as it would have been if he had.

Can we, then, find a universally agreeable, objective standard to measure a level of civilization? Candidly, I think that there is no such thing; for the very notion is subjective. Ask a Buddhist philosopher what he thinks of our Occidental ways of attaining happiness and perfection, and you will find out. As a rule, every nation calls the other nations civilized to the extent that they resemble the ideal which this nation has formed of itself.

It has been very fashionable at one time to condemn German "Kultur." From the fact that a great majority of the people who indulged in that entertainment hardly ever had had an opportunity to judge German civilization for themselves, one would gather that what was meant was not deprecation of this civilization in itself, but resentment of the German assumption that it was a blessing for the other people to have it extended to them. But which nation has not been guilty, and is not guilty to this day, of a similar overestimation of itself, or at least of the image it had formed of what it would like to be? Is not this self-extolment the essence of that magnified manifestation of the egocentricism that is inseparable from human nature, patriotism?

But as soon as we use our reason and recognize the coexistence of different national ideals as justified, we can, by comparing them among each other, get at least near enough to a definition of civilization to be acceptable as a basis of discussion by, say, all whose vision is wide enough to admit the existence of a universal standard. Our ultimate conclusion will, of course, always be influenced by our individual or national bias; but we can at least reduce those discrepancies which are due to the lack of any common view-point, and steer clear of some of the most obvious errors of perspective that

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prevent most people from getting such a view-point.

The most common of these mistakes is to confuse civilization and comfort. Most of the national self-complacency with which the insular type of American condemns European civilization as inferior originates in his impression that there is very much less comfort there than on this side. Some Europeans are just as likely to make the same mistake with regard to their nearer neighbors. The insular Briton—a type which, as everybody knows, is not altogether exceptional on John Bull's island—derives most of his satisfaction with things as they are in England from his conviction that—to him—they are so very comfortable. The "foreigners, I am sorry to say, do as they do" statement is intimately associated with the idea of the British bathtub, the British tea, the British grate fire, and similar symbols of comfortable British middle-class respectability. An English friend of mine once told me that the dominant impression he had retained from a long voyage around the world which he had made when he was about twenty was his gratification in finding on his return that, after all, England was the most comfortable country on earth. And this from a polyglottic, well-read, widely travelled young man, with bohemian and socialistic leanings into the bargain!

I remember reading an excellent article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, shortly before the war, that warned the Germans of that day against overestimating the excellence of their own "Kultur," as most of them were too much tempted to do when contrasting the higher level of their material achievements with that of some of their neighbors. The article was written with special reference to Germans travelling in France, and the advice, "Komfort ist noch keine Kultur," was sound enough for those who, from the fact that hotels and railways were less comfortable, and public services and administrations less efficient generally than in the Fatherland, were all too ready to infer that France no longer ranked amongst the civilized nations and needed—what most Germans thought she needed; and how badly mistaken they turned out to be, they and all the world know well enough to-day.

And yet they would have been right if civilization were the same thing as material well-being. When Germans crossed their frontier, whether it was into France or Russia, Austria or Belgium, they must indeed have been impressed with the superiority of their own standard of comfort and efficiency—with regard, at least, to those public institutions with which a travelling foreigner is most likely to come into contact. I have crossed these frontiers myself many times in the course of the yearly tramps which I used to have before the war; and whether it was in the Vosges or in the Erzgebirge, I never needed the frontier posts to tell me that I had left German soil. I could tell by the neglected look of the farms, the dirty towns, the slovenly aspect of the rolling stock, the *laisser-aller* of the public officials, the filthy little post-offices, railway stations, or custom-houses, the ill-kept hotels or inns. And who would deny that pre-war Berlin, the shrine of Prussian efficiency, was a better-administered, cleaner, and in all material respects save the cooking of its restaurants more comfortable city than Paris, or Vienna, or Rome? Or, to choose a somewhat less *terre-à-terre* standard of comparison, where is the scholar who has as good a recollection from his research work in the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, the Viennese Universitätsbibliothek, or the Florence Uffizi, as from the Königliche Bibliothek in Berlin? Yet all this did not prevent Berlin from being the ugliest and least "cultivated" capital in Europe, and its people the most uncouth and the least sympathetic, even to the average German. It almost seems a sacrilege, when one talks of civilization, to mention the name of Berlin alongside with that of Paris. Why, the only spot within one hundred miles from the Brandenburger Thor that an international committee of artists would have thought worth preserving, if the place had ever been within range of the Allied shells or bombs, was —Potsdam. And that is eighteenth-century French!

A warning like that given by the writer in the *Berliner Tageblatt* is profitable advice to the citizens of any country that prides itself on superior efficiency and a higher standard of living. It is all the

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more timely in America just now, as the war has immensely accentuated the contrast between American prosperity and European poverty. Moreover, the peculiar circumstances under which masses of American soldiers have been brought into contact with Europe during the latter stage of the war have, far from removing prejudice and misconception, put new obstacles on the road to a mutual understanding.

Of all the romantic fallacies that current literature has popularized about the alleged uplifting effect of warfare, none is so hard to explode as the belief that a better mutual understanding of national characteristics and a greater mutual love have resulted from the sending of troops —like the British and American Expeditionary Forces—into allied countries. This may be true of a small minority of educated men who made a deliberate effort to use their presence in a foreign country to satisfy a previous intellectual curiosity. But then the probabilities are that this particular class of people would have found means to appease their curiosity anyway, even without being sent over in uniform—and means a good deal more suitable than they were able to use under war conditions. But as far as the immense majority of, say, British and American soldiers are concerned, I am very much afraid that their stay abroad has not increased their respect or appreciation of foreign civilizations. Of course, a certain amount of knowledge has been gained about conditions and people abroad; but then this is very similar in its character to the information collected about Indian civilization by a sailor who has spent a couple of days in Madras or Bombay strolling along the quays, and possibly investigating the local facilities for the entertainment of his class. It was fragmentary and one-sided knowledge; it saw only one aspect of foreign life, and as this was an abnormal, artificial, and not, as a rule, a noble or even sympathetic aspect, the chances are that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has increased the original bias instead of reducing it.

The very roughness of army life made the thought of comfort loom all the larger in the mind of the soldier abroad, and made him all the more disposed to blame the backwardness of foreign civilization for the inconveniences he had to endure. Small wonder, then, that the results were very different from those expected by the romanticists who had predicted an era of international brotherhood and love with the billeting areas along the European front as the Mecca of the new creed. As far as the United States are concerned, any candid observer will agree that France, England, Belgium, and Italy are much less popular now with the general public than they were before this country became "associated" with them. There are, of course, other and far more important causes of this state of things than the unfavorable impressions of returning doughboys. But it seems to me that if the experience of the couple of million Americans who have been over there had been such as to make them understand and love European culture better, there would have been a reaction from these quarters against the present tendency to xenophobia. I for one have failed to detect any manifestations of the sort. On the contrary, as far as my own experience on this side goes—and many of my American friends have corroborated it from their more intimate knowledge—the bulk of the returned soldiers have added fuel to the fire. Their recollections of France centre around primitive billets, sordid little estaminets, repulsive railway-cars, cheating cab-drivers, and profiteering shopkeepers. Supposing even they spent a few hours in the Louvre, and saw some of France's cathedrals or châteaux—what did these incidental excursions mean to them as compared with the impressions of their every-day life? What have they learned about French home life? What about French literature? What about French womanhood? Either nothing, or worse than nothing—what the bulk of the members of a French Expeditionary Force would learn in America (an America as disorganized and exhausted as France was in 1918) if they were kept in trenches and billets, in some backwoods district, with an occasional few days escapade into those quarters of her cities which are the most hospitable to men suddenly relieved of the pressure of discipline and enforced asceticism. Would these French

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soldiers carry back to their country a true image of America and American ideals?

What is true of the American doughboy in France, applies in a somewhat smaller degree to the ordinary type of traveller abroad under normal circumstances—that is, with the exception of the very small number of those whose primary purpose is a thorough, open-minded, and sympathetic study of foreign civilization. Even then, one's view is likely enough to be distorted by the difficulty in adapting one's physical life to different habits and different notions of comfort. I cannot help thinking, in this connection, of a foremost French journalist of the pre-war period, whose books about the United States had done a great deal in his country to popularize a better understanding of American civilization. Yet in no passage of his works does one find such genuine emotion as where (as he does in every second chapter) he contrasts the merits of French cooking with the to him unpalatable sustenance of the Americans. There you have your travelling "average Frenchman" all over. But is the travelling "average American" very different, except in so far that his criterion of civilization is in the bathroom, instead of in the kitchen? All of us are alike, when we are travelling for purposes which are not primarily scientific study, in that we cannot separate our souls from our bodies, and are all too willing to lend an ear to the complaints of the Sancho Panza we all have inside. And most of us, when we have as good a reason to deem our material standard of comfort and hygiene so superior as have the Americans who travel in most parts of Europe, are all too much inclined to forget that "Komfort ist noch keine Kultur." It is merely one of the many conditions that make civilization possible. If the claim of America's superiority in civilization had no other foundation than her higher standard of efficiency and material well-being, it would be no more founded than was, on the continent of Europe, Germany's claim in 1914.

Fortunately for America, there are facts of a different and a higher order to support her contention. The real test of a civilization is its capacity to survive. Such a practical test is now being applied to our Western civilization—the severest ordeal it has faced yet. Will our society, based on individual freedom and political equality, be able to satisfy the new demands of the mass of its membership—demands which it has itself created by putting unlimited wealth, and power, and wisdom, within the reach of every one's desire? Can civilization fulfil this desire by gradually making itself accessible to all who want access? At this juncture, then, it seems to me that the real criterion of our level of civilization is not what refinement it has given to the refined, but what possibilities of refinement it gives to the unrefined. What matters now is less the achievement of the past than the promise of the future. It is in its promise that the greatness of our democratic civilization lies; for in the attainment of an ideal of harmonious cultural perfection, it has thus far remained well behind the achievement of Athens or of Rome. If it is at all viable, then we are only at its dawn; then all we have done hitherto is to collect the raw materials—the immense wealth of means of production and communication—of which a higher kind of social perfection can be built. Not the most refined, but the most democratic nation is the fittest to survive.

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"She'll go far with that kind of saving disposition," he began jocosely.—Page 593.

"AU BONHEUR DES CO-EDS"

By Sarah Redington
Author of "The Parthenon Freeze"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

"DOES it seem queer to be back, Ed?"

"It's just as if I'd never been away," Matherson answered. His wife laughed and pointed to the wicker baby-carriage that all but filled the end of the tiny porch. "Some things are different," she said. "That wasn't there in 1917."

"That's right; she wasn't." Matherson spilled his long length out of the parti-colored hammock and tiptoed creakily over to the perambulator. For a long moment he stood looking down at his sleeping year-old daughter, then he bent over her and rearranged the pink afghan with exaggerated care. "Fierce little kicker, that kid—she gets herself uncovered all the time if we don't watch her," he explained as he climbed into the hammock again, and Adele Matherson nodded understandingly. She knew that the afghan had been taut and snug—but she also knew why her husband had pretended to be doing something for "Sister." He adored Buster, his first-born, openly and joyously; he honestly believed there was no finer five-year-old in all Southern California. But the daughter that had been born to him while he was in France with the A. E. F. inspired him with a strange, soul-stirring love that he could not put into words. Not even to his wife could he have said how he felt about Sister, what he thought when he gave her his big finger to steady her stumbling, adventurous attempts at walking, or when he watched her asleep. In fact, he talked about her hardly at all. But

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Adele understood. She knew that all the fussy little things he did for the baby were as a service of love and praise and thanksgiving. And she forbore to tease him about it. That was the kind of wife she was.

On this occasion she only said: "Yes, and it's kind of drafty in that corner; I mustn't let her take cold even if this January *is* warm enough for June. I guess I'll bring her over here into the sun." She got up and wheeled the carriage over by the hammock, placing it so that Matherson could gaze at his daughter the while he smoked and swung. Then lowering her voice to nap pitch, she asked:

"How do you feel about going on with this grocery business, Ed? You've been home almost two weeks now, and kind of got your bearings again, haven't you? I didn't ask you at first, for I thought it would only fuss you——"

He interrupted her affectionately. "Say, I'll bet Lon Reed would like to swap wives with me, all right! Saw him at the post-office yesterday and asked him what was eating him, he looked so grouchy. And what do you suppose it was? His wife was making home happy by nagging him to go back to the land. 'As if a California town like this didn't give you all the land you need right in your own back yard!' he says to me. 'Minnie can pick her oranges and grapefruit not ten feet from her back door, but she thinks I ought to be grubbing up sagebrush on a desert ranch fifty miles from

"He just up and told her that driving Snyder & Hill's delivery wagon looked good to him."—Page 592.

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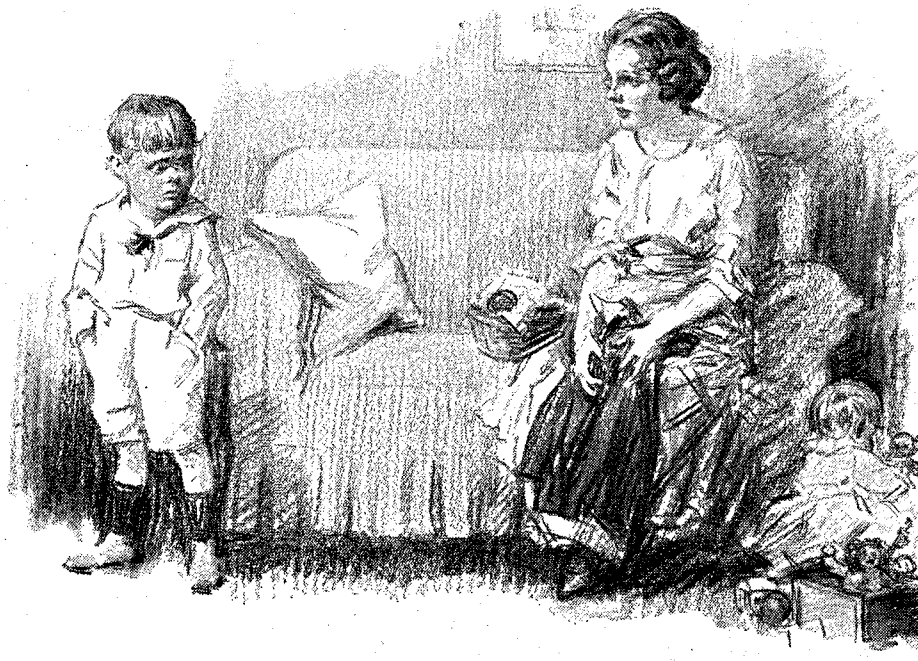

"'That's a girl's dress!'" he says; "'boys don't wear girls' dresses!'"—Page 596.

the movies, just because highbrows are writing stuff in the magazines about getting the returned soldier back to the land.' He was sore about it, and I don't blame him. He just up and told her that driving Snyder & Hill's delivery wagon looked good to him after hiking through French mud for almost a year, and then she up and says that's no work for one of our returned heroes. 'Can that hero stuff!' says Lon to her, and then there was fireworks—wow! She's hardly spoken to him since, she's so mad with him. Can you beat it!" Matherson found some difficulty in pitching the blasting scorn in his voice down to the husky whisper calculated not to disturb Sister's peaceful sleep.

"Oh, Minnie Reed!" Adele said with a little indulgent laugh. She seemed to consider further comment superfluous, for she returned to her subject, ignoring the grievances of Lon, the husband of Minnie, and, incidentally, veteran of the Great War. "The way I feel about buying that grocery is like this, Ed. It's a small business, but it's a big business, too, if you see what I mean——"

"Sure I do," Matherson agreed. "Small profits and lots of them, that's like that little store I was telling you about at St. Jules—*Au Bonheur des Dames*." His voice lingered lovingly on the French syllables, which he pronounced after a phonetic method all his own. "Say, Adele, you hear a lot about how we were gouged in France, but they weren't all that way. The woman who ran that little place, Madame Marcel, she was fair and square as they make 'em. And smart! Talk of American business women—they had nothing on her."

"It's such a queer name—what does it mean?" Adele asked.

Matherson wrinkled his brow over that illusive thing, a translation. "Well, *bonheur* is pleasure, I guess, and *dames* is ladies, of course. 'For the pleasure of the ladies' sounds dippy, all right, but that's the idea. Madame sold things that women wanted——"

"What sort of things?"

"Well, everything for the kitchen, and sort of household stuff. Of course she didn't have much in war-time; even the towns that weren't invaded had an awful

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time getting anything to sell, but she did a mighty lot with her stock, such as it was. All French people are that way. I'd sure like to see that country in peace-time—I bet they can make their everlasting fortunes just selling two and three cent things. You can spend a coupla cents in one of their shops and not feel ashamed to be buying so little. It's a great idea."

"Now that's exactly the kind of thing we need in a college town like this," Adele exclaimed. "I wish I could run this grocery on those lines; it would be a real charity to all those poor co-eds who are doing light housekeeping. Did I tell you about the girl who wanted to buy half a bunch of carrots?"

Matherson whistled. "She'll go far with that kind of saving disposition," he began jocosely, but his wife interrupted him. "No, she was quite right, Ed—I saw exactly how she felt. A whole bunch would have meant that she'd have had to eat carrots every day for a week; it's all very well to say they'll keep, but in a two-by-four kitchenette you don't have any place to put vegetables away;

The resourceful Matherson sent Miss Morton back to the store for an all-day sucker.—Page 597.

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it's bad enough finding shelf-room for your staples. Three carrots instead of six—that was all she wanted; only Mrs. Green don't do things that way; it's not the custom."

"Well, why didn't she buy the bunch and throw half of the carrots away? You wouldn't catch a Frenchwoman doing that, but an American could without getting arrested."

Adele looked at him reproachfully. "Why, Ed Matherson! Didn't you ever hear of Hoover?"

"Hoover? Hoover?" Matherson pretended to look puzzled. "Is he the gentleman Buster was talking to Sister about the other day? Say, Adele, did I tell you about that? She was dawdling over her bottle, the way she does, and Buster thought she wasn't going to finish it, and he stands over her and says: 'Look here, Sister,' he says, 'don't you leave any of that, or I'll tell Mr. Hoover on you!' Is that the way you used to talk to him when you were all saving bread and that sort of thing?"

"It certainly was," Adele said firmly. "And that's just the point, Ed; we all got the habit so hard that we go on hooverizing, as far as not wasting's concerned. I tell you those co-eds who are light housekeeping are just as saving as any of your Frenchwomen; I wish to goodness we could *au bonheur* them, poor things. Why, what's the matter?" For her husband had bounded out of the hammock and was striding up and down the little porch, positively radiating the big idea that had suddenly struck him.

Thus "Au Bonheur des Co-Eds" was born. Matherson bought out the goodwill, stock, and fixtures of the little "West Side Grocery" where Adele had been cashier while he was in the army, and with her enthusiastic co-operation turned it into The Kind of Store Where Pennies Are Welcome. That was their first ad in the *Purple and Green*, the college paper; they didn't attempt to translate the intriguing new name of the store, only relied on the curiosity of the co-ed to bring her to the place where she was apparently being welcomed in the French tongue. She came, she saw, she bought. Bought, too, in the small quantities that Adele had rightly prophesied would make a hit with light housekeepers; at *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds* one might invest in three cents' worth of vegetables, if a nickel's worth seemed too much, and Adele was always willing to cut a loaf into halves at the hint that it took an awfully long time for one person to eat up a whole one. While other shopkeepers said firmly, "No, half a pound is the least we can sell you," the Mathersons sold a quarter pound of butter quite as a matter of course. At the delicatessen counter it was amazing how many different good things could be bought in small quantity, and when Matherson, profiting by his recollections of the *charcuterie* at St. Jules, decided to sell cold roast chicken at so much per slice or wing or second joint, there wasn't a light housekeeper in Orangeville who didn't buy her bit—if she was lucky enough to get to the shop early. Three times a week was "chicken day" at *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds*, and thrice weekly did Adele put stripped carcasses in her soup-pot the while Buster ecstatically sucked the crispness from a "pope's nose."

"What tickles me to death is that it's beginning to pay so well," Matherson said jubilantly to his wife one warm afternoon in early May. They were sitting on the little bungalow porch in the lazy contentment that belonged to the three o'clock hour, dedicated to pleasant memories of a good Sunday dinner. Sister, scorning the smart, black-hooded go-cart to which she had recently been promoted, trotted up and down the porch on pudgy, sandalled feet, stopping from time to time to poke an inquisitive finger at the latch of the little gate which meant Safety First for her when it was fastened across the steps. On the tiny grass-plot below, Buster was making a weird racing automobile out of a box marked "six doz. Cornhearts" and the wheels from a red tin wagon that had outlived its usefulness as a fire-engine truck. Beside Matherson in the striped hammock, St. Mihiel, the family cat (generally called "Yell" for short), dug rhythmic claws into the cushion that Adele had made out of automobile banners, and purred a hymn of content under the soothing massage of his master's big hand. The little scene was as domestic as a cover designed for a

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Drawn by W. E. Hill.

"Oh, *isn't* he a picture—they copied it after that poster, didn't they?"—Page 597.

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woman's magazine, and there was unconscious appreciation of this quality in Matherson's next remark: "But maybe you don't want to talk about the shop while we're just lazing like this. How about going on with that yarn you were reading me last night?" He picked up the latest number of *Nippy Stories* and waved it invitingly, but Adele shook her head. "I love to talk about the shop, dearie; it interests me a lot more than any magazine story. We *ought* to be doing fine when you write such catchy ads. That one in the *Purple and Green* yesterday was simply great. How you ever think up such cute ideas beats me!" She looked admiringly at her gifted husband.

"You mean that one about the special sale of condensed milk—'Have you a little dairy in your home?' Yeh, that wasn't so worse," Matherson chuckled. "Sorry I had to go out of town yesterday, I'd like to have seen how that took. Lots of cans sold, then?"

"I should say they did; and listen, Ed, don't you think this was a cute idea?" Adele leaned forward, her eyes dancing with eagerness. "'Long about six o'clock, when it got time for the children's supper, I fixed a little table for them right in the shop and gave them wheat pufflets and the kind of milk you said we ought to push——"

"Yum-yum brand?"

"Yes, and I put Sister into her new piqué rompers, and made Buster wear that Dickens suit, and they certainly looked like something on an art calendar—I was proud of them, all right! And of course everybody noticed them, and that gave me a chance to say that they were real healthy because I fed them on simple things and plenty of milk. And on the nearest counter I had stacks and stacks of every kind of breakfast-food. You ought to have seen how people bought them." Adele rocked with laughter, in which she was joined by her younger confederate, who thumped her mother's knee with a battered Teddy-bear the while she gurgled and dimpled over the profitable jest.

"Now what do you know about that?" Matherson said appreciatively. "Say, that's a great idea having the children do a close-up like that—we could try that supper stunt some time with canned soup and whatever kind of crackers eats well with it. Not for Sister, perhaps," he added hastily, as he saw Adele beginning to shake her head, "but Buster—he can eat things like that now, can't he? And if you'll make him that costume I was telling you about——"

"Gracious, Ed; haven't I told you what an awful time I had with him?" Adele lowered her voice mysteriously as she glanced at the mechanic on the grass-plot only a few feet away. "I got black sateen, just like you told me, and cut it out and basted it into a cute little apron—though I can't for the life of me see what's the sense of dressing children in black, as if they were going to a funeral. Do you really mean little French boys wear that sort of rig all the time?" There were moments when Adele found it hard to believe all her travelled husband's tales of strange customs in foreign lands.

"Sure they do, till they're great big kids old enough for long pants. Buster didn't fall for it?"

"Fall for it! Ed, when I told him to try it on, he just gave me one look and backed off like he thought I was crazy. 'That's a girl's dress!' he says; 'boys don't wear girls' dresses!' And when I told him it was what little French boys wore instead of overalls, he wouldn't believe me. I could no more have tried it on him—my!" Adele looked flustered at the mere reminiscence. "*You* tackle him, Ed, if you feel equal to it—perhaps if you show him that French poster, he'll listen to reason. I wish he *would* wear it; but you know how children are; they just hate to look different. I know we never had any trouble about his Greek costume for the Parthenon Freeze, but he was only three then——"

"Say, what did you tell me he was teasing you for the other day—a push-mobile?" Matherson interrupted with apparent irrelevance. At his wife's understanding nod and smile, he leaned over the porch rail and whistled to his conservative son. "Say, Buster," he asked confidentially, as the mechanic looked up from his lapful of wheels, "if dad does something nice for you, will you be a good boy and do something for him?"

Father and son visited the "Kiddies'

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Bazaar" the very next day. That evening, while Buster tore up and down the cement sidewalk on the new pushmobile until the next-door neighbors complained that the noise was spoiling their nightly concert on the victrola, Adele put the finishing touches on the black-sateen apron and looked up the *beret* that had been strenuously voted against when Matherson had produced it from his overseas luggage. Into this Boutet de Monvel costume the parents inserted the unwilling Buster on Tuesday afternoon; a special sale of washing-powders was advertised for the two popular hours, from four to six, and his presence was requested accordingly. The ceremony of robing began at three-thirty, and at three-forty Miss Morton, the saleslady, left her post for a minute to run over to the bungalow and to beg for the policy of the closed door (and window)—it distracted customers, she said, to hear such howling, and one old lady had said that she could *not* stand cruelty to little innocent children, and that she was going to report the case to the police. The resourceful Matherson sent Miss Morton back to the store for an all-day sucker, and things calmed down sufficiently for Adele to finish the dressing process. Promptly at four the exhausted trio arrived at *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds*, to find it full of bargain-hunters, too absorbed in the relative merits of Scouro and Scrubsit to pay much attention for the moment to the son of the house, be he dressed never so picturesquely. Mentally thanking Heaven for the respite, however brief, Adele pushed Buster behind the counter, in fetching proximity to the French poster that Matherson had tacked up the night before on the wall-space by the cashier's desk. "You stay right there like a good boy," she whispered, "and by and by mother'll let you take it off and go out and play." As she turned to wait on a customer, she heard an ecstatic chorus of "Oh, *isn't* he a picture—they copied it after that poster, didn't they? Well, any one would know Mr. Matherson had been in France!" The sales of Scouro and Scrubsit stopped pro tem, while all the bargain-hunters crowded up to the counter to admire the "real little bit of heroic France," as one enthusiast put it. Matherson found an excuse to saunter over from his end of the shop to whisper gleefully to Adele, "Well, we put it over, all right; I told you that apron would fetch them," and then they both had to turn and answer a lot of questions from an elderly lady who mistook Buster for a French orphan, and wanted to know if adopting him had turned out a success. "He looks kind of sulky-tempered," was her comment. While they were earnestly assuring her that Buster was one hundred per cent American, and that, under more favorable circumstances, his disposition was a sunny one, they were interrupted by an excited young woman with a focussed kodak in her hand. "I don't know *what* you'll think of me," she gasped, "but I made your little boy come out on the sidewalk with me so that I could get a snap-shot of him in his costume, and the minute we were outside he just took to his heels and ran down the street and into that park over there! And I couldn't run after him, because I'm just getting over a sprained ankle. Don't you think you'd better follow him, *quick?*"

"I don't know but that it was a sort of good advertisement for the store, after all," Matherson said that evening, when he and Adele were discussing the flight of Buster and his ultimate capture and return. "I bet you every one of those women will turn up again to know if he got back safe, and if you have a special sale of something or other, like as not, they'll buy. How about canned soups?"

"All right, only don't expect to have Buster demonstrating them at supper-time, the way you planned to do," Adele responded with a rueful little laugh. "I guess the less that child stays around the store for the next few days, the better for our peace of mind! He won't forgive us that apron in a hurry. By the way, Ed, when you go down-town this afternoon, just leave it at the Salvage Shop, will you? I guess it will be of more use to some of their customers than it will be in *this* house."

"You might give it to the girl who brought him back, to remember him by," Matherson suggested with a chuckle. "I guess she'll be in again, she seemed so in-

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terested in him, and I don't think you half explained what his tantrum was all about, you were so glad to get him back safe. Was she a regular customer?"

Adele shook her head. "No, I never saw her before. I'm sure I'd have remembered her if I'd ever sold her anything; she was too pretty to forget in a hurry, with all that hair and those big eyes. I'd have said she was in the movies, if I hadn't seen her college pin."

"Hope she'll turn up when I'm in the store; I'd just as lief be vamped as not," Matherson suggested jocosely. Adele smiled at him, knowing just what the jest was worth. "She won't be in early in the afternoon, anyway," she said. "Students always have classes until three or four. If you're back by half past five, Ed, I guess you'll be here in plenty of time to be vamped."

The daughter of the house, an eleven-year-old imp with Mary Pickford curls, who was passionately interested in the affairs of all the boarders. —Page 600.

But it was at a quarter to three, right in the middle of the dull time for *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds*, that Buster's rescuer turned up to inquire for him. Adele, frankly pleased to see her again, shook hands gratefully, and explained at some length the reason why of the frenzied flight. The girl smiled and looked relieved. "So that was it—well, I'm glad to know that the poor little tad wasn't delirious," she said. "When he crawled out from under that big plumbago bush in the plaza, his eyes 'most shut up from crying, and sniffing, 'take it off, take it off quick!' I honestly didn't know what to think. Why didn't he take it off himself if he hated it so?"

"It fastened at the back of his neck, where he couldn't reach it, and I'd sewed the buttons on with shoe-thread, so it wasn't any use his trying to yank it off," Adele answered. She laughed a little shamefacedly. "I suppose you think we were real mean to put the poor child into a rig that he hated so bad, and I guess we were—only we didn't think he'd mind it, once we got it on him. You see, the store having a French name, and Mr. Matherson having just come back from France——"

"Now I wanted to ask you about that," the girl interrupted. "I never heard of a grocery store having a French name—milliners and dressmakers go in for that sort of thing, but there isn't anything very French about canned goods and breakfast-foods. What's the idea?" She looked round the prosaic little shop with a sort of puzzled interest.

"Well, you see it was like this," Adele began, delighted with the chance to praise her husband's originality and business instinct. "Mr. Matherson was in a place in France called St. Jules—" And she told at length how and why *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds* had sprung into existence in the little college town. The girl listened attentively, never taking her eyes from Adele's eager

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face. "Yes, I suppose there *is* good money in lots of small sales," she agreed, as the narrative came to an end, "but you say you feel you're really helping the students, Mrs. Matherson, and that you're so glad. Why do you care—what makes you so interested in the co-eds? Are you a college woman yourself?"

"No, I never had the chance. But you better believe our baby's going to be!" Adele paused to laugh at her own enthusiasm. "I guess you think I'm crazy, talking that way about a child that isn't a year and a half old yet," she said. "But I believe in looking ahead; I don't see any reason why I shouldn't think about Sister's graduation just as much as of her wedding. Mr. Matherson and I talk all the time about what our children are going to do in college——"

"How do you know she'll want to go to college—lots of girls aren't so crazy about it."

"She'll want to go, all right," Adele answered confidently. "A college like Wharton right here in her home town—how could she help liking the idea? And think what a lot it'll mean to her; she can get a real good position somewhere, teach perhaps, if she graduates high."

"There's not much money in teaching," the girl said contemptuously. "Send her to business college, and make a stenographer of her, if you're thinking of jobs."

"I could let her go into the movies, if it's a question of making money," Adele

"I'd have said she was in the movies, if I hadn't seen her college pin."—Page 598.

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answered. "Maybe she'll want to do that—you never can tell. But the point is just this—the best thing she can do *first* is to go to college, and she's going! And I guess if you pin me down, one reason why I'm really glad to be helping the students is on Sister's account. Maybe somebody will be doing the same for her some day, if we aren't living here, and she has to look out for herself."

"Well, I guess the girls who do light housekeeping are lucky to have this nice little place," the girl admitted. "I board, so I'm not much interested in the price of canned tomatoes. But I think you're fine to feel the way you do about the students; I hope they appreciate it!" She said this with a rather bitter little laugh, then added suddenly, averting her eyes from Adele's pleasant young face: "I wonder how you'd feel about girls who aren't crazy about college, who kind of wish they'd never tied themselves up with that sort of thing? I—I know a girl who's a sophomore, and she's just about sick of the whole game. She could make a lot of money if she left at the end of the term and went into the—into a kind of business that she knows she's sort of suited to. Do you see any reason why she should drag on in college for another two years?"

"Why does she call it 'dragging on'?" Adele asked. "Seems to me that if I were in college and studying hard, things would be jumping for me, instead of dragging! And this business—how does she know she'll want to stick to it? If she's changed her mind once, she's just as likely as not to change it a second time. I can't give advice to a girl I don't know, but if you're a friend of hers, why don't you tell her not to be a quitter?" The girl flushed under the unsuspicious and friendly gaze of the honest blue eyes that were looking straight into hers. "A quitter," she said, more to herself than to Adele. "I wonder!"

"Is the man you're engaged to a student, too?" Adele asked abruptly. The girl gasped. "Yes, he's in my class—but how did you know I was engaged? I wouldn't let Jack get me a ring, because I don't want a cheap one, and I don't see how you ever guessed!" Adele looked at her exquisite prettiness with a tender and understanding little smile.

"You're too pretty *not* to be engaged," she answered. "Listen; why don't you give up boarding, and take rooms with some nice girl? It'll be good practice for your own home some day, you know. And then I can have you for a customer, and get you all excited about special sales of canned fruits and salad-oils." They both laughed, but the girl put out an impulsive hand. "Would you let me come and see you again some time, Mrs. Matherson? I'd like to talk to you some more, even if I don't need canned fruit!" And with Adele's cordial invitation ringing cheerily in her ears, she went slowly out into the sunny street.

A ten-minute's walk brought her to her boarding-place, an ugly turreted house in a discouraged-looking neighborhood. She went to her room, sat down at the rickety, golden-oak desk, and began to write—not a theme, but a letter, evidently a difficult one, for it was not finished without much penholder chewing. After she had put it into its envelope, she got up suddenly, and seizing a hand-mirror from the dressing-table, looked long and earnestly into it, as if she were seeing herself for the first time. When she finally laid the mirror down, it was to say with a rueful little smile: "Perhaps they'd have had me do atmosphere for months and months, and I'd have hated that. I guess it's not so easy to be a star right away, even if you *have* got the looks." Then she picked up the letter, addressed it to "Miss Myrtle Merrick, Film City, Calif.," slipped it into her shopping-bag, and went down-stairs to the telephone. Presently the daughter of the house, an eleven-year-old imp with Mary Pickford curls, who was passionately interested in the affairs of all the boarders, was enjoying the following one-sided conversation from her ambush behind the pantry door:

"That you, Jack? . . . Listen, dear; I've changed my mind; I'm coming back next year, after all, and I'll stick it out and graduate. . . . Yes, I thought you'd drop dead! . . . I knew you'd feel like that, you hated the idea of the movies so! . . . Yes, I've written Myrtle and told her it's all off, and I'm just going out to mail the letter. . . . Of course she'll be mad, hopping—but we should worry! 'Tisn't as if I'd signed a

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contract. . . . Who's been advising me? Why, nobody—at least, it wasn't exactly *advice*. I sort of got a new slant on things, that's all. . . . Why, of course I will, when I see you. . . . Now? Right away? Why, yes, I guess I could. Where? . . . All right, the *'Varsiteria* has the best sundaes, I guess. . . . All right, dearie, you meet me at the corner of Orange and Sunset in five minutes. Good-by!"

"Well, I guess you thought I was never coming home," Matherson said to his wife that night as he came into the little sitting-room. Adele looked up from her sewing with her pleasant smile of welcome. "It isn't so awfully late considering you hadn't seen Joe since you left France," she answered reasonably. "I guess you two had a lot to talk about. What's he going to do, now he's got back?"

"Going to get a good-paying business like this, if he can find it. How about selling out to him at a big profit and trying something else, huh? Shall we let him have this store?" Matherson picked up and opened a magazine with a nonchalant air, but he watched his wife's expression just the same. And at her distressed "Oh, no, Ed, *do* let's keep it!" he gave a sigh of relief. "It was up to me to pass along the chance, but I'm mighty glad you feel as I do," he said. "Somehow or other, it's a *cosey* proposition, this shop—I don't mind telling you I'm dead stuck on it."

"So am I, and I don't want any partners, or anything. Just the way we run it suits me. Of course, if you ever get tired of it, that's a different matter." Matherson shook his head. "You and I aren't going to get tired of a nice little business like this," he said confidently. "Let's consider it wished on us for keeps. Unless old Wharton or the trustees object to the name, and want to buy me out big," with a reminiscent chuckle.

"Oh, they won't—this isn't the same kind of thing at all," Adele demurred. "It was the decorations of The Parthenon Freeze that they objected to, and the costumes, and our getting into the papers. This is so quiet and *refined*." "Sure," her husband acquiesced, in perfect good faith. Then he looked at her with his quizzical, affectionate grin. "Did you do much boy scout work to-day?" he asked.

"Boy scout work?"

"Yeh, kind deeds, you know. Feel as if you were really au-bonheuring the co-eds?"

"Ed, I honestly do," the little wife rejoined, growing suddenly serious. She pulled her chair around so that she could lay her hand on his knee. "There was a perfect raft of them here from five to six, and they were so friendly and appreciative—they're just as nice as they can be, some of those girls! One of them said to me: 'You don't know how much this little store means to us, Mrs. Matherson——'"

"Was that the vamp?" Matherson interrupted suddenly. "Did she turn up?"

"The vamp? Oh, you mean Buster's friend. Yes, she came—I'll tell you all about her." Adele plunged into narrative, and when she had finished her story she looked a little wistful. "It makes me feel kind of bad to think that there's a co-ed I can't do anything for," she said slowly. "You see, she boards—I can't au-bonheur her any. And she was so nice about Buster— Sister crying, Ed? I didn't hear anything." For Matherson was obviously listening to a sound from the bedroom, rather than to his wife's conversation.

"I thought I heard something, but I guess it was only Yell jumping out of the window. But let's go in and see if they're O. K." They tiptoed into the bedroom and cautiously switched on the light. Over the first little bed, where the push-mobile shared the pillow with a rumpled blond head, Matherson whispered proudly: "Some kid, isn't he? Honest, Adele, don't you think he's a wonder for his age?" Then he leaned over Sister's crib and turned back a blanket with big, gentle hands. "She's too hot with all that stuff on, this warm evening," he explained. And as Adele nodded, looking at the sleeping baby with a tender little smile that was as much for her husband as her daughter (though he could not guess that), he bent over the crib again and very cautiously kissed the flushed little cheek.

"Pleasant dreams, Co-Ed," he whispered. "Say, Adele, do you suppose she'll make the swell sorority and graduate top of her class in 1939?"

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REACTION OF A LAYMAN TO PSYCHOANALYSIS

By Harvey Carson Grumbine, Ph.D.

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CAN any one who is not an expert in Psychology have anything of interest, let alone value, to say regarding a subject so esoteric as the term Psychoanalysis suggests? At once the layman, that is the person not admitted by title to the degree of Doctor of Medicine to the charmed circle of professional psychoanalysts, answers: "Of course not! Do I want to know about the liver or arteriosclerosis? It will be folly for me to consult the man in the street, and worse than folly to pay heed to the catch-penny advertisements of newspaper fakirs who acclaim the virtues of some electric belt or porous plaster. None but the psychoanalysts can know anything worth while about psychoanalysis."

That is one attitude of mind: an attitude which pleases greatly the professional for reasons that are patent. No human being will resent—and psychoanalysts themselves are human—such homage. The medicine-man as a fetich has the path to practice not only cleared of all obstacles, but a Pullman placed at his free disposal. If he then fails in his journey to fame and riches the fault will not lie with his worshippers. This is an awkward way of saying that he will not resent but rather will he heartily welcome the confidence placed in him. Has he not asserted from time out of mind that such confidence is essential to his success? Thus there is an element of favorable disposition, a psychic state bordering on faith in witchcraft or the occult, on the part of the patient.

But the patient is in most cases a layman. If he desires to submit to treatment he must have an opinion; and his opinion will vary directly with his intelligence and his willingness to use it. The treatment he wants will be treatment for his nerves, perhaps. Assume his case to be psychic. He will then be discovered to have a psychosis and his treatment will be psychoanalytical, whether he be told so or not. The point is that, if he knows what the treatment is, he will have an opinion about it. As said, the opinion desiderated by his physician, the healer, will be born of absolute surrender. Yet, in any wide-spread application of a method, this standard can hardly obtain. There must occur many cases of mental reservation or downright scepticism. Surely it will be allowed that a non-professional may have judgment of value, if he be otherwise intelligent. He must at least know enough to decide whether he will or will not place himself in the hands of the psychoanalyst. To the latter the decision will be of paramount importance. Nor will he be averse to learning the steps leading up to it.

I know a person—a layman—who says that he doesn't care much for psychoanalysis; and he has been frank enough to tell me why. He bases his aversion on three notions. As he is only a layman he attaches no public interest to his opinions, but he cannot avoid giving them enough weight in his private mind to deter him from transacting any business with the psychoanalyst. It is with the hope, though not exactly with the expectation, of doing the Freudians a service that I submit his views. It will be seen that some knowledge of the subject is taken for granted; and it is believed that this, in view of the growing popular interest, is not ill-advised.

I

My friend asserts that the Freudians make three assumptions which he cannot accept. He does not know whether they are aware of the exact character of their assumptions, which he himself regards contradictory. He rather thinks they are

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not clearly cognizant of their bearings. They have to do with the answers to the questions: (1) What is "Reality"? (2) What is their standard of neural health? (3) Is Mind the only fact in the universe? The metaphysical look of these inquiries need frighten no reader. They are familiar, in one guise or another, to every person who has listened to the talk of Freudism, however uncritically.

"Phrases one meets over and over again in psychoanalytic literature run like these: 'The neurotic lives in a dream-world. He is prey to his fancies. In his fancies, his dreams, he seeks refuge from "Reality." A psychosis is a mental illness resulting from a conflict between wish and fact, or between wish and propriety. It is a foreign body lodged in the mind and—metaphorically speaking—causing suppuration there. Remove the offending body and you cure the sufferer. More literally: Make the subject aware of his repressed wishes—repressed because they are offensive to him—and you help him toward a saner state of mind. That is, you do one of two things. You help him realize that his wish, which is usually sexual, is not so offensive since it is natural. You say to him, "Gratify your wish." And the neurosis vanishes. Or you do another thing, the alternative entailed by the impossibility to gratify. You tell him to substitute something for his wish; which something, if attained, will give him almost or quite as much mental satisfaction as the fulfilled wish could yield. You tell him to work harder at his business, to cultivate a hobby, cultivate God, or art, or literature, or Red Cross work, or war. Which means that you require him to replace one instinctive craving for another. If you can't get what you want (not every Jack can have just the Jill he fancies, but there are as good fish in the sea) get the next best thing. Above all, get *busy*. But don't bother any more with your old fancies. Get busy with the things of "Reality"!'

"Ah, there's the rub. 'Reality'! What is Reality? One knows very well what the psychoanalysts mean by it. They mean the world as it is, things as they are. And on that assumption, whatever is is right, presumably. And yet, when you press them closer, they will cheerfully admit that whatever has been hasn't been regarded as right, else no one would have ventured to better it. Behind every deed there has floated some dream. Around every 'Reality' that ever was there has swung the rainbow of promise of better things. Deed and dream have always been at war. Fact and fancy have never been in accord. And this is as it should have been. Why? Just because of the insistent conviction that fact is not reality nor ever has been. Reality is the conquest of fact, and not acquiescence. Reality is conflict, not adaptation.

"Without going into the contentions of Darwinism, nor yet the history of human institutions, the upward curve of progress due to the slow subjection of reality to desire, of things as they are to the dream of things as they ought to be, the *impasse* here reached is fundamental and far-reaching. For what does it mean? It means that your psychoanalyst asks his subject in one and the same breath to do one of two contradictory things, two mutually exclusive things: either to submit to his environment, whereby, of course, he would prove himself renegade to his heritage of triumph over it; or to sublimate his now wrong, but once right, desire (libido) by helping perfect some human institution and the entire fabric of civilization, themselves the ejects of other libidos, sublimated like his own, whereby, necessarily, he would not only be frustrating the legitimate or natural issues of his libido, but also building upon the defeated libidos of those who have been the pillars of advancement everywhere and always from the dead level of brute existence. In a word, your psychoanalyst says to you: 'Be civilized, but not too civilized; be a brute, but not all brute. Conform, but not too closely. Digress, but not too far afield. You want to keep neurally well, and to this end you shall have to strike a mean between your *do's* and *don't's*.' By all of which he shows that his vaunted 'Reality' corresponds to nothing that can be seen and handled, but is merely a mode of expediency.

"And once the subject sees this, he is in the position of one deflowered of innocence; and to the extent of his de-

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florescence he is incapacitated for relief and cure. He is like the subject of hypnosis who renders himself innocuous to mesmerism by inquiring too closely into the mechanism of the mystery. 'But, no,' the Freudian retorts, 'he can practise upon himself.' Yet can he—effectively or at all—do so? Can any one bewitch or hypnotize himself? Should, according to the code of medical ethics, the *bona fide* medicus attempt to cure himself of a grave malady? A more pertinent question: Has or has not the medical man, by the very acquisition of his professional skill, sophisticated himself almost beyond the pale of effective treatment of himself? If this be true in a professedly scientific art, how much more will it hold with regard to practices not so rigidly intellectual, but, on the other hand, primarily emotional and neural? The element of make-believe would appear to assume fatal proportions."

II

"But now as regards the second objection: 'What is the psychoanalyst's standard of neural health?' That he assumes such a standard he tells you the instant he says you are sick. His effort, of course, will be to make you well. Either you are to be helped to return to a condition you once enjoyed, or you are to be wholly made over according to a pattern existent outside yourself. What are the possibilities in these two directions? What are all the implications of the situation? Well, they are something of this sort.

"'What you are,' so runs the teaching, 'depends upon what you have been in the past. Not only that; it depends also upon what all those who have contributed to your existence have been in the past, and upon what they thought you, as an integral part of their dream-world of civilization, should become for the future. As now you have two worlds for your existence, the one to which you react, namely, the realm of objects in the present tense, and the one you try to create by your reactions, so you have two memories: the memory of your reactions to the life of your senses, and the memory of your ancestors' reactions to their respective worlds of sense plus the memory of their conflicts with objects as they found them—in short, their aspirations or dreams. You have your individual memory, which extends to the dawn of your consciousness; and, added to that, you possess your racial memory. The characteristic difference between the two is that your individual memory is capable of recall, whereas your racial memory is not thus capable. Or, looked at from the other side, your racial memory speaks the language of instinct; your individual memory does not thus speak.'

"Take a concrete case. Mary Ann is a dreamer of dreams: two sorts of dreams, waking and sleeping. And both sorts are significant. In her waking moments she conjures up a vision of a cottage embowered somewhere in roses, with bright-eyed children playing in the sunshine, with sweet lavender on the pillows in the bedrooms, with her chosen swain of brawny arm and raven ringlet carving the joint of his providing on the shiny silver of her polishing, calling her and the children his own, and taking her and theirs to church of a Sunday. She blushes at the thought; for all the swain has done thus far has been to nod approvingly as he passed the gate. Mary Ann in her sleeping hours, most likely about the time of waking, has other dreams which are less subject to control, and therefore more confused. She dreams in the dead of night, so she thinks, of her chamber-door creaking on its hinges as it slowly opens to the push of another brawny arm. A face with a mask over its eyes looks in and is followed by a stalwart figure in khaki. She would scream but chokes with fear, for it is a burglar. Then the mask falls, and the brawny arm draws an umbrella from his belt where his sword should have been, spreads it over his head, for it has begun to rain—copiously. She does scream now, wakens, and buries her face in the pillow to shield her bewildered eyes from the strong sun in the window.

"The one dream—that of the roses and the cottage—is mostly individual; the other dream—that of the umbrella—is rather racial. In the former, Mary builds upon the memory of a raven ringlet she saw by the garden-gate. In the latter, Mary's ancestors show her pictures or

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symbols of things they used to think about when they went a-courting. There is a very close connection between umbrellas and burglars and lovers, and that connection is established in the nervous system. Once allow the nervous system to become deranged by disappointment in love—by a world-wide separation of lover and Mary Ann—and that system will obtrude burglars with umbrellas or other such significant symbols upon her attention in her dreams by night."

"But how is this possible?" I ask. "Surely the days of witchcraft have gone forever to the limbo of outgrown superstitions!"

"Yes, and No. There *is* a sorcery that yet possesses us. It is the necromancy of the Libido (capital L). It is the prestidigitation of the Unconscious (capital U). But it is nothing Occult (capital O). Oh, no! Scientifically, it is the operation attending a kink or series of kinks in the nervous system, all inherited together with the system, by Mary from her ancestors, each one of the ancestors successful in the game of love, each one of the ancestors a living reagent to the 'Reality' of his or her day. And Mary's instincts are the record Mary's grand and great grand-pères and dames have written on her Unconscious. The only thing Occult about this Unconscious is that it works much like a third person, as Instinct; much like a foreign body when Instinct has been thwarted. Should the cottage dreams fail to materialize, the umbrella dreams might persist and leave their marks in sallow cheeks and listless brooding. That would be the revenge of her Unconscious, who thus would fetter her with a 'Psychosis.'

"Mary, it is held, might bring back the bloom to her cheeks and banish the umbrellas from her dreams by divulging her troubles to her Father Confessor. That would set right the disordered kinks in her nervous system, or exorcise the Unconscious who caused them. She would then transfer her affection from flaxen-haired babies in the future to the Crucifix and the Child in the bosom of the Virgin. Or she might give herself to the ecstasy of Altruism, or to the fuller development of such other racial Instincts as were left her to cultivate. Yet"—and here my friend's second objection asserts itself—"was Mary 'cured'? True, Mary might be reclaimed from a life of withering upon the stalk, but was she restored to her former bounding health, or made over into a person whose mental and physical functions conformed to a Norm of perfect well-being? Perhaps all that was done for her was to reclaim her for society by helping her to gain the opportunity of breaking herself upon the wheel of 'Reality,'—the grim realities so different from her hopes—to the problematical glory of better things for happier persons and the world!"

"Well," said I, "what more could you expect? What in the nature of things, can you mean by 'cure'?"

"It isn't the nature of things I'm discussing. It's the question of cure and health. Take the other alternative. Suppose Mary's husband had materialized. Then, to be sure, the burglars and the umbrellas would have stayed away politely, as their real congeners would have taken possession forever both here and in Heaven. Then, you say, she would have had her wish; and then, too, there would have been nothing more to tell of her out of the ordinary than that she lived 'happily ever afterward,' as all perfect heroines do, and the world for her would have been the perfect blank which follows the end of a beautiful romance. To be of interest to herself and to the world, she would have had to find or have brought to her by her Unconscious—that semiscientific and half-occult otherhood of herself and her ancestors—new opportunities for creating a Psychosis. Psychoses! Yes, of such is the kingdom of the Earth. And the irony of it all is that of such, also, is the kingdom of Heaven."

"How do you make that out?"

"How? Why, this way. No Psychosis, no struggle; no struggle, no Heaven. Or no struggle, no Psychosis; no Psychosis, all Heaven. Don't you see? The assumption of a neural Norm, so omnipresent in psychoanalysis, is neither here nor there, corresponding to reality nowhere either in Heaven or on Earth. To analyze the psychoanalyst, I would say it is based on 'circular reaction.' It is the product of the same sort of cerebration which makes the baby blurb, 'Bla-

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bla, bla-bla,' and deceives the wee boob into the notion that it is saying something rational. A state of perfect immunity from nervous complexes is as possible as the permanence of the condition of Eve in Eden or of Helen in Troy."

III

"THE last objection to Psychoanalysis is, I think, the least apparent of all, but for that reason the most important. It lies in the one grand implication of the doctrine: that—but wait till we examine some concrete material before we present our conclusion.

"We have supposed Mary to have sought propitiation of her rebellious libido by embracing the God-child in the arms of the Virgin or by fixating her starved Instinct on the Crucifix, and deriving thence the sustenance she missed from her hero of the brawny arm and the raven ringlet. One cannot question the wisdom of her refuge nor the truth of its healing effects—at first. Indeed, one might applaud the advice of her healer, if one could waive its implications. And one could waive them the more easily were the Freudians not eager to unfold them to the world. Not satisfied with praxis, they elaborate a metaphysic. So, really, weighing one against the other, bulk for bulk, one must suppose that they set more store by the metaphysic than the praxis. It is their philosophy they prize as much as their healing powers. Now this were all very well did it not involve a consequence approximating nullification.

"It has often happened that Mary Anns of an inquiring turn of mind have, in her situation, looked a little farther into the story of the consolations of the Crucifix, prompted to do so on the score of 'Reality.' *Was* there a Virgin? *Was* there a Christ-child? *Was* there a Crucified One? If not, wouldn't her consolations turn to ashes? Full of gratitude to her psychic deliverer, Mary Ann addresses him for answer. He may put her off evasively or with overdone assurance. She will look into the matter, and she consults the literature on the subject: such subjects as Dreams, Symbolism, Taboo, Fetich, etc. What then?

"Why, then she learns that there have been many religions, of which that of the Virgin has no more practical efficacy, and no securer basis in reality, than any of the other religions of to-day or yesterday; and her illumination comes directly from the teachers of her revered psychoanalytic healer: first, the brute of the jungle with brute passion rank and shaping life like the very finger of God; then, with perhaps some steps in the slow rise from the brute level passed over, an era of more than brute license with phallic symbols spelling a religion of sex, followed by a long period of reaction in which the symbols are invested with a new meaning of shame and remorse and desire projected skyward; and, finally, evolved from these, the consolations of the Crucifix and the Virgin's Child—symbols all, and reeking with primitive sexual significance.

"The result for Mary Ann? Poor thing! Kneeling over her beads by the altar, she counts them vainly for their store of magic balm, their gift of refreshment and strength, to meet presently elsewhere other 'Realities' as hollow as these. She extends her arms in one lingering appeal, but turns revolted and buries her face in her hands. Her rosary, a thing erotic, takes the form of the Serpent himself, and the incense smells pungently of human flesh roasting for an orgiastic revel.

"Her old Psychosis has gone, yes. But she laughs bitterly as she recoils from the sting of another."

"Would you then question the truth of Psychoanalysis?"

"Scientifically, No; as the so-called scientific is not the most vulnerable side of the business. But as a workable theory for the sophisticated, certainly Yes. It may rank well as philosophy, and take its chances there. One cares little for philosophy as a system in these days of pragmatism. What you and I want to know is, How does it work? And this you have seen.

"No. The Freudian assumption that Mind is the only fact in the universe is false. For Mind, in order to work right, must have something outside itself to work on. But this the Freudians will not allow."

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THE GRAY VALLEY

By Alexander Hull
Author of "The Argosies"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENYS WORTMAN

THE quality of the dawn was that of a shimmering silver-lavender when Ben Woolford stepped from the crude kerosene glare of the jail lamps into the freedom of a new day. He might have savored his release the evening before, the jury's verdict of "Not guilty" having been rendered late in the preceding afternoon. He might have celebrated his acquittal with such drab cheer as the little county-seat town of Cochran afforded. The insinuation of rhythmic sound had penetrated to his cell, where, because his mountain acres were more than thirty miles distant, he had elected to spend one more night, a voluntary night that had lost the terrible compulsion of the five months of nights that had gone before it. Once that sensuous lure of violin and cornet and trap-drum might have enmeshed him, the swaying, colorful forms of the warm, scented girls have maddened him, the molten flame of drink have consumed his flimsy inhibitions in the smoke of excess. But that would have been many years ago, before the grace of God had touched his heart, before he had married and bidden farewell to license. Last night he had lain upon his hard jail cot, barely conscious of the music save as an impediment to sleeping, and had read the sounding scholastics of great Paul in his bethumbed and tattered Testament, that constant companion of his later days.

No solitary footstep fell upon the gray flags of the courthouse square; the false fronts of the stores turned blank, unseeing eyes upon the empty street; revelry was dead, silence filled the world to overflowing.

Ben Woolford stretched the sleep from his stiffened limbs, yawned, shivered in the silver cold that saturated the air and lay upon the courtyard blue grass in cloudy gray dew, and began to use his long arms like flails, beating them briskly and noisily against his sides. Warmed presently, he stood waiting in silence for his team. It was still early. Half-past three. Or perhaps a quarter of four. Five months ago, Ben would have told unhesitatingly which. Prison had dimmed, made inaccurate, that outdoor lore. He cast his eyes upon the growingly luminous east, and then to the zenith, where the sky was a velvety, deep-blue expanse still pierced with a myriad misty sparks. Probably nearer a quarter of four, he decided. In the same instant his quick ear caught the creak and clatter of an approaching vehicle. He went, with a stirring impatience revealed in his long, hurrying strides, to meet it.

His cousin, Jim Lainey, was driving; a shapeless, swaddled form, from which protruded mittened hands lightly clutching the reins. He halted at Woolford's approach, and, as the latter climbed to a seat beside him, said, without formal greeting:

"Mackinaw under the seat, Ben. Awful cold driving this morning. Damp—sort of. Seems like it penetrates right through yuh." And after a slight pause, he added uninventively and inaccurately: "Cold as hell."

Woolford drew on the mackinaw, frowning at Lainey's approach to profanity, but offering no criticism of it.

"Had your breakfast?" queried the driver.

"No," said Woolford.

"We'll eat at Three-mile, then," said the other. "Feel warmer after that. Batch of buckwheats and sausage, and 'bout three cups of coffee, and then a little nip—a morning's morning. That's what a fellow needs in him weather like this. A little fortification to enable him to face with equanimity and dispatch the cares and duties of the day."

To this unregenerate bit of self-con-

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scious humor, Woolford offered no comment. "Everything all right on the farm, Jim?" he inquired. "Minnie got over her cold?"

"'Bout," said Lainey. "Yeh. Everything's doing all right. You'll be glad to see the old place again, I reckon."

It wasn't a question, nor did Woolford treat it as one. A quarter of a mile farther on, Lainey spoke again:

"Well, they let yuh off, didn't they, Ben? I told yuh all along they would. Hell, they wasn't nothing to it a-tall. Half the folks in the county was glad yuh killed him. He'd been a-honin' for trouble as far back as anybody could remember. He was a low-lifed skunk, that's all. He got what was coming to him. Jury was out five hours, wasn't they? I bet that was a pretty skittish time for yuh, eh, Ben? Hell, if I'd been on that jury, we wouldn't have been out five minutes . . . why . . ."

He broke off to put the reins in Woolford's hands while he renewed his quid. Then, taking them again, he resumed:

"Of course, being no witnesses that way, made it bad for yuh. But then, its takin' place right down by your barn in the night was in your favor. What was he doing there, everybody'd naturally ask, if he wasn't looking for trouble? Of course, half the valley had heard him threaten to fix yuh, too. There really wasn't nothing to it a-tall. They hadn't ought to have held yuh in jail all that while, neither. Yuh hadn't done any wrong. . . ."

Woolford stirred. "*Thou shalt not kill*," he said gloomily.

"That wasn't killin'," protested Lainey. "That was self-defense. Everybody knew it. Yuh only gave him what was coming to him."

There was a certain admiration in his tone, which was bitterly abhorrent to Woolford.

"There's something I never told yuh, Ben," pursued the other. "That's this: I went to Crosby one day and warned him 'bout shootin' off his mouth and pesterin' yuh. 'Yuh plumb fool,' I said to him, 'don't yuh know better'n that? Yuh might better be monkeyin' with a buzz-saw than a Woolford. The Woolfords are dangerous. Ain't yuh heard of the black blood of the Woolfords? Now,' I said to him, 'I'm just a-warning yuh straight. Just a act of kindness. Don't yuh bother Ben. He's a Woolford. They ain't so turrible slow to anger as yuh seem to have got it in your head they are. If yuh think, because Ben's got religion, an' ain't done any hell-roarin' for a matter of ten years or so, an's mild-spoken and easy-seeming, that yuh can walk on him and spit in his face like yuh been a-doing here lately—why, yuh think *twice*, Crosby. Just a little friendly warning,' I said to him, 'but yuh might better give an ear to it.' That's what I said to him, Ben. Yuh didn't know 'bout that, did yuh?"

The words enmeshed Woolford in a black horror. All his faith, then, and his professions, had seemed to Jim, and perhaps to many others, but the hypocritical veneer of religiosity. They had not believed that he had subdued the black blood and the black heart of the Woolford in him. Was it to be no longer possible for him to see himself victorious over his recreant flesh, his damning heritage of rebellious passions? Were those years of apparent quiescence, of submission to the ways of righteousness, of comparative peace and hopeful, lambent faith, only lies? The fight that he had waged, vain—the goal, defeat?

For it was evident that Jim Lainey never had believed the blood of the Woolfords conquered, but merely sleeping, or perhaps pent up to burst forth—as it had burst forth—in a crimson, murderous flood.

Was he then, he asked himself, lost, still damned in his sins? Were those dreams of peace, those unturbid years, but delusion? Had he never, after all, experienced salvation? He was immeasurably distressed in the warming, flowering morning, by his doubts.

He had come upon Dan Crosby that fatal night, just entering his barn. Stunned with surprise and suspicion, he had clutched Crosby powerfully by the arm, jerked him from the threshold, and flung him into the convicting glare of his lantern. And in Crosby's hand there still remained a mop of oil-soaked waste. There was but one verdict. Crosby would have burned his barn and his stock.

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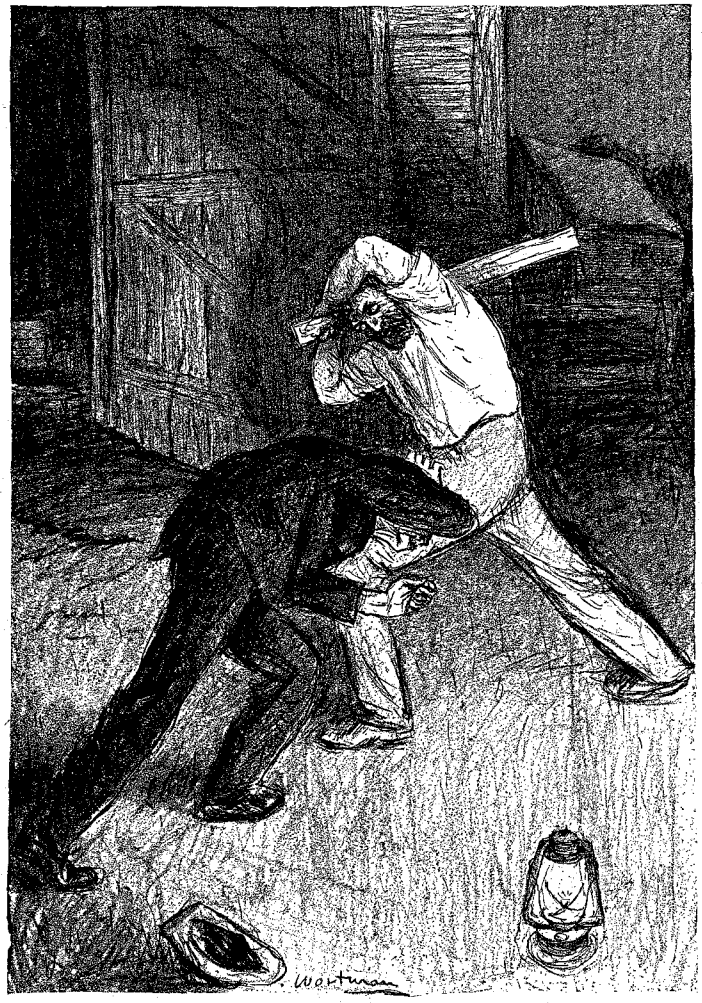
A spasm of terrible rage, the typical Woolford rage, such as he had not felt for years, mastered him. With a hoarse bellow he struck out at Crosby, felling and panting in the vain effort to hold him. His arm brought free. One quick, stunning blow with the wood, then another, and a third. The pressure of



Ben Woolford . . . lifted the length of stove-wood and brought it down with a terrific force upon his head.—Page 610.

him at the first blow. Crosby got up cursing, with a length of stove-wood in his hand. Woolford closed with him so quickly that he had no more than time to strike a futile, glancing blow. They went to the earth, Ben falling beneath. And as he fell, his hand touched, then closed on, the stick of wood that Crosby had dropped in the clinch. A tense, straining ten seconds, perhaps, Crosby snarling Crosby's hold suddenly lessened. Almost Crosby had become an inert weight. Woolford flung him off and rose.

Crosby staggered to his feet and lurched toward him. The thought of the oily waste, of the smother of yellow flames it would have engendered, of the tortured outcry of his horses, flashed over Woolford and rendered him temporarily mad. A very little blow would have disposed of

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Crosby for that night, and probably have deterred him for the future. But Ben Woolford, as his enemy lunged blindly toward him, lifted the length of stove-wood and brought it down with a terrific force upon his head, with the exalted sense of one slaying the devouring dragon of incendiarism for all time.

A purely momentary exaltation that had faded almost at once—leaving the blackness of despair in the wake of its incandescence. Intangible things are never to be slain by a length of stove-wood. How bitterly he knew that, now that the fire of passion was cold! He had —merely—murdered his neighbor. His neighbor? His brother. The black tide of Woolford blood, thought dead, had risen and destroyed him. He, like his father before him, and his grandfather before his father, had killed!

In his depression he made no defense at his trial. The destination of his body, be it the gallows, mattered but little. For Minnie's sake he would live, perhaps, but be that as it might. Without evasion he told his story. The verdict, with, he felt and would always feel, a dim and doubtful justice, had been "Not guilty."

Jim Lainey spoke again, tearing his attention from his gloomy introspection and doubt.

"Three-mile," he said succinctly. "We eat. And I'm damned glad of it."

The prospect, after five months of jail food, was faintly attractive to Woolford. With rather more animation than he had yet shown, he specified to Lainey the precise amount of nourishment which his body felt equal to encompassing. Lainey grinned. They clambered down from the seat, tied the horses, and went into the house.

They emerged an hour later and resumed the journey. It was full morning now, with the gray dew become diamond upon the grass and leafy coverts, and the air promising generous warmth. The road wound with the meanders of a stream toward the mountains that rose abruptly from the level of the plain, only a few miles distant. The horses' plodding feet scuffed incessantly the deep powdered dust of the roadbed, and it rose in stifling clouds, enveloping them, yellowing them. It was near ten and very warm when they entered a rift in the hills from which flowed a clear and turbulent creek, and they at once passed into a stretch of cool green-and-gold shade, and hard, and almost dustless roadway. Here, before going far, they stopped in a wordless mutual consent, and bathed hands and faces in the stream, resuming their progress immeasurably refreshed.

The road diminished in width, grew rougher, steeper, and obviously less travelled. The ridges closed in, forcing the stream in their stricture to a white, brawling protesting, and compelling the road to cross again and again in a series of bridges, some new and sturdy, others doubtfully safe, and still others decrepit and palpably dangerous. The sun climbed high in the fleckless, luminous blue, and, where the shade failed, beat down upon their heads and shoulders malevolently. The air took on a keener, more pungent, woodsy smell; it was rarer, it had an edge in it. For three hours or more they had passed less than half a dozen arid hill ranches. They drove on, seldom speaking, and never in much more than monosyllables. Jim Lainey half-dozed as he drove, until the breath of disaster almost touched them where the side of the road fell away sheerly to the rocky stream a hundred feet below. Woolford suddenly lashed the horses, and they sprang forward, startled, to safe footing. Then he relieved Lainey of the reins and let him openly sleep.

It was afternoon with the westering sun far down in the sky when they descended a sharp declivity to the narrow mountain valley wherein, now in the long shadows of the sharp peaks, sending up a lazy spiral of lavender and blue against the dark-green background of forest and the pea-green of pasture (smoke from the kitchen chimney that wavered in a long stem to the very crest of the hills and there blossomed in a vague, formless, but lovely flower), Woolford's house lay.

As they reached the bottom, Woolford got out and stretched his legs. It was less than a quarter of a mile now to the house.

"I'll walk," he said briefly, and Lainey drove on.

He walked slowly. The familiar odors,

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He patted her shoulder, kissed her . . . , and . . . uttered a half-distressed "There!—there!"—Page 612.

the bridge that he had repaired only a few days before he killed Crosby, a bit of fencing, a well-remembered tree of odd shape . . . all these impinged upon his consciousness, produced in him a mood and a poignant emotion. He was home again . . . home . . . and free!

He walked on faster. Suddenly in the distance he heard a sharp bark, then nearer, a crashing through the underbrush, and a shape of yellow fur hurled itself at him deliriously, almost sweeping him from his feet.

Don, his collie! Lainey had turned him loose.

He put down his hand to still the creature's mad delight, and his eyes blurred with tears. . . .

He emerged in his first clearing, and paused. Instinctively he raised his eyes to the sky. Far above the swinging smoke flower of his chimney, there soared, poised on motionless, buoyant wings, a great bird. Trivial thing . . . and yet the impression that it made upon him was profound . . . profound. For a long time he stood there with lifted head, watching the magnificent flight that spurned the earth and its attraction, that seemed beyond stricture or compulsion.

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"Free . . ." he murmured, exalted. "Free . . ."

A sense of mastery, his doubts of the day now far removed, bore him onward and up to his threshold. Minnie, his wife, tearful with relieved anxiety, and flushed by her preliminary bouts with the kitchen range and supper, unnerved him for but a moment. He patted her shoulder, kissed her, blinked and swallowed, uttered a half-distressed "There—there!" and the pitfall of emotionalism was past. He was himself again, Ben Woolford, a strong, silent man, who kept his counsel, who ruled the temple of his body with a will of iron, who suffered and triumphed too deeply for the facile eye of his fellow men's detecting.

He controlled the leap of feeling that sprang within him, and went directly to the old chores, the old life, taking up the thread broken five months before. He filled the half-filled wood-box. He took a pan and heaped it from the grain-bin in the store-room and strewed it broadcast for the chickens. He moved tentatively toward the barn, where he would always be reminded . . .

But Lainey, coming up, intercepted him. "I watered the stock, Ben, and put down some hay. They'll do fine till morning. I won't stay round for supper, you tell Minnie, because Grace will be expecting me along. I saddled the gray. I'll ride her over to-night. Bring her back to-morrow."

Ben nodded.

"Well, s'long, then, Ben," said the other, embarrassed.

Ben watched him out of sight. Then for a time he stood motionless in indecision. Should he make himself go down to the barn—now? The sooner he went, the sooner the inevitable struggle, *that he must win*, would be over. He had taken half a dozen steps, when he heard Minnie's voice calling him to supper. To-morrow, then!

"Yes—coming!" he answered.

Minnie went in to dish up. He walked back to the house, drew water, and washed at the bench by the porch. He had put the last stroke of the comb through his damp, glistening hair, when he heard the sound of wheels. He stepped to the corner of the house, and saw in surprise, in the gathering dusk, that Jan Kramer, the stage-driver, had halted before his house. Some one alighted, whom he did not at once recognize, a woman, and Jan deposited a canvas telescope beside her, remounted to his seat, lashed his horses lightly, and drove off.

Woolford moved around the house, out to the front, and came face to face with his visitor coming up the walk, swaying deeply to one side with the weight of her telescope. She stopped with an air of defiance and yet of sureness, and let down her burden.

"You can bring it up," she said coolly.

With nascent dismay, Ben recognized her. It was Louella Crosby, Dan Crosby's widow. He stared at her, perplexed, uncertain. Louella Crosby? His mind darted swiftly back to his pagan youth. He remembered the Louella of then with startling clarity—a slim, willowy girl, full of challenge, ready to give and take, a little too ready. There had been brief passages between them . . . that had, fortunately, come to nothing. This was but the shell of Lou Tarby. She had married Dan Crosby, and Crosby had ruined her, broken her pride, tarnished and destroyed her beauty, beaten her even, it was said. What was she doing here? Here at the home of her husband's murderer?

He felt that he might expect resentment, and yet, knowing the misery of her life with Crosby, he was amazed by the depth of bitterness in her tone.

"They let you off," she said intensely. "God be their judge! You killed him—and they let you go free! Well, Ben Woolford, what about me? He was my man. He's dead now. What chance have I for another—even with my forty acres, what chance have I? Who'd look at me? Who'll plough my fields and reap my grain? Who'll tend my stock? And when I'm old . . ."

Ben Woolford's thoughts sped back to the bird, and to his sense of false security, now vanished . . . a bubble into nothingness . . . gone . . . forever. Free? No, never free. Freedom was illusion. The bird must descend to earth. He must wear the chains of his own wrath.

"I'll plough your fields and reap your grain," he said heavily.

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Her eyes burned passionately upon him. "It's for that I've come," she declared. "Your roof shall be mine, your fireside mine, your food mine, and your labor mine. The law let you go free—but what have I to do with the law? Or you, Ben Woolford—*Christian?* I've brought my things. I'm going to stay."

Ben Woolford stood there tranced in thought evoked and not to be put to rest.

She stirred impatiently. Minnie's voice came pleasantly from the house. "Supper, Ben!" she cried. Lou Crosby's eyes held him, threatened him, mastered him. He moved, stooped, lifted the battered gray canvas telescope, and said:

"Come in."

A last faint radiance from some hidden, reflecting surface touched them and revealed them as they entered the dark hall, he white and resigned, she pale with enmity. He fumbled for a moment at the dining-room door, caught the knob, and flung it open, disclosing the laden supper-table and the lighted room, and themselves to Minnie. She looked at them with a wide and puzzled questioning in her face.

"This is Louella Crosby," he said in measured, heavy tones. "She is going to live with us—from now on."

Minnie accepted that with no protest, save what flickered momentarily in her eyes, and laid an extra place.

There was no conversation during the meal. What lay nearest their desire for speaking was rendered impossible by the inimical presence of Lou Crosby.

She, with a frank pleasure in her food that disclosed the probable truth of the rumors that had persistently denominated her "a slommick and no 'count at cookin' victuals," addressed herself to the crisp brown chicken, the snowy potatoes, and above all to the flaky yellow biscuits and the wine-red currant jelly. Her avidity was gross and unashamed. She consumed no less than four huge cups of tea, thickly creamed and sweetened. Ben Woolford watched her as, with the ends of a chicken bone between her greasy fingers, she gnawed, rolling her gains in her mouth with open gusto. He watched covertly, dismayed, sickened, distressed beyond measure. Not by her inordinate consumption of food in itself—for he would have had all mankind "hearty eaters," and he had a theory that the man that didn't eat well was poor shakes for working—but by the implication in such gluttony that the woman was half-starved.

This distressing speculation was interrupted and then set going again by Lou Crosby. She laid down a stripped and shining bone and queried:

"What's dessert? We're going to have dessert, I s'pose?"

It developed that there was pie, as well as pink-and-white marble cake to be eaten alone or with pear preserves.

"You can bring me a middling-sized piece of pie," stated Lou Crosby, "and a small dish of p'serves, and a right sizable slice of cake. I'm partial to cake."

Minnie flushed, but, commanded by the dark, brooding eyes of her husband, she rose, cleared away her enforced guest's leavings, and brought the dessert required.

Filled to repletion and sighs, Lou Crosby commandeered Ben Woolford's chair by the sitting-room fireplace, ensconced herself therein, and lapsed almost at once to dozing.

Minnie was at work upon the dishes; Woolford heard her even, almost rhythmic, clatter with them. Barred by a never-worded but sacrosanct custom from Minnie's chair, which was really very comfortable, he sat upright, in faint torture, in the chair that he most disliked and looked at the dozing woman. It didn't seem possible that she was Louella Tarby of his unregenerate younger days. Lou Tarby had been so alert, so vital, so good-looking. Now she was faded, aged, repellent. Scarcely a single link was visible to connect her present self with the colorful, vivid personality of Louella Tarby. There was tragedy in it, and Ben Woolford felt a faint stirring of sympathy that presently disappeared in the birth of a dislike that endured and increased throughout the coming years.

The moments ticked by. Once Ben replenished the fire. Lou Crosby stirred when he did so and then relapsed to napping. The clatter in the kitchen ceased. He heard footsteps over his head. Minnie was getting ready the spare room. The clock that had struck the seven and the

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eight now boomed a melancholy, metallic nine. Minnie came into the room. Ben Woolford rose and went to the table by the window. It had a red-and-white figured cover, and there were on it three potted plants, a geranium and two primroses, a willow basket of sewing, and a large family Bible. Woolford took the book and went back to his chair.

"It has been my custom to conduct family worship every night at nine," he remarked.

As applied to Minnie the remark could have had no significance. Louella Crosby stirred and rose. A quality of ineffable contempt was revealed in her face.

"I'll go 'long to bed," she stated positively. "I've had a long, hard day. I came over from beyond Cochran to-day. Nor do I feel quite up to prayers—yet. Maybe in time I should become accustomed to them. I can't say as to that. Not having been raised in a family of *killers* . . . I'm not right *used* to family worship. You see how 'tis."

The Woolfords made no reply. Minnie rose and led the way for her to her bedroom, presently returning.

Without interchange of words, Woolford opened the Bible and read the passage that contained the Ten Commandments, in a grave, low voice that did not falter upon "*Thou shalt not kill.*" Closing the book, he rose and sank to his knees beside the intractable chair. They knelt in silence for long moments. Presently Woolford said aloud: "O God, have mercy upon us, for thy beloved Son's sake, amen." He got to his feet, lowered the lamp, and blew out the flame. Then, preceded by his wife, he went upstairs. They undressed in silence, put out the light, and got into bed. Presently Minnie's hand sought his, and he clasped it gratefully, reassuringly. From the muffled sounds, and the periodic upheaving of the bedclothing, he knew that she was crying. He put his arm about her and comforted her.

In the morning he went to Crosby's place and brought Crosby's stock, to simplify feeding and save time, to his own

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corral. And, not to be tricked, for he discovered an instinctive distrust of Louella Crosby, he at once made a separate list and accounting for everything that was hers, an accounting that he kept running for many years, and faithfully rendered to her from time to time.

If he had needed a seal set upon his conviction that Lou Crosby was his appointed penance, he would have found it in a simple incident of his farming that fall.

Don, the collie, had killed a chicken. Woolford, ploughing, let the fowls follow the furrow, and at nightfall commanded the dog to drive them back to the house. The big collie never took that task very seriously, seeming to realize that it was at best no more than seriocomic. He made sport of it, barking happily, hurrying the matronly gray birds along with playful, pretended nips that sent them into squawking protest. This evening one of them at the gate made a determined dash past him for the freedom of the field, and Don, snapping swiftly at her as she passed, broke her neck.

Ben Woolford saw the happening, knew well that the dog had meant no harm, and was no doubt astonished at the ease with which a chicken could die. And yet he felt that the dog must be punished. He mustn't be allowed to believe the birds of no importance.

And he said at supper that he thought he must do a thing he never had done before, and hated to do, because he didn't believe in it—he must whip Don.

Louella Crosby spoke. "I shouldn't do that," she said. "There's a better way. You take the hen and tie it round his neck, and make him wear it. It'll hurt him worse than a whipping, and it won't break his spirit, either."

Ben felt her eyes upon him, and saw that she was smiling maliciously. For a moment he was at a loss to fathom her sardonic amusement. Then the analogy caught him with full force. *He* was like Don . . . he could not doubt it. The incident came with all the simplicity of revelation.

He met her eyes, so mocking, with a steady inscrutability. "I'll do it," he said briefly.

She became, as time passed, more acrid and biting of tongue, more demanding. Her allusions to the dead Crosby were infrequent, but always barbed with poison. She was not a taciturn woman, however, and there was no lack of her conversation upon topics, in the main disagreeable, that interested her. She made no pretense of helping Minnie with the housework; purchased herself shortly, from the proceeds of Woolford's adroit handling of her farm, new, and for the mountain valley, modish, clothing, and developed a pleasant and lasting leisure. She resisted the encroachments of age suddenly with such a vigor and determination that actually she seemed to gain upon the enemy, to grow younger, more vivacious.

If, in the beginning, Ben Woolford had hoped that religion might mollify her vindictive heart, soften her contumacy, he was soon disillusioned. She was steadfastly recalcitrant; never could she be lured to worship, to prayer, or even to tolerance. She sat easily, and for some inscrutable reason unpunished, in the seat of the scorner. That seemed to Woolford hardest of all to bear; it struck so insidiously at the roots of his faith.

The days and nights, those calm, inexorable travellers, slipped by, indifferent to, unconcerned by, his burden. Dying summer became autumn fully confirmed, the hills' green was splashed and mottled with gold and flame, with bronze and scarlet and yellow, fading anon to a sere brown; then there were naked branches, dull gray and black, the gaunt firs and cedars alone faithful to their earlier green. The gray dews of dawn became white hoar-frost, the bleached grasses were rimed, sharp slivers of ice quivered upon the surfaces of the still pools of the streams. Then, one blinding gray morning, the howling of winter swept up the valleys, through the gaps, over the mountain summits, and there was snow.

Yet the travellers paused not. There came one presently bearing the breath of spring and the promise of warmth, and left the hills melting their snows in the downfalling tears of the bleak sky. The mountains were scarfed in fog and mist, the ice-bound streams swollen to threatening, roaring torrents. The air grew tender, redolent of decaying leaf-mould.

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Suddenly the clouds lifted from the peaks, sailed in diminishing armadas for the dim ports of evaporation. An ineffable turquoise-blue expanse overhead looked serenely down upon the weather-scarred hills and found the black of the old firs generously mingled with a faintly burgeoning, watery green. Spring, the ever old, the ever new, had come again.

It had been a year since Woolford had killed his neighbor. That thought, too, was never far from his mind. The weight of it was lead to the wings of his spirit. The peace, the deep, abiding joy that he had had of his communion with God in other years, had disappeared. It was as if his inner life were a complicate tapestry from which all the bright, relieving threads had been plucked, leaving it worn, faded.

Never a talkative man, he had become now actually a silent one. The presence of Louella Crosby was a perpetual enjoinder to silence. Those words absolutely necessary to the pursuit of his daily life were few, and he had reduced his speech very nearly to that number.

Moreover, the fugitive, half-shamed tendernesses that he had been accustomed to show his wife now must wait for the seclusion of their bedroom—a postponement that resulted almost inevitably in their suppression. To be possible, to be worth giving, they must spring spontaneously, evoked by the emotion of the moment—and what is so fleeting as emotion? Treasured up, they were by nightfall stale and dead. And in sober fact, had they been yet palpitating and warm, Ben Woolford found himself after his long days in the fields of two farms immersed too soon in the Nirvana of sleep. So little, so contemptible a thing as that physical need, was Louella Crosby's imperious ally. The lack of that little tenderness, too, in the alchemy of marriage altered it, made it cold and barren. He felt the warmth of it going, groped for it . . . that, too, he knew he must endure.

And yet he put each day behind him with a sustaining sense, as of one applying a little to a long debt. Be it ever so little it would accumulate, grow, and consume in the end both debt and interest.

Minnie had not that feeling to sustain her.

And as the summer waned, she, always pleasantly talkative before the arrival of Lou Crosby, became almost as silent as Woolford himself. She grew thinner. In her face appeared the alternate flashes of pallor and pink that boded ill for her health. There was in her manner a nervous quickness, in her body a visible tenseness. Woolford, considering, was in the end alarmed.

He came upon her one day sitting alone, as she was so rarely permitted to do, in the flickering shade of the grape-arbor, her eyes closed, a look of hopeless misery in her face. She was definitely attractive still, a certain grace lingered about her compactly built body, and there was always a sort of indescribable freshness about her—a bloom of complexion, of glance, of manner. Not remarkable, for she was many years younger than Woolford, in her late twenties. The grapes above her head were growing to a delicate wine-red, and a wind was tossing the leaves so that they were first green and then silver. In the sweep of it she had not heard his approach, and her mask was down. He saw how the prolonged disaster was overwhelming her, and a rush of feeling caught him and tossed him like the leaves.

"Minnie—Minnie!"

She sprang to her feet and looked at him wild-eyed.

He caught her in his arms, and suddenly she burst into passionate tears.

"It's the end of . . . everything . . . for us!" she sobbed in pagan despair. "I knew it . . . from the first. She means to stay . . . for years . . . forever! And we'll both die . . . and be dead . . . forever, too, maybe . . . and we'll have missed . . ."

"No—no!" cried Woolford, in a blaze of rebellion. "You mustn't think such things! We will live forever! This life is only a day in a life of a thousand thousand years. God . . ."

"And over there," she interposed, "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage . . . and . . . oh, Ben, Ben, it seems to me maybe I might stand it . . . if you'd tell me . . . only once in a while . . . that you . . . you . . . still care for me!"

That surprised from him something

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very like a groan, and he caught her fast, and told her, and succeeded in quieting her at last.

"I want you should go away," he said finally, "for a little while. Go to the seashore, maybe. Why not? It's been too much for you. A change would do you good."

"And leave you here with her?" she asked scornfully.

"I could manage," he insisted. "And it isn't as if money was so scarce with us as once . . ."

Her eyes accused him, demanded if he knew her so little as that. Nor could any persuasion he was able to devise move her. She would not leave him, she declared with flat, monotonous persistence.

Yet the incident seemed to have relieved her in itself, to have broken down her tenseness. It had indeed brought them a cheerless unity—sufficient solvent—and Minnie was enabled to face the threatening years, dark with the menace of Lou Crosby, with a tithe, at any rate, of her husband's sterner purpose.

And like the gray fogs of winter upon the mountains, those gray years settled down over the Woolfords. They grew older, more submissive, less resilient of mind and body and spirit.

After six years, Louella Crosby fell ill. Doc Myers was summoned, and diagnosed, rediagnosed, and at length professed himself baffled. Ben Woolford got a practitioner from Cochran, knowing that God would require it of him. This man, more suave if less honest, assigned the trouble to a cause that could be removed only by the use of the knife.

At the word, Ben Woolford caught the terror in the fevered eyes of Lou Crosby, gleaming in agonized appeal from her emaciated face. He had himself an unreasoning terror of the operating-table. Nor had he more than a perfunctory confidence in the physician. He refused sharply to have Lou taken to Cochran to be cut at. The doctor departed in an angry, dignified silence.

Lou Crosby began to mend almost at once. "Scared into convalescence," hazarded Doc Myers openly. Within a few months she was able to be about, not well, but not broken, more querulous, more exacting than before. From that time she rapidly improved.

She devoted even more of her time and attention to her personal appearance, becoming, as the valley noted with its tongue in its cheek, "real dressy," developing a bizarre note in her attire and manner, that seemed to Woolford in a woman of her age and awful uncertainty of destination, terrible. It was as if, facing the pit of eternal damnation, she danced upon the brink in flippant scorn—shameful, blasphemous.

She exhibited now a penchant for capricious and inconsequential calling upon neighbors whom for years she had noisily affected to despise as unsophisticated and "trash." In the midst of haying, or it might be after a long, grilling day in the harvest-field, Ben would find himself confronted by her demand that he hitch up and drive her over to the Gateses' or the Turners'.

It was Indian summer for Louella Crosby—Indian summer terminating in an amatory intermezzo as sudden and unexpected as it was fraught with the deceptive promise of release.

Lou had come home late one afternoon from town, where she had indulged in a little orgy of extravagance comprising the buying of a silk waist of strikingly variegated design, other miscellaneous purchases of apparel, and indulgence in a movie, ice-cream, and candy. She was without appetite at the supper-table, but quite normally garrulous and unwontedly good-natured.

"Who should I see in town," she volunteered presently, in her long-accustomed monopoly of conversation, "but Lin Deems. He's real handsome, I think. Stylish. He's seen an awful lot of the world, Lin has. Lin was quite a hell-roarer in his younger days. I remember the time that him and some others took that girl from Marr's Corners outside of Bailey's dance-hall there in Cochran, right in the dead of winter, and ducked her in the crick. Clothes, paint, powder, false hair'n all. Of course . . . but I needn't tell that here. No doubt Minnie knows all about it. You remember, Ben, you were the one that . . ."

She rattled on in gay malice. Minnie sat flushed and visibly distressed, a savor

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which Lou tasted to the full. Ben listened in silence. She could no longer pierce him with such blunted shafts.

". . . and Lin has been in Louisville, Kaintucky, for the last twelve years," said Lou. Then, giggling, she pronounced with mock-modest triumph: "And he wanted to come out and call on me." She smiled in pleased reminiscence for a while. Then she added gayly: "I told him all right—some day. But, no, sir! That wouldn't do for Lin! Lin's right impetuous. Just like he always was. I remember . . . no, that wouldn't do for Lin. He wanted to come right off. I said Saturday. He wouldn't listen. Tomorrow, then, I said. But Lin's the same old Lin. 'It's been years since I've seen yuh, Lou girl,' he said, 'and I ain't aiming to let any more grass grow under my feet!' I should expect he might be out t'night, from the way he spoke.

"I told him he wouldn't like it out here, 'twas awful slow. Told him you'd got to be Christians now, very sparing with language, and real select. Lin was always right handy with language. I told him he'd find you pretty dull company. But he said he didn't 'low to see much of you, anyway. Coming to see me. He made that real plain."

Lin Deems drove up about seven-thirty that evening in a livery rig and made himself at home. He spent the evening on the porch with Lou, smoked not less than half a dozen cigars, drank many glasses of Minnie's raspberry shrub with audible regrets for its lack of worth-whileness—"no more kick than a new-laid aig," he averred mournfully—consumed half a cake, and resurrected the disreputable ghosts of a frowzy past.

Ben Woolford heard Lou's periodic outbursts of laughter as he lay in bed, unsleeping, and could not escape catching now and then the point to some shady anecdote of Lin's booming narration.

He knew Lin Deems for what he was, a dishonest, unclean, loose-mouthed gambler. He suspected that the Deems broadcloth, just now decent and new, hadn't been invariably so, that it had known gutters and dark doorways. He dimly apprehended the depths of makeshift to which Lin had been driven, without doubt, by harassing life. He wondered if the man had spent his last stake for new garb in which to embark upon this desperate endeavor, or if the rumor of Lou's acres had been but a chance bit of gain to be snatched at in passing . . . or, proving too unenticing, to be rejected, maybe, after examination. It rested with Lin's degree of self-realization, he saw. If Lin knew himself now for a beaten man, a man that has shot so many missing arrows at the bull's-eye of fortune that he has lost belief in his ability to make a counter . . . then Lou Crosby's property was in a very real danger. If not . . .

And it came to Woolford that this, too, was his duty. To protect her from the sharper. He must warn Lou of her risk. Lin was a very constant caller. Coming, he brought profanity and the malodor of a musty worldliness; going, he left the reek of vile cigars, emptied glasses, the memory of off-colored stories, behind him. Ben wondered if, after all, it might not be better to speak to him. Lou would be difficult. He had no doubt of his ability, however, to make Lin understand . . . and heed.

He was spared that, for suddenly Lin stopped coming. Lou Crosby presently disclosed that he would come no more. There was in her manner a strange mingling of conceit and regret.

"He wanted," she stated, "that I should marry him. He was right insistent about that. Well, for a little I had a notion to do it. Lin's a real fine fellow in some ways. Why, I remember things about him that . . . but I'm getting too old for that kind of bedevilment now—nor I don't feel well enough for it, either. I feel—poorly.

"And I've got a good home as 'tis. I figured it that I'd be foolish. I expect, though, I should've enjoyed Louisville, Kaintucky, a right good deal. Lin, he wanted I should sell the farm, and go back there with him."

She was silent for a moment. Then she laughed faintly, looked at Ben with a sudden flicker of knowingness in her eye, and remarked unblushingly:

"Lin was right fond of me before I married Crosby. Lots of men were. Trouble with Lin was, I guess, I knew him too well. He's a fine man—in some

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He seemed to see against the sky a great bird, soaring on strong pinions . . . free . . . free!—Page 620.

ways. But he's always had sort of slippery fingers. . . ."

The intermezzo was ended.

Throughout that fall and the ensuing winter she complained now and then of feeling "poorly," but she did not surrender, and she drove her failing body remorselessly to its few remaining pleasures.

The following winter her former malady made a definite reappearance, and for two years she lay bedridden, expected momentarily to die, but evading that finality with a cool, malevolent determination, frankly expressed, "to be a burden as long as she could." She would squeeze the last drop from the sponge of vengeance. The spark of life flickered again and again, but with grim rallying she kept it aflame. Woolford himself attended her frequently at her command. Minnie, toward the last, she would not have in the room.

There came a night when she demanded a lawyer. In the morning Ben drove to town across the mountains and returned late with one, Eben Haley. She demanded two neighbors for witnesses, and excluded Woolford himself from the room wherein the business of making her will went on. At length Haley, with the witnesses, came into the hall where Ben stood waiting.

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"She wants you," said one of them.

He went in. Louella lay almost inert, evidently greatly fatigued by the sustained attention required in disposing of her estate. After a long interval she opened her eyes languidly, and looked at him. It seemed to Woolford that there was something very odd in the way her eyes rested upon him. Odd . . . as if the malice was gone from them . . . as if something, perhaps even more terrible, a helpless tenderness, was in them. He bore the scrutiny for a long time in silence. The silence, fraught with a meaning never before exchanged by those two, lengthened, seemed interminable. Woolford had become finally convinced that she would not speak, when she whispered:

"Ben . . . I left you . . . the farm . . . my money . . . you are . . . a good man. . . . I didn't know there were . . . any. Crosby wasn't good . . . he was a devil. . . . I thought you were . . . a hypocrite. No. . . . No. . . . You're good. . . ."

He was amazed and deeply depressed by her words. He said nothing.

"Something in it . . . after all? I've been bad . . . bad all my life . . . bad girl . . . bad woman. Wilful . . . wicked. I tried to break you . . . but you . . . too strong. Read me . . . Ben."

"Read?" said Ben Woolford incredulously.

"Your Bible."

At the end of ten minutes she signed him that she had heard enough.

Ben left her to the ministrations of one of the neighbors and went down-stairs.

He went out on the little lawn before his house, and stood there in the darkness, leaning against the fence, looking at the mountain that rose massively before him, its serrated summit etched against the sky by the silver radiance of a moon that would not be visible for another quarter of an hour. The stillness of the dark valley was pierced now and again by the muffled crowing of roosting cocks. Twice an owl hooted wailingly. Once he heard a shot in the far distance. He stood there immersed in a flow of consciousness that was not thought. There was in it the quality of expectancy, of waiting. The moon leaped the mountain summit and flooded the valley with a cool molten radiance. A door opened behind him. He half turned. He heard Minnie's voice.

"That you—Ben?"

"Yes," he replied with an effort.

"Louella is—gone. Just a few minutes ago."

She said no more. The door softly closed. He heard for a moment the vague murmur of voices within; then there was silence again.

He stood there, leaning against the pickets, with bowed head, a man of fifty now, the major part of his life behind him, a man that had fought the good fight, that had kept the faith . . . a good man. Louella Crosby had testified for him. A good man.

He lifted his head suddenly, flung his clenched hands high, and looked up at the indifferent stars through a blurring mist of tears. After a long moment he seemed to see against the sky a great bird, soaring on strong pinions, above the dark mountains and drab valleys of earth . . . free . . . free!

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AMERICAN ENGLISH AND BRITISH ENGLISH

By Brander Matthews

I

MRS. MALAPROP was not alone in her anxiety about her "parts of speech," and in her sensitiveness when aspersions were cast upon her "nice derangements of epitaphs." To most of us the language we have in our mouths and at the end of our pens is always interesting even if our attention is directed to it only occasionally, and only when we are suddenly surprised to discover that somebody else does not use words exactly as we do. We are all inclined to accept our own vocabulary and our own usages as standards by which to judge the vocabulary and the usages of everybody else; and we are often not a little shocked and even grieved when we find that others do not always accept our ways of speaking and writing as necessarily right and proper.

When we take the trouble to analyze our own standards we cannot help seeing that they are first of all personal; secondly, local and sectional; and thirdly, national. I know that I employ certain words in certain meanings and that I pronounce them in a certain fashion—first, because I am the son of a Massachusetts father and of a Virginian mother; second, because I have been for now threescore years a New Yorker by residence, and thirdly, because I am an American by citizenship and not a British subject. And perhaps the more significant of my individualities of speech are not personal or sectional so much as they are national. I use either *autumn* or *fall*, whereas my cousins in England employ only the former word, their forefathers having allowed the latter to fall into innocuous desuetude. I wear a *tuxedo*, whereas my friends in London don *dinner-jackets*. And these divergencies of the every-day vocabulary of the United States from that of Great Britain seem at first glance to be so many that there is an impending danger of a splitting up of the English language into dialects, American and British.

When Rudyard Kipling, in the immaturity of his juvenility, made his trip from sea to sea, he set down his premature impression that American was a language only speciously resembling the English he had always heard spoken by the British; but before he was many years older he had mastered the intricacies of our vernacular and learnt how to write it and even how to appreciate its vigor and its variety. Among the "general hints" prefixed to the English version of Baedeker's "Guide to the United States" there is to be found a cautiously selected glossary, to enable the wandering Briton to translate the unaccustomed Americanisms he is likely to hear into the corresponding Briticisms with which he has always been familiar. And there ought to be a similar glossary in the "Guide-Book to the British Isles" for the benefit of the voyaging American.

We may assume that this Baedeker glossary was prepared by Mr. Muirhead, an Englishman long resident in the United States. It catalogues about a hundred instances of the divergence of vocabulary; and to the untravelled American this list is instructive; it is an aid to his understanding of imported fiction. It informs us that what we call a *bedspread* is known in England as a *counterpane*. Our *bureau* is their *chest of drawers;* our *elevator* is their *lift;* our *drummer* is their *commercial traveller;* our *muslin* is their *cotton cloth;* our *calico* is their *printed cotton cloth;* our *notions* are their *small wares;* and our *spool of cotton* is their *reel of thread*. It fails to mention our *commutation-ticket*, which is their *season-ticket*, and which has given us *commuter* to describe a resident of the remoter suburbs—a word quite incomprehensible to the Londoner. It defines Americanisms for which there are no equivalent Briticisms because the things themselves are more or less unknown in Great Britain—for ex-

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ample, *cowboy* and *cuspidor*. It seems to imply that we always substitute *fall* for *autumn*, *rooster* for *cock*, *deck* for *pack* (of cards), and *wilt* for *wither;* and this implication is unwarranted since we use both *fall* and *autumn*, *rooster* and *cock*, *deck* and *pack*, *wilt* and *wither*. And the attention of the wandering Briton might have been called to the fact that *fall* and *deck*, *rooster* and *wilt* are not new words of American manufacture; they are good old English words of honorable lineage, which our kin across the sea have allowed to die and which we on this side of the Western Ocean have kept alive.

Of course, the glossary in Baedeker's "United States" is incomplete in its record of divided usage; probably it would be possible to add to its hundred words two or three hundred more. It omits, for example, our *farm-hand*, whom the British designate as an *agricultural laborer*, and our *stem-winder*, which they call a *keyless watch*. And if it had been prepared for the use of American visitors to the British Isles it would have had to be enlarged to contain the Briticisms for which there are no corresponding Americanisms, because we do not happen to have the custom which called them into existence in England. There would be advantage in explaining to the American visitor that if he goes to an English hotel for a dinner at a fixed price, he will be at liberty to call for a second helping of anything which may please his palate, if the bill of fare declares that "a *follow* of any dish will be served without extra charge." And perhaps it might be as well to notify this same American visitor that when he chances to discover on his baggage a label containing only the strange and mysterious word *excessed*, he is to understand that this misbegotten vocable is merely a record of his having paid the extra fee for the weight of his trunks in excess of the number of pounds allowed on a single railway-ticket.

The first time the voyaging American beholds a *follow* or *excessed*, he is likely to be as bewildered as the wandering Briton is when he first encounters *commuter* and *cuspidor*. Yet no one of these four words, two Briticisms and two Americanisms, is to be stigmatized as slang or dismissed as dialect. On each side of the Atlantic there are local dialects, differentiated by many departures from the standard English of literature; and both in Great Britain and in the United States slang is forever springing up overnight, flourishing for a brief season, and dying unregretted. It is not to be expected that an American should be acquainted with all the local dialects of England or that an Englishman should be able to apprehend at sight the meaning of all the variegated expansions of American slang.

A New Yorker is justified in his surprise when he first overhears one cockney condemn another cockney as "a *bally* idiot," *bally* being an adjective of reproach insistently disseminated by the unregenerate contributors to a London weekly paper, generally called *The Pink Un*. A Londoner may be excused if he shies at our "Fables in Slang." It was the late Andrew Lang, I believe, who followed the career of one of Mr. George Ade's heroes up to his entrance into an Italian restaurant, which the American humorist picturesquely entitled a *spaghetti-joint*, whereupon Lang remarked plaintively that he "did not know spaghetti had any joints."

Imagination balks at the blank helplessness of Lang if he had been called upon to explain a sentence uttered in the hearing of a friend of mine, and immediately decipherable by every New Englander. It was a score of years ago in the forgotten days when young fellows used their vacations for bicycle trips in the unexplored back country. My friend went into a remote Vermont inn for his midday luncheon, and after the obligatory roast-beef and fried potatoes, he asked the waitress what there was for dessert. When she told him that he could have his choice of pie or pudding, he inquired: "What kind of pie?" To which she made answer: "Open-top, crisscross, and covered." After due consideration my friend decided upon apple, declining custard and mince.

II

When all is said that needs to be said and when we have set up a few score Americanisms over against a few score

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Briticisms, we cannot help seeing that the divergencies between British English and American English are relatively very few, if only we keep in mind the immense vocabulary of our ever-expanding language. These localisms are mostly colloquialisms, and they seem to be far more numerous than they really are because most of them belong to the vocabulary of every-day life, because they are familiar household words, often spoken and only infrequently written. The English of literature and even the English of journalism is comparatively free from local peculiarities. In the dialogue of their novels Hardy and Howells necessarily make artistic use of appropriate dialect; but in their narratives, when they speak in their own persons, the English of the American is as pure and simple as the English of the Briton. Both of them have the skill to utilize all the resources of their common language, and to either of them we can apply Milton's commendatory phrase: "His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command." We discover the same reliance upon the common stock of English words, the same avoidance of localisms in the leaders in the London *Times* that we find in the editorials of the *New York Times*.

So long as the novelists and the newspaper men on both sides of the ocean continue to eschew Briticisms and Americanisms, and so long as they indulge in these localisms only in quotation-marks, there is no danger that English will ever halve itself into a British language and an American language. We may rest assured that all the superficial evidences of a tendency toward the differentiation of American English and British English are not so significant as they may appear to the unreflecting, and that the tendency itself will be powerless against the cohesive force of our common literature, the precious inheritance of both the English-speaking peoples.

I have read somewhere that not long after we had proclaimed our independence of the English crown, a perfervidly patriotic member of the Continental Congress moved that we renounce the English tongue and devise a new language of our own, a speech which we should not have to share with the enemy; and as I recall it, Roger Sherman moved as an amendment that we retain the English language and compel the British to acquire some other. Even if the original motion had slipped through without opposition, it would soon have been made evident that legislative fiat is helpless in the face of linguistic tenacity. In all the long history of mankind no people has ever coerced itself or its conquered neighbor into giving up an ancestral tongue. The roots of the mother speech are intertwined in the human soul so inextricably that it is beyond the power of man to pluck them out.

It is fortunate for the citizens of the United States, and for the widely scattered subjects of the British Empire, that neither of the motions brought forward in the disheartening days of the Revolution, which separated these two peoples politically, that neither of the two impossible proposals could be carried into effect. The possession of a common language is a bond of unity, more potent than our joint ownership of the common law; and for the future peace of the world nothing is more important than that British and Americans shall recognize all the immense advantages of their kinship. Even if we have fought two wars, we have not drawn the sword against one another for more than a hundred years, in spite of many occasions for quarrel and in spite of three thousand miles of undefended frontier between us and Canada.

Perhaps we may go further and say that it is also fortunate for the language itself that each half of it, the British and the American, feels itself at liberty to venture upon linguistic experiments while never relaxing its loyalty to the traditions of English. Localisms are often signs of vigor and of vitality; they are novel terms on probation as candidates for acceptance in the common speech. A language is forever using up old words and in need of new words to replace those that are dead and dying. Americanisms and Briticisms, Canadianisms and Australianisms, which we are often inclined to despise when we first see them, may come to be accepted by our children as necessary replenishments of the vocabulary. If they succeed somehow in getting a foothold in

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the speech of the two peoples they may in time make good the right to be received into the lexicon of literature; and if this comes to pass their humble origin will be forgotten and forgiven. They will have to struggle for existence and to battle for a place in the sun, and to overcome the proper prejudices of the more fastidious of speech who have constituted themselves guardians of the language, standing at its portals with drawn swords and challenging all newcomers.

Men of letters, always very conservative in their choice of words, and often unfamiliar with the laws which govern the growth of language, never find it easy to acknowledge the truth of Darmesteter's pregnant saying: "Universal suffrage has not always existed in politics, but it has always existed in linguistics. In matter of language the people are all-powerful and infallible, because their errors, sooner or later, establish themselves as lawful."

III

If we can once get ourselves to consider these localisms from this point of view, and to regard them disinterestedly as possible candidates for promotion from the speech of the populace to the language of literature, we shall have abandoned the attitude of contemptuous hostility from which we are prone to look down upon all linguistic novelties. Furthermore, we shall find ourselves surrendering our natural prejudice against a localism because of the locality where it sprang into being. A Briticism is none the worse because it is known only to the inhabitants of the British Isles, and an Americanism is not to be despised because it is current only in America. The question is not where it was born but whether it is worthy to live. Of course, any localism is at first more or less outlandish in the eyes of those who do not dwell in the locality where it originated, and its chance of survival and of adoption elsewhere is never strong.

Some British critics have been shrill in their denunciation of invading Americanisms, and some American critics have been colonial in their apologies for these linguistic exports. This colonialism leads these American critics to steer their course by the longitude of Greenwich, and to ignore that of Washington. They are glad to trace if they can an ancient and honorable ancestry for one or another of the Americanisms which the British critics have denounced; but if this comfort is denied them, they are swift to shirk all responsibility for any word or any usage "that would have made Quintillian gasp and stare." They are modestly unwilling to recognize the obvious fact that Americanisms are more likely to be vital and viable than Briticisms, because we are a younger people, still endowed with the energy and the ingenuity of the pioneer.

Our localisms are, as a matter of fact, more boldly imaginative than those observable in Great Britain; they have more of the right Elizabethan freshness and freedom; they are at times truly "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech." To call an Italian restaurant a *spaghetti-joint* is fabulous slang, no doubt; but it is imaginative, none the less, it is not feeble and inept, like calling somebody "a *bally* idiot." And it is pleasant to be able to recall that the vernacular vigor of many Americanisms has been courteously acknowledged by not a few British writers. Mr. William Archer, for one, expressed his willingness to accept, as a welcome addition to standard English, our useful phrase "that's the *limit*"; he explained that this seemed to convey to him a shade of thought not otherwise conveyable. It is interesting to note that the French have a colloquialism exactly equivalent to this —"*c'est un comble.*"

In the sedate columns of the excellent Literary Supplement of the London *Times*, I recently discovered one of our latest Americanisms, "*joy-ride*," printed (it must be admitted) in quotation-marks but employed without apology and with apparent approval. When our attention is thus called to it, we can all see that *joy-ride* is indeed a good word for a bad deed, and probably the authors of the books which shall delight our grandchildren will employ it without compunction and without consciousness of its former condition of servitude as slang.

One of the treasures diligently sought by the collectors of Americana is "A Key into the Language of America; or a help to the Language of the Natives in that

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part of America called New England." It was written by Roger Williams, and it was published in London in 1643. It is an inquiry into the dialects of the Indians, and therefore it is not the earliest attempt to catalogue Americanisms. There are, however, American critics of language who are as unsympathetic in their attitude toward our native idioms as if these idioms belonged to the strange tongues of the Choctaw and the Chickasaw. They do not hesitate to employ *cad* and *fad*, which were once only Briticisms and which have only recently been received into the common speech of the two English-speaking peoples, while they cast into outer darkness the equally useful Americanisms, *joy-ride* and the *limit*. As Colonel Higginson once reminded us "a true cosmopolitan ought to be at home—even in his own country."

A few years ago in reviewing one of the periodical parts of the Oxford Dictionary, a writer in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* declared that he who wished to keep English pure, that is to say, loyal to its own genius—"recognizing in popular speech the soil from which our standard language has had its origin, and to which it must return to renew its life, will look with no unkindly eye on the vivid terms which come to us from the fields, the workshop, and the sea." And we may add that this purist, who must not be a pedant, will not greatly care whether the fields, the workshop, and the sea whence these vivid terms may come shall be guarded by the Union Jack or by the Stars and Stripes. "As he will try to keep the speech he uses in close touch with the popular vernacular, so he will use his best endeavors to prevent the growing divorce between the standard speech and the language of literature."

IV

JOY-RIDE is only one of a rapidly increasing group of double-barrelled Americanisms, if I may so call them, new compounds put together by a swift flash of inspiration. Some of them are nouns: *spell-binder*, *sky-scraper*, *calamity-howler*, *strap-hanger*, *fool-killer*, *rough-rider*, *road-hog*, *grub-stake*, *scare-head*, *sky-pilot*. Some of them are adjectives: *bone-dry*, *bone-headed*, *fool-proof*, *gun-shy*, *tangle-foot*, *foot-loose*, *pussy-footed*. The nouns have been formed in the same fashion as the earlier literal compounds, *sky-light*, *type-setter*, *bread-box;* but on examination they reveal themselves as not literal but figurative. To call a thing a *sky-light* is to characterize it prosaically, whereas to call a thing a *sky-scraper* is to characterize it poetically. There is the same absence of literalness in the adjectives; *pussy-footed*, for example, and *bone-headed* are of imagination all compact.

In the making of these novel locutions their unknown American manufacturers were only exercising the perennial privilege of marrying any two words whose union promises to be fruitful. Of late the privilege has been less frequently exercised in Great Britain than it has in the United States; and this British self-control in compounding is probably due to conservative dislike of all linguistic novelty. The contributor to the London *Times*, from whom quotation has just been made, suggested a clever explanation for this reluctance to accept these verbal novelties: "Our good native compounds affect us—to use a homely phrase—like good new boots; they are not comfortable until they have been a little worn."

In his illuminating discussion of the "Rise of English Literary Prose," Professor Krapp has pointed out that in the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney "poetic compounds of a kind prescribed by Renascence theorists and employed by many Elizabethan poets frequently occur"; and he instances "*day-shining* stars," "*honey-flowing* speech," "*sun-staining* excellence," and "*eye-ravished* lover." And it is obviously not difficult to parallel each of these double-barrelled Elizabethanisms with a double-barrelled Americanism. That this imaginative compounding should now be more frequent in the United States than it is in Great Britain may be accepted, if we so choose, as added evidence in behalf of the belief that on this side of the Western Ocean we have retained a slightly larger share of the imaginative license of the Tudor writers than has been preserved by their direct descendants in the British Isles.

We may even venture to ascend from the prose of Sidney to the poetry of

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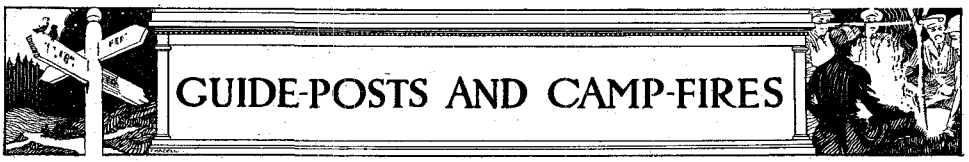
Shakespeare, if we are seeking further support for the validity of these compounded Americanisms, some of them certain sooner or later to win a welcome in the language of literature. No one can fail to see the kinship between our *sky-scraper* and the "*cloud-capped* towers" of the "Tempest"; and there is a relationship almost as close between our *pussy-footed* and "these most brisk and *giddy-paced* times" of "Twelfth Night." When we are told in "Measure for Measure" about "a man whose blood is very *snow-broth*," we may companion this daring noun with *joy-ride* and *scare-head* and *moss-back*. Other of the innumerable instances of Shakespearian compounds are *true-fixed*, *trumpet-tongued*, *quick-coming*, *mouth-honor*, and *sticking-place*. We may be sure that Shakespeare would never have rebuked the venturesome Americans who spontaneously generated *fool-killer*, *sky-pilot*, and *calamity-howler*. And I make no doubt that if he could have known the skunk, he would have been delighted with the New England euphemism which, so Lowell told us, called that pervasive animal an *essence-peddler*.



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES IN DEMOCRACY

[THE TENTH PAPER]

DEMOCRACY is a word variously employed. It signifies a government, a theory, a way of living, and (like Boston) a state of mind. In the United States of America it is also used, and capitalized, to denote one of the two political parties which alternately control and criticise the conduct of the state. With this last meaning the present essay does not deal.

Toward the other four significations of democracy I stand thus. As a state of mind it is wholesome. As a way of living it is convenient, although not always the most comfortable. As a theory it is admirable with mild reservations. As a mode of government it is the most promising yet devised by man.

This is not as much as to say that it is always possible or even desirable for all nations at all stages of their growth. What has been written by Rudyard Kipling of the Bandar-Log or commonwealth of monkeys, is pertinent also to the Boob-Rah or régime of the ignorant by force of numbers.

But granting a moderate degree of self-knowledge as a preparative for self-determination, and a reasonable consent to those natural and moral laws which cannot be altered by popular vote, probably democracy offers more to man than any other way of regulating his common affairs.

It is costly in discussion and debate; but by way of recompense it promotes general intelligence and the most Christian virtue of patience. It is subject to errors; but it has the merit of bringing home the responsibility to those who make them; for where all decide, all must share the consequences. Under a rule in which you yourself partake, weak complaining is a form of self-reproach, violence is treason, and the only wisdom of the discontented lies in the continued effort to bring the majority to a better choice. Thus democracy, rightly considered, has in itself something bracing, salutary, and educative.

"Government of the people, by the people, for the people," as Lincoln ennobled it in his imperishable phrase, has a superior quality in its ideal of perfec-

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tion. Even in its imperfection or approximation, (and as yet the world has seen no more,) it outranks and outclasses the other methods of human government by its ultimate intention of appeal to reason and the right mind in man.

Thus avowing my democratic convictions, and thanking God that He has cast my lot under a government which derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, I feel bound, (and at liberty,) to confess my hesitations and doubts concerning the modern presentation of *democracy as a substitute for religion.*

It is a good thing, no doubt: but not so good as all that. It has the defects of its qualities. Its possibilities carry its perils. Subject to the infirmities of its makers, it needs a corrective and a guide. It is as wise and just as mankind,—no more. Perhaps they are right who say that it has more of wisdom and justice than any one man can ever have. But even that collective sum is not enough. For human wisdom has its sharp enclosing ring; and when we pass that, we do but find another horizon. Human justice has a twist in it, being warped unconsciously by our fond blindness to our own blame, and our failure to feel the needs which may explain, if not excuse, the faults of others.

This double defect is as common in juries as in judges.

To praise democracy overmuch is to invite a scrutiny of its mistakes. To trust it beyond its ability to perform, is to court the loss of all our confidence.

Do not overload the ship which carries your hope.

Vox populi, vox dei, says the proverb. Yes, but what god is it that thus speaks? An idol of the market-place, or the True and Only?

You might think that the new religion proposed by Auguste Comte,—*Culte systématique de l'Humanité,*—would have been popular. Not so! For the enthusiasm of the multitude for itself, though violent for a time, is transitory. The hot fit passes into the cold.

The crowd, when not hypnotized by the spell-binder, or inflamed by the demagogue, mistrusts itself even more than the philosopher who knows the *common sense* which lives within its limitations.

The man in the crowd, pressed and incommoded, is conscious mainly of the deficiencies of his too near neighbor, and whispers to himself, "Am I to be overridden by the likes of you?"

You may often hear one say, in mock-modest self-depreciation, that he belongs to the rank and file. But in his heart he does not place himself entirely there. He thinks he is a little different, stands somewhat apart.

This is why even a popular writer does not fear to abuse the multitude, to pour scorn upon it, to buffet it with hard words. He knows that none of his readers will take offense, because none will consider his remarks personal.

Thus Emerson, high-handed democrat that he was, wrote in his "Considerations by the Way": "Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence, and need not to be flattered, but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. The worst of charity is, that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! the calamity is masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking million stockingers or lazzaroni at all. If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not multiply the population. When it reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential. Away with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men spoken on their honor and their conscience. In old Egypt, it was established law, that the vote of a prophet be reckoned equal to a hundred hands. I think it was much underestimated. 'Clay and clay differ in dignity,' as we find by our preferences every day. What a vicious practice is this of our politicians at Washington pairing off! as if one man who votes wrong, going away, could excuse you, who mean to vote right, for going away; or as if your presence did not tell in more ways than in your vote. Suppose the three hundred heroes of Thermopylæ had paired off with three hundred Persians; would it have been all the same to Greece, and to history?"

Now whether this be an example of

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what George Meredith calls a "rough truth"- or not, I cannot say; but it is certainly a specimen of plain discourse. One would like to know after what election in Massachusetts Emerson wrote it, or whether it was conceived after a confabulation with Carlyle in his "Ercles' vein."

But at one point,—the last,—Emerson leaves his belaboring of the unconscious masses, and turns to thwack a far more sensitive class, the politicians. And that, forsooth, on the score of their old-established, highly honored, and generally practised custom of pairing off! Here is candor to the verge of rashness! I reckon, calculate, and guess the sage of Concord heard from his representatives at Washington about that rude assault.

'Shall not a weary Congressman or Senator pair off when he has important business of his own to attend to, and when a vote on one side practically cancels and annuls a vote on the other? Instead of being blamed, should he not rather be praised for having taken the pains to arrange a "pair" before forsaking the high halls of republican council? Is not this a pestilent idealist who ventures to set up a higher standard of duty than the convenience or interest of the men who have been honored, and so to speak promoted to a kind of nobility, by the people's choice?'

A specious defense! Yet Emerson was right. The point he makes against the pairing politicians is that their mating of opposites is productive of mere negation; it is a barren match. And this, mark you, because it proceeds upon the false assumption that voting is the highest if not the sole function of man in a democratic state, and that all votes are equal, not only in the numerical count, but also in worth and significance.

This assumption, if granted, would be fatal to true democracy. It would level down, not up; render the appeal to reason and the right mind nugatory; and consecrate the Teller as High-Priest of the God of Numbers.

Yet it is precisely the democratic state that seems to breed this self-destroying fallacy most frequently and to its own hurt. *One man, one vote*, is the modern "slogan." (Vile word, beloved by advertisers of ready-made clothing and cosmetics, I use thee in derision!) As a protest against proved inequities of suffrage, like plural voting and the disfranchising of women on the ground of sex, the saying has its portion of truth. But push it beyond the mark, infer from it that, because the privilege of voting works best when equally conferred on all citizens, therefore all citizens and all their votes have an equal vital value, and you propagate an absurdity which not even the rugged digestion of democracy can endure.

In old Calvinton, when I was young, we had a professor who was a saint, a sage, and a joy to the heart. Every one in the town knew and loved him. As he rode along the main street in his little one-horse carryall on election day, we would say, "There goes the old Doctor to vote the Republicratic ticket." When he had deposited his ballot, he would come out, climb into the back seat of the wagon, and smilingly hold the reins, while his Irish coachman went in to exercise the proud privilege of suffrage. As Pat emerged from the polls, he would grin, and whisper behind the back of his hand to the bystanders, "Begorrah, oi've just nulligated th' ould Docther's vote!" But had he done as much as that? Neither Pat himself, nor the laughing bystanders really thought so. There was something in the example of that wise and venerable man faithfully performing a simple duty of citizenship, that counted far beyond the ballot he had dropped in the box. It could not be equalled save by a man of equal wisdom and character.

Why, then, should those who prefer a democratic form of government and believe in *one man, one vote*, as the best means of securing it, surcharge their faith with inferences which are manifestly false; like the dogma that all men have equal worth and influence because they have an equal right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The founders of our republic neither held nor practised that inane creed.

Such an excessive orthodoxy has all the vices of a heresy. The preaching of it, either in serious fanaticism or for campaign purposes, injures and imperils the republic. It is, in effect, an illustration of the theme which I have been meditating by this month's autumnal camp-fire, —*suicidal tendencies in democracy*.

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These are not carefully matured purposes of self-destruction; nor even sudden impulses and resolves which have that end clearly in view as a certainty or a risk. They do not fall under either head of Blackstone's definition of *felo de se* as one who "deliberately puts an end to his own existence, or commits any unlawful act the consequence of which is his own death."

The tendencies of which I speak are marked by a lack of deliberation. Nor can they be called unlawful acts, since the body which commits them has authority to make them legal. They have for the most part the quality of unconscious self-betrayal and inconsistent action,—the harboring of views and the forming of habits which carry seeds of decay and presages of dissolution for the democratic state. And these are at their worst, most secret and perilous, precisely in those times and countries where the democratic theory is presented as a substitute for religion, and the ancient heresy that "the king can do no wrong" is twisted to read "the sovereign people can make no mistakes."

This dogma of popular infallibility goes directly in the teeth of experience, and cancels that wise and needful maxim of the Hebrew commonwealth, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

A thoughtful consideration of the self-begotten errors and morbific propensities which brought about the downfall of such democracy as existed in Athens, in republican Rome, in revolutionary France, and more recently, for a few months, in unhappy Russia, dreaming of freedom and walking straight into the ditch of Soviet slavery,—such a study would yield matter for a book of profitable warnings. But for our present purpose of a camp-fire talk, (with side-reference to guide-posts,) there is no need to go so far back or afield. There is a plenty of small instances and significant illustrations close at hand in these States where democracy has undertaken its greatest task.

THE REFERENDUM HABIT

What shall we say, for instance, of the tendency to supersede the considerate processes of representative government by submitting complicated questions which require long thought and enlightened judgment, to the direct, immediate yes-or-no vote of the masses? Calling it a referendum does not alter its nature. It is a demand upon the multitude for what the multitude has not got and cannot deliver,—expert knowledge on a variety of subjects and a careful solution of intricate problems. Or else it is an attempt to get rid of the burden of responsibility by throwing it upon the untrained shoulders of the people.

A California woman has told in a recent magazine the unconsciously pathetic story of her first experience at the polls in her glorious native State. She was confronted, a few weeks before the election, with a vast, portentous referendum which summoned her to stand and deliver her judgment on forty-two points of public policy. (I think that was the number, but a few more or less would make no difference.) This conscientious and heroic woman shivered, studied, struggled, did her best to perform her enormous duty in a more than manful way. But at the end she was rather in the dark as to just what she had done, and the joy of her first vote was troubled by spasms of dubiety.

Lowell wrote: "Direct intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy"; and further: "The founders of our democracy put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the people's will, but of their whim." That is sound doctrine. Real reform and progress in politics must be accomplished bit by bit. Sudden revolutions may succeed, but do not prosper. To change personnel, machinery, and methods in a factory at one sweep, is usually fatal. New men, machines, and processes, must be brought in by degrees. It is only in her destructive work that Nature operates by the catastrophic method.

The referendum, no doubt, has its use and justification in certain cases,—in matters which have been long discussed and are generally understood,—in questions which are clear and definite and admit of a categorical answer,—will you or won't you have it so? Even then, I think it takes its best form in the choice of representatives who stand definitely on one side or the other of the clear question at issue.

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But the formation of the indiscriminate, indolent, universal referendum habit in a democracy looks to me like a vice with suicidal tendency.

LEGIMANIA

Another bad habit which seems to endanger the security, or at least the sound health of a democracy, is the propensity to make too many laws on too many subjects.

Somewhere in my filing-cabinet I have the statistics in regard to the number of laws enacted by the legislatures of New York, California, and other States, in a single recent year. It runs well up into the thousands; and if you add to it the Acts of Congress passed in the same time, you have a sum total which represents a solemn revel of legimania.

'Tis as if a doctor should seek to win respect and confidence by the extraordinary number of his prescriptions, or a schoolmaster to establish discipline by multiplying his rules. The thing cannot be done in that way.

Doubtless some of these laws are wise and needful. Probably most of them are well-meant. They have a good heart, as the saying goes. It is in the head they are lacking. And so in practice many of them produce either no effect at all, or the contrary of what was intended.

Not even the Puritan Fathers in their palmiest days went as far in sumptuary legislation as some of our modern regulators would have us go. Of old, men were rebuked by the Divine Master for asking continually, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Nowadays it seems to be no reproach to be asking continually, "What food and drink and raiment shall we permit our neighbors to use?"

"You can never make men virtuous by legislation," said the Bromidian Philosopher. "Perhaps not," replied the Acidulous Reformer, "but we can make them very uncomfortable."

It is a historic fact that the American form of government has as its basis and its aim, liberty,—the largest amount of liberty in action for the individual that is consistent with a due regard for the liberties of others. To abandon that basis is to impair the stability of the republic: to renounce that aim is to deprive democracy of one of its main appeals to the common sense of mankind.

As few rules as possible, but those well-enforced: that is the régime of wisdom and strength.

You can never secure by popular vote that which is not supported by public opinion.

The tyranny of a meddlesome majority is as obnoxious as the interference of a capricious king.

The democracy that goes beyond its duty of abating public nuisances and protecting public health, to indulge its illusion of omnipotence by regulating private affairs, weakens its own power by overstraining it.

The craze for super-legislation in a democratic state has a suicidal aspect. It undermines authority, lessens respect, and begets a brood of resentful evasions under the smooth apron of hypocritical compliance.

FICKLENESS

We expect the masses to be fickle, and they seldom disappoint us. But it is only when that frivolity of mind takes a violent form and swings to the alternate "falsehood of extremes," that it becomes dangerous to the state.

Republics are always looking for heroes and always pulling them down. How many Washingtons and Lincolns has America discovered, only to revile them afterward as would-be Cæsars! A study of newspaper cartoons from the Jacksonian period to the present would show the head of many a good and faithful servant of his country encircled with the mocking laurels of imperial ambition.

It is a bad habit of democracy to oscillate between adoration and abuse. When Admiral Dewey came home from his famous victory at Manila Bay, nothing was too good for him; he was a second Nelson, the savior of his country, worthy of the highest place. But a few months later, when he quite properly made his wife a wedding present of the house in Washington which the public had given to him, (thinking, honest man, that as he and she were one, the sharing of the gift was natural,) the fickle populace could find nothing too bad to say of him. He could not have been elected to a seat in the House of

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Representatives. Yet he remained just what he always was, a great, quiet naval commander.

Death has a way of silencing these violent reactions in the people. It is only a few among the journalists who cherish the malice of their oppugnancies and pursue the men whom they have scorned into the grave. For the public at large, the vanishing of the contestant from the field of partisan strife, means a calmer and deeper vision of the man and his services. I know more than one New York clubman who used to swear profanely at the mention of Roosevelt's name while he was alive, who walked among the mourners at his funeral when that strong and valiant soul was gone.

Yet most assuredly this habit in democracy of first blindly adoring and then cruelly abusing its public men while they are in life, is a suicidal trait. The danger of it is twofold. Some day an idol of the public may come along who is really a Napoleon or a Lenin in disguise; and then, —good-by, democracy. That is one danger. The other is quite the reverse. Many a day the republic imperils the usefulness of a noble servant, cripples him or maims him for the time, by the extravagance of partisan scorn and vituperation. This also is madness and folly, vanity and a striving after wind.

Even worse than fickleness in regard to heroes is the democratic propensity to shift and veer on matters of public policy, and the inclination of minor politicians to maintain their leadership by following what looks like the crowd.

I remember a certain President of whom it was often said that he had his ear to the ground. "'Watch him closely," a shrewd critic said to me, "and before long you'll see dust on the other ear."

What does it signify when at a certain time there is general enthusiasm in America for a league of nations to maintain peace and the leaders of both parties cry out that it is the hope of the world, and then, two years later, the enthusiasm has cooled and half of the leaders exclaim that such an idea is preposterous, impossible, the menace of the world, and of the United States in particular? This also is vanity and a striving after wind.

What does it signify when at one time the Monroe Doctrine is extolled as the Palladium of our safety, and at another time the proposal to give it a recognized standing in international law is refused with mockery? when men claim effusively that the United States is now a world-power, and soon afterward shout "What do we care for Abroad?" This also is vanity and a striving after wind.

Inconsistency may be "the hobgoblin of little minds," as Emerson said. But for a great democracy it is something worse than that. It is a bar to a sober and settled foreign policy, and a disturber of domestic order and progress. It makes the pomp of politics ridiculous, and exposes the republic to that kind of laughter among the nations which is a warning of trouble. It needs correcting, either by our sense of humor, or by our sense of honor.

SCORN OF KNOWLEDGE

There are other self-destroying propensities in a democratic state which we might well consider and discuss if there were time. But the camp-fire wanes; and before the logs break apart and fall, we must give a thought to the most dangerous tendency of all,—contempt of learning for its own sake, scorn of that elemental knowledge which is the basis of character, and frivolous neglect of popular education.

But is not America free from that defect? Are not Americans the best educated people in the world? They are not. And the worst of it is, they think they are.

In the matter of universities and professional schools we have done astonishingly well, as Bryce remarked, to our great satisfaction, in his excellent book on "The American Commonwealth." Yet even in this respect, if we may take the testimony of recent home-made and much-praised books on American college life, there is much to be desired in the way of manners, morals, and mental culture among the average frequenters of what we call our higher institutions of learning. To speak frankly, these pictures do not charm, though they may inebriate.

But when we turn to the broader field and look at the general condition and actual results of popular education in these States, the view is dismal. It would be laughable if it were not appalling. Half a dozen small European states, Canada,

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Australia, New Zealand, and Japan are all ahead of America in school attendance and literacy. The selective draft of 1917 uncovered the ugly fact that about twenty-five per cent of the men of America between eighteen and thirty-five years of age are unable to read a newspaper or write a letter. Ten per cent cannot write their own names. There are seven and a half million people in the United States over sixteen years old who can neither read nor write English or any other language. Negroes, you say, or ignorant foreigners! If that were so, would it make the case any better, since these are actual or potential voters, our future masters? But in fact more than half of these untaught sovereigns of the state are white, and nearly one-third of them are white Americans, home-born and home-bred. What was democracy thinking of when it suffered this perilous bulk of ignorance to grow within its own body? Are the national institutions in which we take such a just and honorable pride safe in the hands of men and women whose minds are left in darkness and whose moral training is committed to chance or charity, while we use their bodies to work our farms, dig our ditches, build our railways, and run our factories?

We are breeding a Helot class of our own flesh and blood. We are ignoring the rightful claim of every citizen to be prepared for the duties which the state lays upon him. We are debasing the human currency of the republic. We are laying unbaked bricks in our foundations and building our walls with untempered mortar. We are heaping up at the doors of our own temple piles of tinder and quick-flaming fuel, ready for the torch of the anarchist or the insidious slow-match of the cunning usurper. We are recruiting the sullen armies of ignorant unrest.

> "For every soul denied the right to grow
> Beneath the flag, shall be its secret foe."

But who denies that right? Democracy denies it, by neglect and parsimony, by a careless disregard of the crying needs of popular education.

But is not our public-school system open to all? It is, it is; but the door is narrow, and few there be that find it,—few, I mean, of those who need it most. For the children of the rich, the well-to-do, the moderately comfortable, the provision of schools is ample. It is the children of the poor who suffer and go in want.

In the great city of New York last year one hundred thousand poor children were deprived of schooling. And why? Because there were no teachers to instruct them. And again, why? Because the pay offered to teachers was too small to keep them alive.

Democracy gives its carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, and the like, more for their work than it gives to those who have the supreme task of enlightening and training its children. Does not this look as if it cared more for its houses than for its offspring, more for its goods than for its soul?

In the labor-unions of New York the average yearly wage of skilled workers was $2,496, of unskilled workers $1,664. The wage of teachers was $1,240. Is not this indisputable evidence that scorn of knowledge and silent contempt of education prevail to some extent in America?

Is this safe? Is it true economy to indulge the proletariat and starve the *educariat?* (There may be no such word, but there is such a thing, the whole body of teachers, consecrated to a common task and bound together by mutual dependence for the success of their work.) Is liberty itself secure in a country which boasts of its possession but takes no care for its preservation?

"Freedom, to be desirable," says Stevenson, "involves kindness, wisdom, and all the virtues of the free." But these do not spring out of the ground by nature. They must be implanted, nurtured, developed, and trained.

Nothing is more difficult to preserve than the true love of freedom in a free country. Being habituated to it, men cease to consider by what sacrifices it was obtained, and by what precautions and safeguards it must be defended. Liberty itself is the great lesson. And in learning it we need teachers,—the wise, the just, the free of all ages. Most of all we need the help of religion, by which alone the foundations of the state are laid in righteousness, and democracy is saved from suicidal tendencies.

Come, let us cover the fire, and so to bed, not forgetting an honest prayer for the country we love best.

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THIS is not the heyday of the grasshopper and the sluggard. If either still persists—which is improbable—the grasshopper must be lightly dancing and the sluggard must be heavily sleeping far from earshot and eyesight. For ours is, primarily, a day of workers. We work uninterruptedly, we work obtrusively, we work vociferously. We

Working Classes

"Work through the morning hours,"

and we likewise

"Work while the night is darkening."

Conscientiously, we seek to

"Give every flying moment
Something to keep in store."

Work is in the air, virtually inescapable though we are not all charged with dynamic force, we are not all possessed with genius which must be provided with a way out, we were not all born on Saturday. What is work, really? Is it doing something hard or doing something distasteful? Is it just anything that brings in money, or must it be earning a living? Is it a vocation or an avocation? Is it necessarily manual labor? What do we mean when we say "Work has killed Mary," and the next minute assert "Work has saved Jane"? And, finally, why, when both Mary and Jane call their employments "slavery," do we onlookers respectfully refer to those ladies' "careers"? Yet when Mary and Jane pridefully mention their careers, why do we lament their slavery?

Work, one must suppose, is a strictly personal matter, depending for its identification on such psychological peculiarities as interpretation, predisposition, and habit. There can hardly be a better example in all literature of the value of view-point in connection with work than may be found in a certain American classic, one chapter of which is concerned with the ways and means of whitewashing a fence. To one young gentleman (employed) comes another young gentleman (unemployed). He speaks:

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther work, wouldn't you? Course you would."

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

Tom's interpretation of work brought results, it will be remembered, that included not only the many-coated whitewashing of Aunt Polly's fence but, in addition, a bonus of nineteen offerings which ranged in value from an apple to a dead rat and a string to swing it with.

But Tom's successful demonstration in business and psychology was, I suspect, a triumph of personal genius and, too, of sympathetic "subjects." For there must be some predisposition on which a suggestion, adroitly launched, may fall. And age and previous condition of employment will also have their influence. Even Tom Sawyer could not, I think, have aroused a desire in Lovinia's heart to exchange places with me yesterday morning. It was about nine o'clock and I was completely happy planting violets. The day was one of April's best (though the calendar said January); the sky was a soft gray with a promise of rain to make my violets grow; a sweet olive was in heavy, cream-colored bloom in the middle of the narrow bed to which I was giving a border; a rose-geranium, long under suspicion, had proved every crinkled leaf to be replete with life and ambition; a clump of narcissus was just under my nose; I had found the first bud vouchsafed by an outraged group of rose-bushes which had deeply resented being transplanted; and I was freely and without fear of reproach plunging my hands into the soft earth, burrowing for hospitable openings, and patting and pressing little mounds around each violet plant. And into the midst of this agreeable diversion came Lovinia, direct from dish-washing and on her way to scrubbing. She leaned over the gallery railing, watched me for a few moments, and then sighed commiseratingly:

"'Fo' Gawd, that's worrisome work, ain't it!"

I like the phrase "worrisome work."

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(Lovinia contracts it to "wor'som wuk".) The expression covers all the teasing, irritating employments which are the experience of every one occasionally and of some people continuously. Worrisome work, I fancy, is never difficult, but rather is monotonous, tiresomely detailed, personally distasteful. But, of course, it must always be remembered that the heart and hands know their own drudgery, and what to one person is worrisome work is to his neighbor delightful relaxation.

In the era of feather and alum flowers, of hair landscapes, or even of patchwork quilts, there were doubtless many apologetic women. It is painful to think how many millions of clumsy-fingered persons—men as well as women—must have gone through life humiliated by a superfluity of thumbs. Curious it is to see what unstinted approval we give to all forms of manual labor and what qualified recognition we offer to mental exertion—as exertion *per se*. Oddly enough, a man may speak openly of the success of his hands although he would not dare hint at an accomplishment of his mind. Nobody lifts an eyebrow if he glows with pride over the table he has polished or the furrow he has ploughed, but everybody regards him with scorn if he commend ever so slightly a poem he has written or music he has composed. Undeniably, working with the hands is a delight for most people, but it does seem an ill-chosen subject for vain-glory.

Of course such manual and mundane matters as needles and threads are, and have ever been, and will always be, an inseparable part of every woman's life. However exalted her position, she has spun or woven or embroidered or knitted. They are ancient and honorable occupations—those of spinning and weaving and knitting. With our very thought processes they are closely woven, and our language is full of threadbare metaphors about warps and woofs, ravellings and patterns, distaffs and threads. We have talked about the "seamy side" until we have been forced to abandon the phrase to the collection of commonplaces upon which we draw unwillingly (though frequently).

Our ready references show a similar influence, for we are accustomed to charge the responsibility for well or ill planned lives to Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; we find a useful comparison in Penelope's pious ravelling and in Arachne's *lèse-majesté* weaving; we quote admiringly, and not enviyingly, the approval lavished upon that lady of *Proverbs* who arose while it was yet night in order to spin and weave. We thrill over the pretty princess who, from nettles, wove twelve shirts (less one sleeve) for her twelve brothers; we lament the prick of the spindle that brought a hundred years of sleep to another pretty princess; we marvel at the ease with which Rumpelstiltzken spun common straw into gold thread; we shudder at the long foot, broad thumb, and protruding lip of the three expert spinsters whose skill won an eligible youth for a lazy girl. No mediæval tale is complete without a picture of the lady at her embroidery frame, surrounded by spinning maidens. And no didactic writing of long ago fails to exhort the womenfolk to accomplish their appointed service with shuttle and needle. Says Piers the Ploughman (and so say his ascendants and descendants):

> ". . . ye wives that have wool, work on it fast,
> Spin it speedily, spare not your fingers."

"Spinsters and knitters in the sun" (and shade) have women been from generation unto generation. Only recently, women knitted so indefatigably that we began to hear of "knitting-nerves." That means that some people found knitting to be worrisome work.

Work is an important factor in the life of a modern fiction heroine. The wealthy maiden who is reduced to work and the working maiden who is advanced to wealth are best-selling material. The careers of such persons occasionally remind one of the regrettable experience of the old lady in a very long ago *St. Nicholas* who lived on the top of a high tower and planned to descend by means of a strip of knitting. But

> ". . . some knot in the worsted producing a hitch,
> This cheerful and pleasant old girl dropped a stitch."

Consequently, when she tried to slide down from the tower, ravelling set in. An illustration which accompanies the poem shows the terrible results of her carelessness. The particular stitch which is dropped by most of the fiction laboring class is the inability to "place" themselves. They refuse absolutely to seek their obvious levels. Work they will have, but it must be work of their own choosing. They do not hold with King Alfred that "every man must, according to the measure of his understanding, and ac-

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cording to his leisure, speak that which he speaketh, and do that which he doeth."

Certainly, every working person, whether his employment be of the head or the hands, should supply himself with a full complement of hobbies and, furthermore, he should keep them in good repair, ready for active service when "six days shalt thou labor" will cease to have a personal reference. No grown man ever liked work less or loved play more than did Charles Lamb, and probably no toiler ever missed work more. When unlimited leisure became his portion, it was his hobbies alone that saved him from despair: they became his work. The narrowness of the unimaginative man, who when relieved from toil is unable to find any interest beyond food and sleep, often troubled that philosopher who wrote *An Apology for Idlers;* but after considerable experience as an amateur indigent and as an observer of indigents, Stevenson could say: "It has to me been always something of a relief to find the poor, as a general thing, so little oppressed with work."

But, after all, just how hard a man should work is difficult to determine. Yokes and millstones and sweating brows would seem to have gone out of fashion as gauges of labor. Equally puzzling is the question how long a man should work, or what should be the money value of his work. And the three problems are less elusive than the identity of work. Tom Sawyer's definition, "that work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do," would probably be satisfactory to all children and to most adults. But although we grown ups accept Tom's definition, we add to it, for many of us term "work" not only the employment that is forced upon us but also any occupation which we invest with dignity and importance. "My work" may mean keeping shop or cobbling shoes, but no less surely and sincerely "my work" may mean the effort to write, to paint, to invent. Lovinia looks at the sunset and talks of the cooking and cleaning she has done and will do. But a poet might look at the same sunset and say, with Sidney Lanier:

"And ever by day shall my spirit as one that has tried thee,
Labor, at leisure, in art,—till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

Yet neither a cook nor a poet knows just what work is. Chameleon-like, it takes color from the spirit of him to whom it cleaves. Therefore, to one person work is joy, to another drudgery; to one work is action, to another surcease. I am inclined to think that work is any occupation that has a definite end in view (the kind of occupation and the degree of purpose to be named by the worker). There is just one thing about work that we assert absolutely: that there will come a day

"When man's work is done."

The Literary Background

PERHAPS it is old-fashioned to dwell upon the perfections of the past, but I confess to a somewhat pharisaical feeling of being glad that I was not deprived of the literary heritage which so many parents in these days seem to have forgotten to leave with their children, along with the dollars and cents so carefully distributed and later fought over by their heirs.

If I knew that some terrific cyclone was about to sweep away the contents of my mental closet, the thing that I should try to rescue would be the literary background washed into the canvas of my life by a wise father. I mean, of course, the taste for good reading planted by him in my early childhood, watered and tended and cultivated until he saw that it was in a fair way to grow.

In our home we had all the good magazines. They could be counted on the fingers of one hand in those days: *The Harper*, *The Century*, *The Scribner*, *The Young Folks*, which later became *The St. Nicholas*, *The Little Corporal*, and some years later *The Youth's Companion*. We regarded with supreme awe *The Atlantic Monthly* and wondered how father could pore over a book with no pictures in it. In the long winter evenings we stayed at home, there were no movies, and if we did not care to read and did not have to study, we played authors! Antediluvian, maybe, but it formed in us the habit of connecting the author with his work. To us "Snow-Bound" meant Whittier, and "Guy Mannering" could not have been written by any one but Sir Walter Scott, and so on down the line. It was a game, too, in which there was plenty of room for quarrelling just as one did over croquet or anything else.

We sometimes wish we could exchange lots with some one else, but if it came to the point, how few of us would care to be

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moulded after the fashion of some one other than ourselves. Think of giving up all your pet theories, and imaginings and memories, and projecting your personality into new and untried channels! That would be shipwreck, indeed.

"Little Women" was one of the satisfactions of my girlhood, and I simply enjoyed it without a critical eye; but I was not surprised when I heard the verdict of the present day, at the movies. John Brooke was doing his level best to court Meg, even though Jo was running to tell Marmee that John was kissing Meg. I was unconscious of any lack of enthusiasm when I heard a disgusted voice behind me: "Aw, kiss her, man, give it a little pep." "The Little Princess" was beginning to unfold upon the screen one day, when a little voice piped up: "Oh, mother, it's a book and I've read it." The picture must have contained twice the pleasure to that child that it would to one who had never heard of "Sara Crewe," from which the story was adapted, or that it would have meant to a small boy who, when asked if he had ever read "Black Beauty," wondered if it was a red book. If one were disposed to joke with him he might have said that it was a much-read book. But it seems so tragical not to know anything but the color of the binding!

But children are not all alike. Few are so unimaginative as the little girl who listened politely to a fairy-story about a child who had become tired of play and wandered behind the divan, where he discovered a door into fairy-land, and then remarked quite soberly that you could not expect her to believe that he could push aside the vine on the wall-paper and walk through. There are others who lose themselves entirely in the story and live with the characters in their books, knowing them as well as they do their schoolmates. I know a little girl of seven who listens carefully while you read, and if you are obliged to stop, she always asks for the name of the next chapter, and if you are too long in resuming the reading, she will gently hint that she would like to know what they are doing in that next chapter.

Some children like to be "read into" a book, as one small boy expressed it, and one or two chapters generally sufficed to start him on his way rejoicing. After he had once crossed the Rubicon of dry introductions, for which Sir Walter is specially noted, the rest was plain sailing, and "Ivanhoe" or "The Talisman" became absorbing. Some one remarked that if a boy wanted a real-for-sure dime novel, he ought to read Homer's "Iliad." Perhaps if he approached it with that intent, he might forget that it was on the list of required reading.

Boys and girls of the high-school age are often given subjects to write about to which their minds present an utter blank. They have no background from which to draw material; they are absolutely bankrupt. Whose fault is it that they know nothing of mythology, for instance? Why did not their mothers supply the myths done up so attractively in the "Wonder Book" and "Twice-Told Tales," or in Bulfinch's "Age of Fable"? Why have they not been taught that books contain the record of the ages, without which life is as incomplete as the house without a foundation? The average modern girl cares nothing about the story of "Opal Whiteley," because she cannot understand Opal's background for all her quaint and lovely fancies, for her beautiful spirit, which rose above all the incongruities of her surroundings. If we have nothing to bring to a book, we get nothing out of it. Take a book like "The Education of Henry Adams," for instance, so compactly written that one must understand much of American and European history to enjoy it. The book is peopled with celebrities of two generations, and becomes intensely interesting to one who knows the characters.

There are boys who have never heard of "Robinson Crusoe," "Rob Roy," "David Copperfield," "Treasure Island," "Don Quixote," nor "Tom Sawyer"; there are girls who have missed "Vanity Fair," "Kenilworth," "The Old-Fashioned Girl," "Our Mutual Friend," "Little Dorrit," and the rest. You cannot convince them that thereby they have lost anything. If we can take them at the impressionable age and go *with* them on the quest of the best that literature affords, the trail will be easier for them to follow, and having entered therein, the mediocre will prove undesirable. The present-day tendency to banish the books to the attic or sell them to a second-hand dealer because the one room, in-a-door-bed flat will not hold them, is a pitiful concession to the modern spirit. But there is always the public library, where one may browse at will, and take home what one wishes to read.

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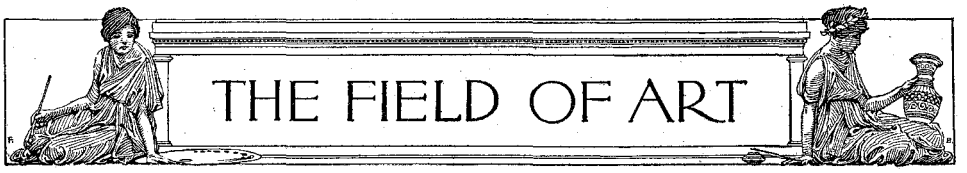

SPEAKING OF PEN DRAWING

By Walter Jack Duncan

LAMENTS and complaints, however just and reasonable in themselves, have small arts to please, and seldom, it will be confessed, make a home happier for their presence. Yet in speaking of art, the darling of the Muses, one naturally resorts to the language of discontent. It is the language of the studios, the bickering of lovers' quarrels. The history of art, in the modern state at least, like that of women, is one of protest; they prosper upon complaints, they progress by revolt. They have the secret of perpetual youth: they are never satisfied. Forever indulged, they are forever unhappy. Like true lovers, they are exalted by adversity. In truth, Providence, knowing what is best for them, gives them much of which to complain. Who, for instance, can answer for the present lamentable condition of pen drawing? I mean the surprising disappearance—hitherto unrecorded—of an art which lately enjoyed extraordinary popularity in this country of ours, where it was as universally practised as esteemed? Mr. Pennell, in his admirable book on the subject, written at a time when the art, though in its nonage, yet flourished wondrously, devoted a chapter in his "Hopes and Fears for Pen Drawing." With

> " . . . something of a mother's mind,
> And no unworthy aim,"

he warned it—against too much success. Good easy man! he thought it irresistible. Little did he imagine, I dare say, that a thing so apt, so rare, so versatile, so eminently fitted for its task, so evidently born to conquer, could, after a season of brilliant triumphs, so soon wear out its welcome and become, to the ensuing generation, little more than a memory and a name. Where now is your stalwart race of Abbeys, Pyles, and Reinharts, your Brennans, Blums, Frosts, Smedleys, and Kembles, those kind magicians who once worked magic in our magazines, and delighted and fascinated us all by the exercise of their *black art?* Gone is their glory, their art a song of yesterday. With the exception of Gibson, the last of the old school and a most excellent master, scarcely a vestige of it remains. That this gay and mature science should wane, that its vogue should fall out of fashion as it has, is truly a wonder; and, for my part, I confess I am perpetually astonished at it.

Only consider this matter a moment. In pen and ink we had a medium at last, thanks to the introduction of photo-engraving, which handsomely met every requirement of popular illustration. Nothing was wanting. For the artist it was autographic, to the publisher it was practical, on the printed page it was beautiful. What more could be asked? It *solved the problem*, as the phrase is. It solved it to perfection. And in art as in life, to solve the "problem" is everything. Bad taste or bad business results from failure to do so.

The problem, in any event, merely consists in adapting ourselves to conditions. What are the conditions? is always the question to be asked before we can proceed with any hope of success. Take a book or magazine for example. In the matter of a book or magazine the conditions precedent to its making (leaving out its spiritual content, with which we are not here concerned) are paper, ink, and type; its problem, their proper allocation. This being admitted, it follows that whatever is akin to these in substance or texture will contribute to the general harmony of the whole, and be a welcome addition. On the other hand, whatever is foreign to their nature, if introduced —like a pun out of season—is impertinent, in bad taste, indigestible, and in no instance to be excused or tolerated.

Now an oil-painting, considered as an illustration, is just that. An oil-painting, as you will agree, has nothing in common with paper, ink, or type. Consequently it is as out of place in a book or magazine as—what shall I say?—a gilded rolling-pin or a

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painted coal-scuttle in a parlor. We can smile at these trumperies now (they enjoyed considerable vogue as interior decorations some thirty years ago); we were pleased to see nothing incongruous then in their vulgar misapplication. And are we, nowadays, a whit more sensitive to the spiritual significance and true fitness of things? Do we feel, for instance, as we examine our current publications, that a water-color, a pastel—even a mural decoration, if vicariously introduced as an illustration—is an uncalled-for intrusion in their pages, a glaring impropriety, a "rolling-pin in a parlor?" Not at all. Custom has dulled our sense, it has given abuse authority. Yet this misuse of media—bordering on grossness—is an heinous offense against the first principles of art, which oblige the artist, first, to consider every project he undertakes as a special problem; and second, to choose his materials accordingly. Those who disregard these injunctions, as well as those who thoughtlessly encourage such malpractice, are, I solemnly declare, out of their reckoning; they have bungled their problem, and their art suffers accordingly.

Not so with pen drawing. A pen drawing is another matter. Drawn in line with a pen, in ink, and in the manner that types were originally designed, when reproduced and printed it is, naturally enough, in perfect keeping with the text, and with it sparkles enchantingly against its sunny background of white paper. Simple, logical, cheap, autographic, beautiful, say what you will, as a vehicle for the practical illustrator it is unique and beyond compare, the prince of mediums. Strange that a thing so adapted to its purpose should of all means at the disposal of the artist and publisher be at present the one neglected!

The trouble is, I fear, we nowadays do not consider well what we do; we are too easily carried away by effect and give little heed to what is well chosen and appropriate. As a result the art of illustration has been steadily on the decline. Compared with that of twenty years ago it has reached a low level indeed. Is it not time we roused ourselves and grasped anew the idea of the organic beauty of printing? No time surely was ever more favorable to the revival of pen drawing than the present. For one thing, the scarcity of good print paper and the increasing demands of the photo-engraver would seem to make its revival imperative. Happy for the printer would be the day that would see the last of coated paper. With it would go, of necessity, the fad of half-tone reproduction, for which it is indispensable. Then would pen drawing come into its own. An honest pen drawing has need of no such expensive auxiliary. Indeed, machine-finished paper, or even the cheapest stock, is better suited to its purpose and sets it off handsomely. Like a thoroughbred gentleman it makes the shabbiest coat respectable. And in the matter of expense, it is but a trifle in comparison with the specious luxury of the half-tone. Where economy adds to primitive integrity the virtue of simplicity and beauty, the neglect of line drawing seems anomalous; and the wonder is, in such pressing times as these, it is not more employed.

The public, I know, is sometimes blamed for this deplorable state of affairs. The public, like the absent, as the French say, is always in the wrong. In respect to its appreciation of the sterling merits of pen drawing, however, the accusation seems singularly ill-considered and unjust. The whole-hearted admiration bestowed upon the art in the past acquits it of indifference. Consider the history of illustration in England from John Leech to Du Maurier, and that of America during its palmiest days; does it recount other than a series of brilliant successes of pen draughtsmen? When was there ever so popular an illustrator as Phil May? He carried the public by storm. He was admired equally by Whistler and the poorest costermonger. Gibson too enjoyed a following unequalled and unknown before his time in America, which united in paying homage to his genius. No illustrator since who has confined his art to half-tone reproduction has succeeded in moving the public to a degree of enthusiasm comparable to that evoked by any one of twenty practitioners of line drawing one might mention—French, German, English, or American—who distinguished themselves, not because of talents superior to those we see about us in abundance at present, but because, as it seems to me, their talents were fittingly applied. They made the most of paper and ink, they adapted their art to its limitations, they recognized it as the natural province of pen drawing; and consequently in this province they reign supreme. It is true, the novelty of half-tone and color

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reproduction for a while has usurped the rightful place of line; the introduction of the half-tone process, like that of the "cinema," has seduced us for the moment from the true and legitimate. But reassure yourself, an interest which is not based on nature and reason cannot long endure. For this reason I venture to predict the time is near at hand when the sovereign beauty of line will be restored again to its true domain. It will shortly assert its rights and dominate the field of popular illustration. There is virtue in it, and virtue will not be denied.

I once had the honor of meeting Mr. Howard Pyle, the best of men and illustrators, at a time when he enjoyed, for a brief season, the directorship of the art department at *McClure's*. One day, when I went to see him with some pen drawings, he confided to me—with a kindness which I could not mistake—that there were no *lines* in nature, but only *mass*. Considering that Mr. Pyle's most distinguished work, perhaps, was executed in line, inevitably put me in mind of Elia's paradoxical cousin James who, often declaring there was no such faculty at all in man as reason, "enforced his negation," as Lamb says, "with all the might of *reasoning* he was master of."

Admitting that a line, as such, has no existence except in the addled brain of a metaphysician, one cannot but wonder how man came first to have a conceit of it, and turned this facile pretense, this mere outward shape and "exterior semblance" of things, to purposes of substantial human expression.

The earliest art in the world, as we know, was linear. For ages drawing in simple outline, their spaces sometimes relieved by color, enjoyed dominion over the minds of men. Not till they had achieved a degree of sophistication and departed away from primal innocence did large simplicity lose favor, and the craze for close imitation, high finish, and modelling, become the mode of the day. In developing thus, as man has, from abstract to literal truth, he has seemed to reverse his usual mode of procedure. Oriental art was better inspired. Oriental art, at least, had the wisdom to develop the original bent of the human race for line.

Look where we may, we are constantly impressed by the spell which line exerts upon the minds of the generality of mankind. As it was ever the chosen medium of primitive souls, we should not be surprised as we observe the magic it works on the imagination of innocent children, whose eyes, still undefiled, and divining enchantment in each common sight, are clear with the freshness of the morning. Given a few signs, a mere hint or scrawl upon a wall or blackboard, and with the swiftness of thought their fancy clothes the naked skeleton in all the rich furnishment of substantial nature, restoring the bare bones, Lazarus-like, to life, and with all the pleasure that comes of seeming to contribute to, and perfecting, the artist's intention.

Intention is the word. For does not the artist by means of lines *write*, as it were, and in short-hand, but a summary of nature, her *main lines;* which indicate, vividly enough, to be sure, to those who have eyes to see, the finished story? How it comes the minds of children have been gifted with the miraculous power to read and aptly interpret this *picture-writing*—unless it is that they are simple of heart themselves, and so conversant with rudimentary things—is a divine mystery to me. But so it is. Yet, even with the evidence of babes before them there are those (with nothing but their own blindness to confirm them) who still will maintain that the magic of line is above the comprehension of men!

What a thing is obstinacy! Charles Keene—excellent draughtsman that he was!—once had a drawing in *Punch* showing a jury-room in which there were eleven exhausted jurymen and one hot-headed Irishman. You should see that Irishman. He is a true son of Erin. That is to say, he is incensed. Beating his fist in his hand he exclaims with the anguish of despair: "Be th' Lord, eliven more obstinate men I never met in me life!" Perhaps I am like that. I am struggling against odds. Please pardon my pertinacity. For me pen drawing is more than a choice of mediums, it was one of the passions of my youth; I had a desperate love for it then, and it still commands my admiration. In its defense, as you see, I feel impelled to go to any lengths, "upon vast and more than Indian voyages," to bring home reasons to do it reverence.

But an art, however fallen into neglect, that has had in its service in the past such men of genius as Rembrandt and the old masters, and among the moderns Meissonier, Menzel, Fortuny, Vierge, Raffaelli, Forain, Abbey, and Gibson (to mention no others—the list is endless), surely wants no defense of mine. Merely to mention it is to

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evoke, in the minds of those who know it well, a vision of past triumphs, a vision of delight, brilliant, ingenius, adventuresome, bold, natural, witty—in short, a review of the candid personalities of those charming masters of an art, which exposes them to the light "sans peur et sans reproche."

Were you to ask me what is the best method of making a pen drawing, I would have to confess I do not know. Mr. Pennell, who is an authority on the subject, and for whom I entertain an infinite respect, seems to favor a neat, clever, brilliant style of handling, the style of Rico and Vierge; and his liberality permits him to accept anything drawn with a pen as a pen drawing. I think he might have made a distinction. Pen and ink, like any medium of artistic expression, should always be true to its nature, "subdued to what it works in" and never—if I may say so—exert itself beyond its strength. Brilliance is an excellent thing. But the truth is, an artist suffers in the end whose talent sets in the zenith of steady excellence. Its daily brilliance wearies us. That style is best which is natural to the man, and luckily few men are brilliant. Rembrandt was not a brilliant man; he was one of the clumsiest in the world, always tentative, never having found a formula—that bane of budding talent. Indeed, this medium more than any other lends itself to naturalness, and its exercise, it seems to me, should be unaffected and intimate. As the drawings of Charles Huard will show, it is peculiarly sympathetic to the easy play, the whim, the curiosity, the idlying experiment of the imagination. For my part, the unconscious style is the one to be preferred, one that leaves no doubt the medium is pen and ink, and is—if I may so describe it—"frank, plain, and English all over."

I shall refrain from saying, what is often said, that pen and ink is difficult to manage. That it is of all mediums in the world the most exacting, has been wearisomely reiterated. But what does this signify? A fish can swim only in its own element. And an artist may be sure he has mistaken his medium unless he feels at home in it.

As a matter of fact, pen and ink is a difficult—even an embarrassing—mode of expression, for those who have nothing to say. Unlike other means artists employ, it will not bear disguise. Nay, though a man has carefully guarded his want of talent all his life long by a thousand tricks known only to artists, the moment he sets his hand to pen he instantly commits himself, nothing can save him. Was it not Apelles who made his presence known at once to a brother artist, introducing himself by the simple expedient of drawing a beautiful line? Such a touchstone to genius is this, that I believe its application will hold general. I believe a sketch by an artist, taken unawares, will infallibly show all a man has of talent, exposing and measuring it at once beyond a peradventure.

Needless to say, no medium that has virtue in it will bestow its favors upon every passing stranger without a struggle. Good things must be won in this world before one can claim mastery. However, a little difficulty evident in a drawing is not necessarily a bad thing. It only shows the spectators that one has gone to some trouble. The public likes to be treated to such confidences. An artist fixes its attention by seeming to pick and choose his way. But the search ought to be rapid and the choice sure, and never degenerate into downright embarrassment. That would be to make his audience suffer, by an involuntary sympathy, the fatigue which he himself experiences. Rather than that, I have known of certain artists, excellent men like Robert Blum, for instance, though evidently in great pain at times, with great courage to affect an air of carelessness, and with a manly flourish seem to sweep it all aside. On the other hand, a draughtsman who is too sure of himself, who makes a display of his facility—which apparently costs him nothing—soon inspires in the onlookers a doubt of his sincerity and no more than a superficial interest. Let him play if he will, let him sport as he pleases, let him enjoy himself by all means, only let his play be serious, the sport of a purposeful mind. For the natures of men are such, they love to be concerned in the affairs of others, as much as they hate to be troubled by them. What they ask above all is to be amused. This can be best accomplished when they are allowed to share in the enjoyment of the artist in the seeming easy management of his affairs, admiring the worthiness, fitness, and the obedience of the medium itself, which at once invites his authority and rewards his concessions.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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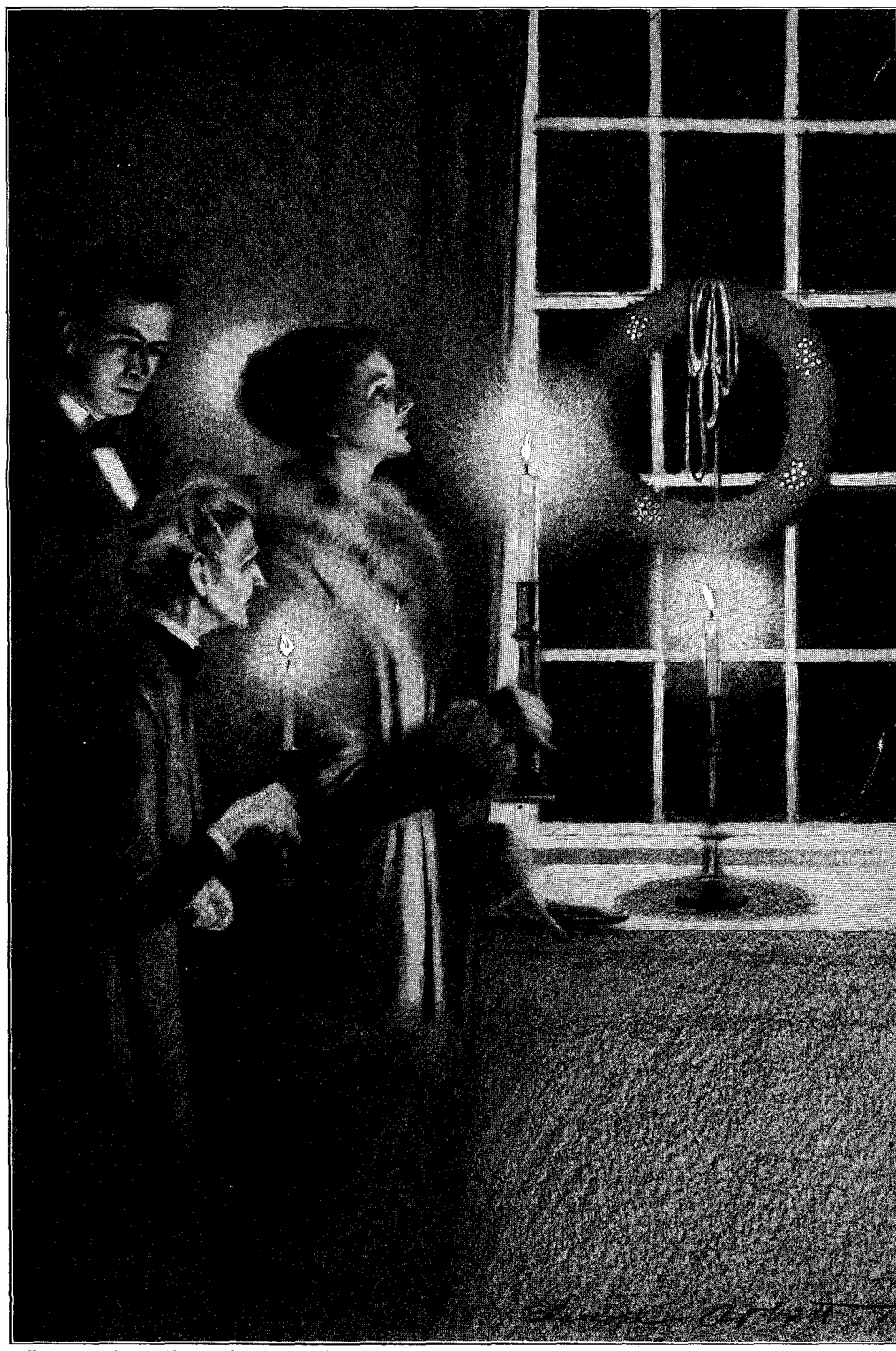

From a drawing by Elenore Abbott.

IN EVERY WINDOW A CANDLE BURNED AND THE LIGHT OF THEIR FAITH GLOWED IN THE LONG QUIET STREET.

—"Candles of Faith," page 734.

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